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FOR THE

AMERICAN NOTES:

IN

LETTERS

FROM LONDON TO NEW-YORK.

BY

AN AMERICAN LADY.

"Look here upon this picture and on *this*."

NEW-YORK:

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CONTENTS.

LETTER I.

Recovery from Illness.—Taxes in England.—Custom-house.—Strangeness a Foreigner feels there.—The Thames.—General Merits of Mr. Dickens.—Particular Exception.—American Notes..... Page 5

LETTER II.

French Fashions in New-York and London.—Dress of Queen Victoria.—Beauty of English and American Ladies.—Well-preserved Beauty in England.—Opera Ballets and Red Indian Dances.—Regent-street.—Rudeness to Ladies.—Contrast to American Manners.—Solar Notes..... 6

LETTER III.

Executions.—New-York and London.—Daniel Good.—Executions Popular with the Many in England..... 8

LETTER IV.

English and American Characteristics.—First and Second Class Railway Carriages.—Stage-coaches.—Might be useful as Places of Punishment.—Great Western Railway.—Windsor Castle..... 9

LETTER V.

Untold Wealth of London.—Depth of Poverty.—London Boys.—Drapery Establishments.—Gin Palaces.—Colloquy..... 11

LETTER VI.

"Craft" of Book-making.—Charity and Leather Breeches.—St. Paul's as a Theatre.—Charity Dinner.—Workhouse.—Newgate.—Felons who are "Couleur de Rose"..... 12

LETTER VII.

A London Stroll.—Mr. Dickens's good Fortune in Pigs.—London Streets and Peculiarities.—St. Paul's.—Hardness of Allegory in the Marble Monuments.—Religio Loci.—Bank of England.—Rich and Rude.—Gold and Opium.—The Tower.—Harlequinade of Streets.—Thames Tunnel.—Presumptuous Undertaking..... 15

LETTER VIII.

English Ignorance about America.—Un-reading but practical Men.—Impartiality of English Ignorance.—Disregard of Antiquities or Sacred Places.—A Fire.—Pastoral Incendiarism..... 17

LETTER IX.

Westminster Abbey.—Not safe to admit the Public.—Monuments and Tombs.—Westminster Hall.—Houses of Parliament.—Members.—Monomania.—George III. and Johnson.—Bleatings in the House of Commons.—Pompey the Negro..... 18

LETTER X.

London and American Dirt.—Chairs.—Dinner Parties.—Music.—Aristocratic Literature.—Young Ladies.—Much in Manner.—Superficial Knowledge.—Clubs.—Frolics of Aristocracy.—Fire Grates.—What a Guy! 21

LETTER XI.

Short Speech of the English.—Surprising Ignorance in England.—Apathy of the Rich.—Beau Ideal of an English Traveller in the United States.—English have little Love for their Country.—Madame Tussaud's Waxworks.—Heroes.—Murderers, Wholesale and Retail 23

LETTER XII.

Mrs. Trollope.—What's in a Name?—New Poor Law.—Rich English careless about the Poor.—Expediency.—Steam to Richmond.—Banks of the Thames Westward.—Richmond Hill and Church.—Omnibuses.—Cheap Discomfort.—Snuff..... 25

LETTER XIII.

"Respectable" *versus* "Smart."—English Domestic Servants.—Elisha.—Sumptuary Law among Servants.—Kathleen O'Reilly.—The Tally.—"An Old Tale and often told"..... Page 28

LETTER XIV.

Dressmakers.—Exeter-Hall Oratory.—Evils inflicted on Dressmakers unredressed, the Wrong being only in London.—Otherwise if a distant City.—Lowell Offering.—Americans "Know not Seems."—Prevalent Vulgarism.—Mr. W. C..... 30

LETTER XV.

Churchyards.—Horrors of City Sepulture.—Village Churchyards.—Flower-garden Cemeteries.—Kensal Green.—Mr. Morison.—Quackery.—Abney Park.—India House.—Treaties of Cession from Hindoos and other Orientals.—Worship of Juggernaut and Gates of Somnauth to be conducive to Christianity in the East.—London Citizens.—Easily distinguishable.—Speculation in their Eyes.—Quakers.—Jews..... 32

LETTER XVI.

Queen's Drawing-room.—Procession.—Footmen.—A Tuft-hunter.—The Poor.—English and Roman Benevolence.—Illuminations.—Street Crowds and Badinage.—Bridges.—Banks of the Thames Eastward.—Greenwich.—Painted Hall.—Chapel.—Cost of the Embellishments dwelt upon.—So very English.—Instance of Gallantry..... 34

LETTER XVII.

Phrenology.—Anecdote.—British Museum.—Vastness.—Erudition of some of the Visiters.—National Gallery.—Royal Academy.—The Exhibition.—Portraits.—Advertisements.—Dulwich.—The Polytechnic Exhibition.. 36

LETTER XVIII.

Rain.—Advertisements on Wheels.—Puffs and Sandwiches.—Boz keeps himself very close.—Boz an Antagonist of the Pretending.—Faultlessness of Money.—Omnibuses.—Provisions for Christmas Enjoyment.—Boxing-day.—May Sports.—Streets at Night..... 39

LETTER XIX.

London Sights.—The Colosseum.—Panorama of London.—New Squares and Streets.—A City of Opulence.—"Distance lends Enchantment to the View."—Zoological Gardens.—Raising of a Water-rat.—Public Gardens..... 41

LETTER XX.

Mr. W. C.—Oysters and Wickedness.—Public Statues.—There's Honour for You.—Soot usurping the Divinity that should hedge a King.—The Monument.—Modern Eastcheap.—Goldsmith's Hall.—Postoffice.—Penny-postage Boon.—Lion-hunting..... 44

LETTER XXI.

Palaces.—Twickenham.—Pope's Grotto.—Among Things that were.—Strawberry Hill.—Hampton Court Palace.—Cartoons and Paintings.—Cardinal Wolsey.—Mr. Charles Kean.—Monmouth-street.—Foreigners.—Unrazored.—Cowper.—Bazars.—Much-offending Cincinnati.—The English "Impossible"..... 46

LETTER XXII.

Washington and Jack-the-Giant-Killer.—Early Rising.—A favourite Precept.—The late Duke of Sussex.—The Lying-in-state.—The Crowd.—Their Remarks.—The Funeral.—Royalty.—Chronicle of Royal Drivings and Dinings.—Meager and unsatisfactory..... 48

LETTER XXIII.

Slavery.—Police Station-house.—Officer.—Severe and Stern to view.—Irish Oratory.—Aldermen.—Small Legislation.—Beggars.—Hospitals.—Exeter-Hall Oratory..... 50

2031344

LETTER XXIV.

Behaviour in American and English Theatres.—London Audiences little Intelligent.—Opera.—Its Absurdity.—Heroine Swanlike in her Death.—Injudicious Applause.—Improvement in the Drama.—The Ballet.—A coarse Taste.—Singing.—Wild Beasts.—Private Theatricals..... Page 52

LETTER XXV.

Southampton.—English Jocularity.—The next best Thing—Abbeys.—Isle of Wight.—Charles the First.—Pier Dues.—Smuggling.—Portsmouth.—The Victory.—Nelson.—Jersey becoming a London Suburb.—American and English Steamers..... 55

LETTER XXVI.

The Duke.—Lablache.—Extremes meet.—St. James's Park.—Duke of York's Column.—Hyde Park.—Achilles.—Fame and its Moral.—Kensington Gardens.—Regent's Park.—"Dagger of Lath."—Flute-playing.—Coleridge.—Opium-eating.—Mrs. Dwyer..... 58

LETTER XXVII.

Packing.—Covent Garden Market.—The Unnatural preferred.—A Fog.—Foundling Hospital.—American Vauntingness.—English Self-laudation.—Churches.—Cathedral Service.—Great Want of Churches.—"Impossible"..... 60

LETTER XXVIII.

Alison's History of Europe.—Strange Misstatement.—Duellers.—Farther Misstatement.—Miss Martineau.—History writing made Easy.—Pronunciation.—Newspapers..... 62

LETTER XXIX.

An Englishman in Love.—Colleges.—Puseyism.—Luther.—French Protestants.—Church Livings.—Preachers.—Robert Owen..... 65

LETTER XXX.

"Wight" v. "White" Horse.—English Journals.—Independent.—Irish Reporters quick-witted.—Lord Canterbury.—Metaphysics of Dancing.—Madame Cerito points a Moral.—Opera Uproars.—Party Politics.—Ireland.—A Pauper Funeral.—Income-tax.—Cases of Peculiar Hardship.—Elisha..... 68

LETTER XXXI.

Boundary Question.—Advantages of Settlement.—A Proof before Letters.—Epsom and the Derby-day.—Vehicular Chain.—The Race-ground—The Race.—Race Horses.—The Turf.—Bays and Grays.—Return.—Vulgarism.—Police.—Magazines and Reviews..... Page 70

LETTER XXXII.

Suicide.—Education.—Stables and Schools.—Bishop of Manchester.—Strange Puzzlement.—Indians.—Ingenuity in Ignorance.—Mr. Alison.—Four Frigates against two Thousand Ships.—American Boastfulness.—English Inquiries..... 72

LETTER XXXIII.

Funerals.—Professors of Tears.—A Black Coachman.—Irish "Wakes."—"The Scream of the Morning."—New-England Town.—Newness.—Mr. Dickens.—New-York.—"Uncreditable" Statement.—Mr. Guy.—Yorkshire.—Ruin of England.—Ruined Cities of America.—Chinese Exhibition.—"Literary Gentlemen in their Summer Costumes"—Penny-a-liners.—China.—A Fit of "Abstraction"..... 75

LETTER XXXIV.

Cries of London.—Sound.—Aristocracy.—Gluttony.—"Repudiation."—Bank of England.—Bad Example badly followed.—Standing Army.—Ireland.—United States a great Barrack.—Military Despotism.—Art-Unions.—Prince Albert.—Sir Robert Peel in Fetters.—Houses in America..... 77

LETTER XXXV.

Poverty of Street Nomenclature.—English Climate.—Fire-flies and Moschetoes.—Fox-hunting.—Playing at Deer-hunts—Animal Magnetism.—Slavery.—Mrs. Trollope.—Ignorance.—Precedent.—Sandwich Islands—Democracy of the Anglo-Indian Government..... 79

LETTER XXXVI.

Gaming-houses.—Personal Character of the Sovereign.—Royal Dinner.—Table Etiquette.—Temperance Societies.—Modern Works—Pyramids.—A Soirée.—A Shadow.—Macaulay's "Lays."—Wealth Worship..... 82

LETTER XXXVII.

Law.—Delays.—English Characteristics.—Charity.—Education.—Unamiability.—Ruin.—Foreign Grievances.—Refinement.—Ladies of England.—Conclusion 84

PREFACE.

FLANDERS an English historian has called the battle-field of Europe, while the United States of America seem to be particularly regarded by the English as a chosen land, on which author-errants may vent their humours. Nearly all these travelled writers profess a wish to cultivate and improve the good understanding which should prevail between the child and parent countries, and they then, with some honourable exceptions, proceed to show (strange means to such an end) how rude and perverse is the overgrown baby America, disregardful of parental admonitions, and perseverant with ridiculous obstinacy in thinking, speaking, and acting for herself. It pleases these travellers to declare, on their return to England, that they regard the United States with kindly feelings and gay good-humour. It may well be so; so much of their evil-humour has been packed up, forced into manuscript to appear in print, that it was exhausted in the process: their declarations are as the hum of the insect —their books, its sting.

However varied the pursuits or vocations of these journeyers—soldiers, sailors, bazar-keepers, actresses, lecturers, philosophers, gentlemen at large, or authors by profession—very few present one of the attributes of Hamlet, who tells us he "lacked gall:" they write as if only a course of blisters could benefit the constitution of America—Sangrado's treatment was wiser, for *he* did not add irritation to nausea.

He who runs, we have proverbial authority to believe, may read, whenever the characters are legible enough; some of these gentlemen have shown that he who runs may *write*, when the theme is merely the character of America.

British travellers, perhaps, their transatlantic voyage accomplished, have a foreign, a from-home sort of feeling; and thinking of foreign parts, find the United States like a Greater Britain, and are dissatisfied that it is not as their Britain; the difference in manners, pronunciation, and phraseology they gravely and sagely censure, precisely as they would provincialisms in their own country, impertinent departures from the London standard; but America, like France or Germany, is surely entitled to establish a standard of her own.

Were Dutch instead of English the language of the United States, the works of English travellers would be incalculably better—would display more sense and less sneer; for another language would reconcile to these nearsighted observers another state of things, while previous study would be necessary. What is necessary now? Long suffering in sea-sickness sprightfully described, considerable railwaying—or, as it is sometimes called, *railing*—horror of tobacco, awe at Niagara, and, lo! an English work upon the United States of North America.

It is hoped the following familiar letters may show how several of these authors have erred; and that they will, moreover, be found to present a fair, just, and unexaggerated character of the English as they are.

That the work will produce any impression upon the English themselves, the authoress has not for a moment contemplated; for when it is told of themselves, they are a people singularly unmoved by—the Truth.

July, 1843.

LETTERS

FROM

AN AMERICAN LADY.

LETTER I.

Recovery from Illness.—Taxes in England.—Custom-house.—Strangeness a Foreigner feels there.—The Thames.—General Merits of Mr. Dickens.—Particular Exception.—American Notes.

MRS. ——— TO MISS ——, NEW-YORK.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—How wearisome is a slow recovery from illness in the heart of a mighty city, and that when you are widowed and alone; how loudly do clattering carriages and countless noises tell of boisterous and unsympathizing health without, and what a petty unit one feels within! Do you not think it is this sensation of unaided loneliness that makes so many of our sex (I may admit it to you) feel or consider spinsterhood and wretchedness inseparable? Better social penury than solitary enjoyment; better "the poor creature small beer," with the flavour of a family about it, than imperial Tokay sipped from an unmated glass—"self-love and social" in this sense bear out the poet's axiom, and are, indeed, "the same."

My former letters were so very domestic and personal, that they might have been written from Boston as well as from London. I promised when I had leisure—and my illness gave me ample leisure to read, as it does now to write—I promised to tell you of London, and how it differed from New-York; and of its people, and its ways, and its Boz—the last who has treated of America, though very far from the least. I prescribe to myself a course of letters to you—to home, with its old familiar faces, as better than the hieroglyphic scribblings of my kind and skilful physician Dr. C. Here is dose—I trust not doze—the first. My stay in this country (may all good angels be praised!) must be nearly completed, for so is the business which could not be transacted with less than my personal attendance. How important I ought to feel. I was transatlantically wanted! Heigho! But I can bear witness to "the law's delay," as well as to its uncertainty. I am now, however, to tell all I have seen and thought. Patiently and perseveringly have my eyes and my memory paid the many taxes imposed upon them: in New-York I might claim some little merit for this; but hardly in London, where taxes are too common to claim praise for payment, however punctual or distressing—where heaven's light is apportioned through taxed windows, and earth's dust on taxed roads—the blood royal and the smuggler bold seem the only parties claiming any right of exemption.

I told you previously how I suffered during that series of storms, our voyage. Thank God, we found "the good ship tight and free." How I survived I know not; deplorably indeed did I "suffer a sea change," but not like Ferdinand's father,

> "Into something rich and strange;"

and when I arrived at the Custom-house, which abuts upon the noble River Thames (to speak after the manner of Englishmen), my sea-sickness was superseded by a nausea and disgust of a perfectly terrestrial nature. Mr. Dickens extols the arrangements of the Custom-house at Boston, and points it out as an example to his own country. Well he may! My earliest impression upon touching land was that civility and the customs of England were incompatible. Such system in their surliness; it must have cost great pains to *force* it to its present perfection, and severe grilling to maintain it there—to prevent its degenerating into ordinary humanity. I complained, truly enough, I am sure, that I was suffering from exhaustion, and especially needed one small packet without delay, as it contained medicine. I was told to wait. I inquired how long, and the officer paused and told me—to wait!

Our Republican ears have been somewhat startled to hear of even Dr. Johnson murmuring that he was compelled to wait in the antechamber of a lord. If a foreigner visit England to court the great, to dance untiring attendance upon the wealthy, the Custom-house affords him fine probationary practice.

I wonder what the gentlemen who sit at the receipt of customs are in their own homes. Do they "wear sweet smiles and look erect on heaven," and break soft bread like other men; or do they stick with official-like pertinacity to *crusts*? Do they marry out of their own people? What are their amusements, their pursuits, their dreams? More especially, are they humanized o' Sundays? A history of the domestic habits of a customs' officer could not but be curious.

Mr. Mortimer told me they *meant* to be civil—this moroseness was only in their manner—"pretty Fanny's way." Coarseness is a bully's way, and who regards *his* intentions? Neither are the British very ready to excuse what they call rudeness among us, no matter how it is meant. If these people really do intend good manners, what a contribution must they daily offer to a pavement which I need not particularize! In very few of the public departments of this country, as far as I have seen, can you find perfect civility—the nearest approach is but an absence of incivility—an avoidance of actual rudeness—individual instances prove nothing.

I have not yet got over my feeling of the *small-*

ness of the river. I have even seen "old Father Thames advance his reverend head," and flood the streets along his banks, and have smiled to think this was the father of English rivers! Could these vaunting cockneys see the father of American rivers, what a puny offspring would their Thames appear—a mere boy-river—a thing for painted barges and tiny steamers and show-bridges, having the honours of a tide and a Lord-mayor's conservancy some few miles above London, and widening to a respectable wateriness only as it nears the sea. You have often accused me of a grievous want of nationality. Do I not give you a proper specimen here how "we Americans" can vaunt—sometimes!

Like you, dear Julia, I was all impatience to peruse the work of the most popular of English writers on America. It was not difficult to foretel that the publicity of his movements—the newspaper proclamations that Mr. Dickens honoured the poor distant republic with his presence—must have prevented his gazing through an unmisted eye-glass. I hope it is not unfair to presume that he may aid his vision by artificial means, for as most of his young countrymen are, or affect to be nearsighted, why not he? "Assume a virtue if you have it not," said the hapless prince who was "wise in vain;" and to be nearsighted in their views must be esteemed a virtue among Englishmen, or why should so many of the young and the healthy refuse to look at things with their own eyes!

The Americans were prepared for Mr. Dickens, and society was under some restraint; it could not be otherwise. What would be the behaviour of any circle in any part of the three kingdoms (why don't they call them *queendoms* now?) if they were avized that a chiel was

> "Amang them takin' *notes*,
> And faith, he'd prent it,"

and *notes*, too, for *general circulation*? Keener optics than even those of Boz would be futile to discern the reality through the haze of make-believe.

Do not suppose that I am slow to acknowledge the great merits of Boz—the lion *par excellence* of his day. I have not to be informed of his originality—of his opening and working a new vein in his land's literature. One feels better after reading his books—better after the humour of his Wellers—the amenity of his Pickwick (how he ripens from an essayist upon tittlebats into the kindly gentleman); one's heart warms to poor Oliver Twist; one's indignation rises against Ralph Nickleby; one's disgust at the Squeerses, and one's gorge at Pecksniff. But (these buts!) if he be creative as a novelist, he is most meager as a traveller; our country was beyond his powers, and, indeed, is beyond the four months' power of any man. "In America," says Dr. Johnson—truly, I doubt not, for it was in 1762—"there is little to be observed except natural curiosities." Very opposite seems to be Mr. Dickens's conclusion, for of the great face of nature he says hardly anything. The noblest rivers in the world rolled for him unregarded by, or at least unparagraphed. In the Mississippi he beholds but a muddy stream flowing through a woody wilderness; his mind's eye catches no prescient glimpse of the cities that in the fulness of time will adorn its banks; he alludes not to the "all hail, hereafter!" He is diffuse upon prisons and madhouses, for they were immediately within his ken; brief when he tells of senates, laws, religions, literature, or science; things that have *prospective* influences, and are not merely of the moment. He is at home among the vulgarisms and provincialisms we have derived, almost entirely, from the old country; he is not at home in our colleges and schools. He says little upon great things, and much upon little things; looks not through parts to the whole, but regards trifling parts for their own trifling sake. He notices the small rust-spots on the bright steel, but says little of the excellence—the temper of the blade. So completely is this the case, that one might apply to him a similitude of Goldsmith, and instead of "an eagle," speak of a *lion* "catching flies"—some of them may prove moschetoes. He ought most assuredly to have published his work as by Samuel Weller, Jun.—it would then have been admirably in keeping.

But enough of Mr. Dickens for the present. I really must methodise the plan of my letters, and let you see I write *of* London as well as *from* it. Some one has applied a line of Pope to an ingenious piece of vegetable intricacy at Hampton Court, "a mighty *maze*, but not without a *plan*." I think the line is very applicable to the Modern Babylon, and I must think of it, and write more "by the card" and the plan, and less after the manner of the maze; but in truth, I know not where to begin; I am distracted just as strangers are at the very-much-omnibused White Horse Cellar (I can see it from my windows in Piccadilly) by the conflicting shouts of the coachmen and conductors and amateur-conductors of the host of vehicles—"Richmond, sir!" "Kew, ma'am!" "Hammersmith!" "Brentford!" "Twit'nam!" "Bow!" "Mile-end!" "City, City!" "Bank, Bank, Bank!" Of which of these places or themes shall I epistolise first? Well, they are all before me where to choose. Adieu for a while. What untiring fingers and unsleeping eyes the young lady journalists of Richardson or Miss Burney must have had! I envy them, and wish I could be with you again without being rocked "in cradle of the rude imperious surge" of that great, great sea. Ever, dearest Julia, etc., etc.

LETTER II.

French Fashions in New-York and London.—Dress of Queen Victoria.—Beauty of English and American Ladies.—Well-preserved Beauty in England.—Opera-ballets and Red-Indian Dances.—Regent-street.—Rudeness to Ladies.—Contrast to American Manners.—Solar Notes.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—Madame D. has just sent home my new bonnet—it is perfection. Depend upon it, the French are the only people who thoroughly understand the science of dress, that is, ladies' dress, and science as distinguished from quackery; the leaders of the modes in Paris have graduated in a college of good taste. I do not scruple to assert that in the French fashions we are in advance of the ladies of London. I do not know whether this be or be not owing to a certain class here setting or attempting to set a fashion of their own (fair usurpers in the domains of lace, riband, and satin), but I

am satisfied it is so. I have heard English ladies, and not unfrequently, pronounce their fair young queen's shawl or bonnet unfashionable; so you see fashion is not strictly monarchical, nor does she play such fantastic tricks in Queen Victoria's court as elsewhere. I have seen her majesty realize the description of a fair lady of old,

> "And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
> Draperied her form with curious felicity!"

You inquire if the British ladies are prettier than those in a younger world, and truly, Miss Julia, it is a very comprehensive question. Into how many heads ought I to divide it? How much paper, postage, and time, ought to be expended in a due response? It requires no eye-glass to perceive that many, very many, beautiful women brighten the circles of London society; but—but—how shall I tell it? I will shelter myself, I think, under a noun of number; *but*—a host of travellers concur in paying homage to the superiority of the female loveliness of America. Is it for me to gainsay them all? Do you New-York ladies feel at all propitiated that Boz (a very handsome man himself) describes you as "singularly beautiful?" and so you are. Neither does Boz aver, as others (rude critics that they are!) have done before him, that American beauty soon fades.

> "If all that's bright must fade,
> The brightest still the fleetest,"

you, my love, will look quite old at twenty-five. I do not think any particular style of beauty predominates here more than with us: blondes and brunettes are not unfrequently seen in the same family, just as we had different-tinted roses on the same stem in that dear garden by the Hudson. I know two sisters who both wear the hair *à la reine*, but with this difference: that the fair brow of one is shaded with auburn, the other with raven, both of the softest, silkiest texture. The English ladies certainly resemble some kinds of old lace—they wear well—passing well. Very beautiful are very many ladies of—now imagine any envious term of years you think should, or rather will, fling beauty into the sere and yellow leaf, into the gray and falling hair. We need not inquire what sums are paid to the ingenious artists (really *art*-ists) who supply the complexional roses of both York and Lancaster; we need not more than allude to closetings with modistes; and as to a perruquier—oh, name not his name. Let us rest satisfied with the pleasing effect, nor pry too closely into the cause—

> "'Twere to consider too curiously to consider thus."

The most remarkable display of beauty is perhaps to be seen at the Opera House, Her Majesty's Theatre; it is really tiered with loveliness, with unadorned as well as jewelled beauty. The queen, who is said to be a proficient in music, as well as to be very fond of it, frequently attends. I may tell you afterward of operas and theatres, but I must make one remark here; that my first beholding a ballet convinced me how extremes meet. The dances of our red Indians, the delight of savage man, saving that their dances are *always* modest, are not far removed from the wild graces, the flexibility of limb and gesture of the Ellslers and the Ceritos; and gentlemen and old gentlemen, quoted as among the most civilized, nay, polished, of Europe's sons, regard these agile *danseuses* as creatures of rare merit. It may be that grace is in all their *steps*; but commend me to the untaught motion of the child of the forest. Some one said of some great orator (Demosthenes, was it not?), that his speeches smelt of the lamp; and so, literally and figuratively, do the movements of these tolerably well paid operatic professors.

The Opera House occupies the corner of the Haymarket and Pall Mall: it is a very large, handsome structure, and shopped in its colonnades and arcades. A little beyond the top of the Haymarket (where everything is sold *but* hay) is Regent-street, a long, spacious, and rather winding street, the architectural boast of Western London; very fine in parts, and very startling too, but all stucco, stucco, stucco! What a city would London have been, had it been neighboured by quarries of freestone and marble. A little higher than the part where Piccadilly intersects it, commences the Quadrant of Regent-street—this is a covered colonnade—"from storms a shelter, and from heat a shade;" the supporting pillars are placed at regular intervals at the edge of a wide trottoir; the effect is the same as that produced by the successive awnings in Broadway; the appearance much finer. The architecture of Regent-street is not illiberally confined to any style or sect. Mr. Nash, the architect, was no professional bigot; his ideal of excellence was the taste of George the Fourth, and he might have had a far worse guide.

"Never once," says Mr. Dickens of America, "did I see a woman exposed to the slightest act of rudeness, incivility, or even inattention." I cannot echo this praise of England. Some one has said that half the mistakes in the world arise from "taking for granted." I made the mistake of taking for granted that forbearance, to say the least, where ladies were concerned, would be as common in the streets of London as in any American city. I was soon undeceived; for when I first walked along Regent-street, and some of the streets adjoining it, I was annoyed beyond a pen's telling, by glance after glance *poked* under my bonnet. I felt wearied, worried, and afraid—that vague kind of fear so wretchedly depressing—a lady does not know what it is exactly she has to apprehend, and so dreads everything. When afterward I complained, Mr. Mortimer accounted for the persecution I suffered by saying these inquisitive persons were not gentlemen—gentlemen must be scarce in those parts, then. This happened, too, when I was new to London and its rudeness, and when my principal feeling in the mighty maze was bewilderment—a dependance upon others, and even upon strangers, sufficiently galling.

It was long before I liked to venture abroad, even a street or two off, unescorted, and when I had hired by the month a plain two-horse chariot and coachman (plain also), which here they call, and not inaptly, *a job*, and was conveyed any distance, I felt an ignorance of my whereabout that would have done honour to an infant; "east or west, where'er I turned," were the endless streets, and squares, and places, and rows, and terraces! I did at last obtain a tolerable knowledge of localities; but really my ignorance for a month or two was as dense as that of Mr. Dickens of the Western States he

was about to visit. "He looked" (unsophisticated Boz) "for two evenings at the setting sun," but apparently derived no ray of intelligence from the gorgeous luminary; for he—and I fear he is ungallant enough to include Mrs. Dickens—he, or rather "we, had as well defined an idea of the country before us as if we had been going to travel into the very centre of that planet." Geographical knowledge must be at a low ebb in England, when an accomplished author makes such an admission; perhaps books or maps are scarce, or dear. I honour Mr. Dickens for his candour, and trust if ever he should travel in that "planet," as he somewhat curiously calls the sun of our system, his Solar will be better than his American notes. His countrymen already possess Solar oil—I see it announced in some of the shop windows—and this is perhaps the first step to Solar intercourse, the breaking ground sun-ward. I must inquire if they import this oil direct, or by way of Mercury and Venus. The last word brings your image so sweetly before me, that I will let my thoughts flee across the Atlantic, and give my fingers pause. Ever, etc.

LETTER III.

Executions.—New-York and London.—Daniel Good.—Executions popular with the Many in England.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—A hundred thousand thanks for your welcome letter. How hallowed is even domestic chit-chat when affection wafts it a few thousand miles! Trifles passing through the ordeal of a transatlantic post are never light as air: they are aggrandized; they are—But don't let me grow sententious.

And so that unhappy man, who some eleven years ago was one of our uncle A's clerks, has forfeited his life to his country's laws. Alas! alas! and yet I do not marvel; for no meanness is too little, no crime too enormous for a resolute miser to be guilty of when lucre lures him on; his heart seems cased in triple gold, and the stings of conscience cannot penetrate through the armour of Mammon; but dear me, how sententious again—I think it must be that the subject makes one write in a manner different from one's ordinary way.

Your account reminds me of an execution here, one morning last summer. I left my bed at an early hour, for pain and lassitude made me long for change, merely because it was change. When I looked out into the street, I saw no inconsiderable number of persons hastening eastward. I rang to inquire the reason of this unwonted commotion at such an hour. It was some time before my bell was answered, "Please, ma'am," at last said the eager handmaiden, "Good's a-going to be hanged."

And men—ay, Julia, and women too, crowded to the sight until the choked-up street refused admittance to thousands. They boast of their civilization—these Englishmen—and the most attractive spectacle to the mass is a felon's death! Justice in England should have a halter added to her effigy: an execution here is a pageant, a show, a cheap and popular excitement—genuine agony, to be enjoyed gratuitously—real convulsions. Oh! hanging's your effective, your only tragedy.

In twenty years or less, I do believe our American custom in inflicting the dreadful penalty of death will prevail in England, that is, if capital punishment be not altogether abolished. The criminal here hardens his heart for the last part he has to perform in public. Numbers, of whose guilt there could be no doubt, have died asseverating their innocence. Good did. And why! Because every one of these men (callous as they might be) shrank from facing the crowd as a murderer confessed, and hoped for their sympathy if he perseveringly declared his innocence; and he did so declare it, and his last breath was—a lie!

The sufferer knows that he has been the darling topic of a great portion of the public press for many days. The misdeeds of his whole life have been canvassed, and ladies have visited him in his condemned cell; some to present him flowers, some to pray with him, some to procure his autograph for an album, or, if he cannot write, an inky mark from the hand that perpetrated a murder, or a lock from the head that planned it; and he has listened, or struggled to listen, to a last sermon in the prison chapel; and magistrates' ladies and privileged visiters have knelt with him to hear the blessed Word of the ever-living God, and gaze upon the white lips on which would soon be the clamminess of death. Despite his fears, he feels that he is the hero of the scene; that he divides these strangers' regards with the service of the Church, and he studies less to prepare to die than to encounter their curious and searching eyes.

I do not mean to say that this individual case has been characterized by all these things. I tell you what has been, and what it is to be hoped may never be again. In New-York, where the criminal suffers within the walls of the prison, the law enjoining the presence of a certain number of citizens and official characters, the public are shut out; but through the very heart of the city goes the rumour that the law has taken life as a punishment for crime. The most hardened offender feels awed—appalled; he may pause in his mad career, for his imagination pictures the death-scene in colours that terrify his inmost soul—fear is sublime in its exaggerations.

But here, he sees it! The hooting or sympathetic rabble banish reflection. The struggle to obtain a good place calls forth his bodily energies; he has something to contend and clamour for; and he hears ribald jokes at the very gallows' foot—and what a fine thing it is to die hard, and how Newgate Calendars—but, lo! the victim. All eyes are directed towards him. The sight of his fellows prevents his thoughts dwelling on his God. He espies comrades in the crowd, and remembers their combined, skilful, and successful rapine in other days, and their unholy orgies afterward; his lips mechanically repeat words of prayer, and his heart is in past scenes of low delight—and so he dies.

The body hangs a certain time, and women say "how shocking," and men "how queer" he looks; and boys shout out, "Did you ever!" "What a Guy!" "Does his mother know he's out!" and casts are taken from his scull, and his carcass is buried within the prison walls, and his deeds recorded in cheap pamphlets for the edification of ingenuous youth.

This man—Daniel Good, a gentleman's servant—murdered a woman, concealed the body, which he had dismembered, in his master's stable, and was proceeding to burn it piecemeal when the discovery took place. If any master-fiend in this country strikes out originality of crime, it is soon imitated. One Greenacre was the first dismemberer, at least in men's memories, and Good was his disciple. Burk and Hare (villains unparalleled), some years ago in Edinburgh, killed helpless and homeless wretches to sell their bodies for dissection to the surgeons; and a man called Bishop, with two other ruffians, introduced the crime into London—worse than horrible!

Until the reign of the present sovereign, and (I believe) her two predecessors, executions were so common throughout the land, that the English code was stigmatized as the bloodiest in Europe. Do not think this hanging spectacle may be over-coloured. I was told the particulars by English gentlemen, by one especially who is a most acute observer, and has an undying curiosity to see everything or anything. I believe the case is rather understated than otherwise.

The criminal trials here, all admit, present the perfection of justice—cool, impartial, yet indulgent. In petty offences police-magistrates are said generally to take into consideration the station in life of the accused. That is a grave misdemeanor and an imprisonment in the poor man, which is a frolic and a fine in the lordling; but 'tis the old story—

> That in the captain's but a choleric word
> Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

And now let me answer the inquiries in your letters. * * * * *

Ever, etc.

LETTER IV.

English and American Characteristics.—First and second-class Railway Carriages.—Stage-coaches.—Might be useful as Places of Punishment.—Great Western Railway.—Windsor Castle.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I dare say you would be surprised to learn—I was—that "the most obliging, considerate, and gentlemanly person Mr. Dickens ever had to deal with" (strong language) was an innkeeper at Harrisburg. I pretend not to be a judge of what men consider gentlemanly bearing in their intercourse one with another, but I know the Americans are accused of being deficient in that respect. Sooth to say, I care so little about the matter, that I will not enter upon this vexed question. Most assuredly no one can deny the deference, the tone of good manners *towards our sex*, not only prevalent, but universal in America.

I am told the English *mean* (more good intentions—more masses of pavement) to testify as respectful a regard as the Americans; if it be so, certainly their way of doing it is full of oddness and originality. Better the Yankee inquisitiveness, of which travellers complain, than utter and contemptuous silence; better "an imbodied inquiry," an animated note of interrogation with the twist in the mind, than the surly masculine selfishness I have so often met with here. I am inclined to think Englishmen consider this repulsiveness a becoming, and even national attribute—a sort of birthright. Esau's example has not been followed; this personal property is rarely disposed of, but is handed down intact from father to son. The English appear to regard the "*petits soins*," the attention ladies are taught to expect in society as a tax upon their time and speech, and like a tax they pay it—that is, grudgingly, or not at all if they can help it. When do you see gratuitous politeness extended to age—*when to poverty?*

Some time ago I promised to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths to Windsor; an accident prevented Mr. G. accompanying us, and we ventured to go without him. We travelled by the Great Western Railway (a line from London to Bristol), one of the stations of which is Slough, a mile or two from Windsor. Ladies and gentlemen perforce occupy the same carriages; nor are the best seats, or any seats, reserved for the more delicate sex. On the contrary, a pleasure-tourist to Windsor, which is only one or two and twenty miles from London, will as soon as possible appropriate a seat which pleases him, put on it a rough, coarse outercoat (fit emblem!), to intimate his right of possession, and esteem himself ill-used if requested to yield it to a lady. Should you arrive (as was our case) only a minute or two before the time of starting, you must climb and push your way to your place over gentlemen's knees as well as you can, and sit down, feeling you are one crimson, and with an idle hope that your fellow-passengers' impudent starings may not be continued the *whole* way.

This was in the best and most expensive carriage—the first class one; the second class is uncushioned and unpartitioned, and studiously uncomfortable, to compel travellers, I suppose—and railways are now a monopoly—to use the first and better remunerating class. These second-class carriages are even open at the sides, and every passenger, male or female, robust or sickly, is exposed to the inclemency of the weather; and how the wind does rush through a railway-carriage, as if angry at the almost windlike rapidity with which man, when steam is his ally, can dart along the earth! If those carriages had been known to ancient Rome, they would have been dedicated to Æolus, for they are sacred to all the winds of heaven. An English stage-coach, with its splendid appointments, its fleet horses, its rubicund coachman and superfluous "guard," must be a most wretched way of travelling; I mean for those who travel on its hard, uncovered, unprotected top. I wonder culprits were never taken a wet wintry journey of two or three hundred miles as a punishment—transportation in a small way. Our own stage-coaches *swinging* over the mountains and corduroy roads, with their "nine inside," are infinitely preferable in point of comfort to "that bad eminence," the top of an English stage-coach; at any rate, when the quicksilver lurks about the freezing point. A French Diligence is greatly superior. As only the poorer classes are subjected to those annoyances in England, it is considered a thing of no moment; very well as it is; otherwise it would soon be remedied. No smoking is allowed in any of the carriages—there are no feathery showers, such as Boz tells of. The English rarely open their

mouths for any purpose but to eat and drink while they travel. I found this the case, not only in this short trip, but in my journey to the North, and elsewhere; they are as fond of taciturnity as the Americans are of tobacco; and, for my single self, I cannot see the good of either. Many an American will sit "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" with his weed, but he never forgets the attentions due to the other sex; while an Englishman sits "wrapped in dismal thinkings," forgetful or neglectful of everything but himself.

> "And with each breath he draws, he seems t' inhale
> Gloom thrice distill'd;"

but he dispenses with the potent weed. I care not to dwell upon this subject; but it really appears that the main discovery which clever men have crossed the Atlantic to make, and which ladies have carefully recorded in their diaries, is, that the Americans—I must use the vernacular—spit. Were I asked a national characteristic of Englishmen, I should say they—sulk.

The railway is a splendid achievement, perhaps as faultless as any railway yet in existence. Several omnibuses were waiting at Slough to convey the railway deposite to Windsor; there was a rush to secure places; we did not court a rude crush, so held back, and every place was filled (young men principally), and we two unhappy ladies were left behind, having the option to walk or wait; so we did walk.

A short distance from Eton, which adjoins Windsor, the Thames dividing them, we met a very sedate-looking sergeant in some horse regiment; Mrs. Griffiths ventured to ask him if he could point out to us Runnymede; he answered with perfect civility, and pleaded profound ignorance. We next accosted a young lady with a pretty and really intelligent-looking face, under a very pretty bonnet; she was esquired by a smart youth, apparently all vanity and watch chains, and evidently the lady's suiter—he was too attentive to be anything else—both smilingly assured us that some one had been hoaxing us, or the young gentleman, who was a scholar, the damsel blushingly said, must have known! We abandoned the inquiry in despair, and might have been induced to consider Magna Charta a romance or a dead letter, or I know not what, had we not actually seen the Great Charter in the British Museum, and had not the locality of Runnymede been afterward pointed out to us from the top of the Round Tower at Windsor. I never had to inquire more than once in the United States for any spot hallowed by a glorious deed. But Windsor Castle—it is a fitting residence for the great head of a great people. I cannot write architecturally; and if I could, I suppose you, Julia, are like other young ladies—you would leave the description unread or unregarded; so look at your engraving of the regal residence.

A portion of the Castle, the state rooms, are shown to visiters. Their smallness struck both Mrs. Griffiths and myself. The pictures and mirrors are the great attractions; some of the tapestries are very fine, and the Vandykes are perfect. I would fain have lingered to gaze upon the features of the first Charles Stuart; sadly mournful, as if the king foreboded his doom. You remember Cromwell's soliloquy before a portrait of his ill-fated monarch: "That Flemish painter, that Antonio Vandyke, what a power he has! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy, still the king stands uninjured by time; and our grandchildren, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the woful tale. It was a stern necessity; it was an awful deed!"

Scott was one of the few men to whom the world might truly have rendered the Eastern salutation, "May you live a thousand years!"

The associations connected with Windsor are the great charm: here the Plantagenets rested from their wars: here mused the strong willed Tudor, the Seventh Harry (the Louis Philippe of that day), how to amass wealth for his strangely-charactered son to dissipate:

> "This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
> The next, a fountain spouting through his heir."

And in these rooms communed Mary with her stern prelates, and Elizabeth with her grave councillors or handsome favourites; here the sage Lord Burleigh shook his reverend head in earnest, and here Sir Christopher Hatton—I dare say it was so—at any rate, one may assume that

> "Full oft within these spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls:
> The seal and maces danced before him;"

and these rooms echoed the pedantry of "the wisest fool in Christendom," and the revelry of his black-browed grandson; nor is "the sagest of usurpers," with his Ironsides around him, to be forgotten. After all, there must have been something loveable about those Stuarts; so strongly were their adherents attached to them, that even neglect and ingratitude could not alienate them. I heard a learned Irish lawyer say that the Stuarts were *gentlemen*; a title to which none of their successors could fairly lay claim, until—I forget which of the Georges he said.

Of course we had to pay for seeing Windsor Castle. The public are shown round in groups; nor queen's houses, nor houses dedicated to Him before whom monarchs are but dust, are to be seen for nothing in England; but a more liberal spirit is at work. Hampton Court Palace is open to the public; and no fee is paid at the National Gallery or the British Museum.

We saw Prince Albert set forth on horseback. I consider him eminently handsome, and every one speaks of his amiability. A gentleman near us pronounced him the most fortunate youth in existence. "Yes," added a minor-theatre-looking personage, "and he is now, thanks to us, richer than all his tribe." In England, the first of virtues is wealth. The Americans may struggle as much or more to attain it, but its mere possession is less worshipped with us than in Great Britain.

The view from the Terrace of Windsor Castle is most beautiful—perfectly English: lawns and woods, and mansions—the highest cultivation; everything telling of long-established wealth and peace. We visited the Virginia Waters; fine, really fine fish-ponds, but they are called lakes. The Chapel (St. George's) is shown on payment of the fees: it is very fine. The banners of the Knights of the Garter are hung there, and at the altar is some very fine

iron-tracery work by Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp. A monument to the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George the Fourth, is in St. George's. The soul of the princess is represented rushing upward to heaven from the dead body—but a soul in marble looks so very *material*.

The Park is noble and spacious, but we asked in vain for Herne's Oak. At Eton is the College founded by Henry the Sixth; great numbers of the children of the nobles and gentry of the country are educated there; fine-looking lads they are, and not particularly shy.

We returned as we came. The railway seems to be converting Windsor (I mean the town) into a London suburb. Ever, etc.

LETTER V.

Untold Wealth of London.—Death of Poverty.—London Boys.—Drapery Establishments.—Gin Palaces.—Colloquy.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I know no task more difficult than that you have imposed upon me—to give you a notion of the streets of London, and of the crowds that fill them, and of the shops, etc, etc. You always *were* liberal in your commissions to your friends. "Can't you describe," said old Jacob Tonson to one of his authors, "what's just under your eyes?" "No," was the reply. "And why?" "Because it *is* just under my eyes, and I look over it." I leave the application to you.

The handsome shops are much the same in the large cities here as in America; no doubt there is more pretension, and a greater display of wealth in the London shops—a display fully equal to what one might expect in the richest city in the world. Untold is London's wealth, and indescribable its poverty. In a young country like ours, where nearly every man may daily labour for his daily bread, we cannot see the debasing abjectness of the poverty existing here—a poverty that depresses the mind of man to so grievous a depth that he has energy left for nothing but to starve.

The squalor and wretchedness in the Five Points at New-York are no doubt bitter bad; but I am well assured the suffering there is but in the first degree of comparison, while it is superlative in St. Giles's, Bethnal Green, and numbers of courts and alleys in London, "where nameless want retires to die."

It is easy and common to declaim against the viciousness of the poor; the self-complacent moralist deplores it as he writes his quarterly check to pay his wine-merchant; the rich man hugs himself that *he* is guilty of no petty larceny, and shudders at the hungry stealer of a loaf. Englishmen will tolerate anything but poverty, and yet they unlock not their hoards to aid their brethren: they hold forth no helping hand, but dilate on the laziness of a man to whom employment is refused, and who dares prefer begging to famishing. Hunger makes a dog a thief; and it may well make a poor man reckless—for what worse than hunger, cold, and contumely, can he suffer in the prison, the hulks, or the antipodes? I have heard English gentlemen, whose yearly income-tax would be plethoric wealth to hundreds of thousands, regret that the poor were irreclaimable, and there an end!

> "God cannot love," says Blount, with tearless eyes,
> "The wretch he starves," and piously denies;
> But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
> Admits, and leaves them—"Providence's care."

But a truce to this sad theme. "The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day" invites us into the streets. You and I have laughed and been annoyed at the provoking precocity and self-possession of the boys in New-York; but they are openly, uniformly bold: the London-bred boy (I speak, of course, of the labouring classes in both countries) is as precocious, but far more wily and covert; he expends no merriment—proffers no query that a cross person might answer with a crabstick—he must be safe in his sauciness. The streets are the errand boys' proper theatre. I will give you a few instances I have heard of, to show you that our native city can claim no monopoly in puerile impudence.

A philosophical Frenchman who has travelled much in Turkey and Persia, but who is by no means Mohammedan in his ablutions, gravely inquired of Mrs. N—— why, as he walked down Parliament-street, he was asked by seven different urchins, "How he was off for soap?"

An African prince could rarely walk forth from his hotel without being greeted with cries of "Sweep O!" which, until some good-natured friend undeceived him, he thought a mode of respectful salutation proper to juveniles, and returned it with a pleased grin! "Ca-a-an you tell me," asked poor stammering Mr. Douglas Smith, "whi-i-ch is Rich's co-o-oach?" "Yes, sir," said the street-boy, afflicted also, and no doubt suddenly, with an inveterate stutter: "its the to-o-op of the line, a re-e-ed coach, and the do-o-or opens *just* where you get in." Simple Mr. Smith passed on as well satisfied as if this position of the door were peculiar to Rich's coach!

A New-England gentleman, miraculously thin, though as huge a feeder as Launcelot Gobbo, used to be annoyed incessantly by these puerile pests; the consequences, he said, at one time threatened to be serious, affecting his appetite. "No go at the butcher's!" said one boy. "Chops is riz—chops is!" screamed another. A third came close to him, and said softly, and as if in sympathy, "I say, sir, there's werry cheap oysters down that 'ere court!" All this, too, to a wealthy epicure, whose knowledge of literature is confined to cookery books, and who has visited the capitals of Europe to test their respective dishes!

The large drapery establishments here are, I suppose, unrivalled in the whole world; Indian jars, carvings, gildings, and marbles in the interior, as well as

> "——Many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
> Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
> Whole, without stooping, towering crest and all;"

lamps, gorgeous as in an Arabian Nights' Tale; the windows of costly plate-glass, sometimes the full depth of the window frame, which is gilded or of highly-polished mahogany. All without is rich, if not rare; but I dislike the servility, in place of civility, of those within—their small simpers and smaller talk.

In many of these shops (never called stores here) the attendants are dressed nearly alike: all must have white neckcloths, or something of

that kind—why not put them into livery at once? Then their pertinacity to sell is so tiresome, that I have given up visiting several shops on that account; the salesmen *will* show you new things, newer than ever was novelty before, and *such* bargains! I purchase a few pairs of gloves, and am leaving the glittering counter, heaped with rich stuffs in most admired disorder. "Something quite new in figured satins, ma'am," interposes the shopman. "I want nothing more at present." "Yes, my lady, certainly; beautiful silks, the latest fashion in Paris." "Nothing more at present; good-mor—" "Laces, your ladyship, the newest patterns," etc., etc., etc., and so on through the whole stock, if you choose to listen; they assume that if ever a lady purchase a riband, she must of necessity want a new shawl!

This teasing does not exist, I think, except among the drapers; the booksellers, jewellers, upholsterers, etc., do not proceed in like manner; one may buy a watch-key without being importuned to become the envied mistress of an unrivalled musical clock; the upholsterer who sells you a music-stool does not intimate his persuasion that it is incumbent upon you to purchase a card-table as well. Mrs. Trollope's last novel is sold without the bookseller pressing upon the purchaser the necessity of buying a French or English Dictionary. Lady Morgan seems Mrs. Trollope's model for French—her English is her own.

There is something effeminate, I think, in there being so many young men employed in these drapery magazines, among muslins, and laces, and ribands; something indelicate, too, if I could detail to you all the articles they sell, and recommend to ladies.

The places next in splendour to the drapers are the gin stores. Although spirituous liquors are so much cheaper with us, I believe the places where they are sold are as numerous in London; over the door is generally a huge lamp; a sign to the customers, and the slaves of the lamp are very, very many in London. The gas is in a wreath, or disposed in some fanciful way or other; they are called gin-palaces; the casks containing the spirits are painted, and labeled "Old Tom," "The Rose of Life," "Butter Gin," "Cream o' the Valley," Mountain Dew," etc., etc. Cockneys so dearly love the rural, that they must thus libel roses and dews—they must drink pastorally!

I can easily conceive the policy which has caused the proprietors of these places to make them so superb: the gorgeous fittings are the poor man's while he is among them; they give him a brief importance; he can command the temporary enjoyment of luxuries, and loves to command it.

Methinks I see you, O very arch Julia, open your eyes and then your mouth—your eyes with wonder, that I describe these things with the familiarity of an eyewitness, and your mouth with laughter, that my curiosity (how often have you twitted me with it, mischievous that you are) had carried me such extraordinary lengths, that it had carried me into a retail bar! But my introduction to the internal worship of this great spirit—this too-powerful spirit of strong drink, was accidental. The other evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wilderton and I were obliged to take shelter in one in Oxford-street, to avoid an overdriven and maddened ox. I am not a temperance devotee; but the contemplation of these painted sepulchres, where the hopes of the poor man are so often buried, is enough to teetotalize me; to stagger my belief in the song, Barry Cornwall's I believe,

> "Bad are the times,
> And bad the rhymes,
> That scorn old wine."

And mine, you know, is a very disinterested creed, as I rarely taste wine.

Three poor women of the working class entered this gin-palace while we waited. "Please miss," said one to the smartly ringed and ringleted barmaid, "a quarten of the right sort, and a three-out." The spirit was supplied, and gulped approvingly. "Money never was so dull," said the paymistress of the trio; "I can get none, and have been forced to put my bed up my uncle's flue." The hearers were expressing their commiseration of this state of finances, when a drunken butcher rushed into the place, and we thought it better to face the furious brute than the imbruted man, and so left.

I requested Mr. Wilderton to translate me the poor woman's speech into English: "It is English," laughed he. "Translate it into American, then." "The three-out glass," he explained, "is one that contains a third of the measure purchased, so that the quarter of a pint fills *out* three glasses; the uncle's flue, which you seem to think is some chimney in which the untidy woman had concealed her bed, is the pawnbroker's warehouse—the poor call the pawnbroker their uncle." God pity them, thought I, if they have no better kinsman.

British travellers are ingenious in detecting and collecting Americanisms; they are in nineteen cases out of twenty "genuine as imported," and they are imported from the old country. I suppose we have "my uncle" and his "flue" in America by this time.

The innkeepers here also advertise their cheap wines "genuine as imported;" they avoid a direct falsehood by never stating *whence* they have imported them. Ever, etc.

LETTER VI.

"Craft" of Book-making.—Charity and Leather Breeches.—St. Paul's as a Theatre.—Charity Dinner.—Workhouse.—Newgate.—Felons who are "Coleur de Rose."

My dearest Julia—Mr. Dickens has devoted thirty-five pages to an account of a blind and deaf and dumb girl, Laura Bridgman, and thirteen to Oliver Caswell, a boy almost similarly afflicted. The cases are undoubtedly well worthy of record, interesting alike to the metaphysician and philanthropist, and admirably told, while the institution itself is of the noblest in the world; and to praise the superintendent, Dr. Howe, would be only to echo the general voice of America, and echoes are sometimes wearisome; but one is driven to remark the peculiarity of a work that devotes forty-eight pages to these cases, and not so many lines to important *national* subjects.

Did you ever hear of a *craft* called book-making? A writer undertakes to enlighten the world on a certain subject, but his stock of light

falls short, and he is fain to supply its place with any indistinct glimmering, in order to complete his task somehow or other; he even plants a sorry twinkling taper in an out-office, and hopes it may pass for an illumination of the whole premises! To drop metaphor—when an author, whose works are sure to sell, has to write a book in a given time, and with a mind unoppressed with information on the weightier matters of his theme, he introduces a few episodes, as necessary to illustrate his subject as a painted flag is to navigate a man-of-war; and thus helped, the printer has matter enough, and the public are satisfied that the volumes have a guinea-sized look with them. It may be true that little information is conveyed to the reader —but what then? Was not the book written by the famous Quizzicus? Does not the name of the author atone for the deficiencies of the volumes? they, like rank in the Scottish song, are

> "But the guinea's stamp:
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

The answer Hamlet gave the courtier should be these writers' motto:

> "What shall we say, my lord?"
> "Anything, but to the purpose."

Until I had been some time in England, I did not know what abundant reason an American had to be proud of the institutions of his country. I have been listened to with surprise when I have told of *free* establishments, such as the Latin Grammar School at Boston, where the son of a working mechanic once obtained Franklin's medal, the next competitor being the son of the President of the United States (I find, *par parenthese*, "John Tyler" included in an English almanac in a list of the *sovereigns of Europe*). In Great Britain the children of the poor sometimes rise to eminence, but the road is not smoothed to them as with us—so rugged is it often found, that many an ardent spirit has fretted its o'er-informed tenement of clay unto the death in vain struggles to reach the goal. Then as to education—but of that hereafter.

Mr. Dickens is quite right in intimating that "charity and leather breeches are inseparable companions" in this country. Charity may not be "hideous in a garb like this," but it tells of the hatefulness of caste; the inmates of the charitable institutions in Great Britain are made to feel that they are Pariahs—the bread they eat is full of the bitterness of dependance; the child of the wealthy shopkeeper has a fertile source of amusemeut in the grotesque attire of the poor charity-boy, whether it be distinguished as Mr. Dickens has described it, or by large buttons, or by its coarseness, or merely because it is the dress least adapted to the climate. The charity-girls (so they are always called) wear generally a dark stuff frock, a white apron, and a white cap, sometimes with an attempt at a frill to it; the children every Sunday are paraded to and from church; they occupy places set apart for them—and the vest of many a purse-proud citizen in the sacred walls swells with pride at this ostensible proof of his philanthropy. Were it not for the scena—the effect—the children might have died untaught and on unclean straw, for anything he cared about them; but there they are, and there is his name printed at full length in the list of subscribers, that the world may know how he feels for the poor. And after his plenteous dinner on Sundays (far beyond Sir Balaam's, even with the added pudding), he expatiates to his family on the excellence of a feeling heart and a judicious subscription, denies his servants leave to go forth and breath fresh air, falls asleep in his easy chair, and dreams he is another Howard; for having visited St. Paul's, he knows there was a Howard, because he has seen his statue, and has learned that Howard also was a philanthropist.

As I have mentioned St. Paul's, and am on the subject of charities, I may as well tell you that in St. Paul's Cathedral, every May, are two Musical Festivals, the profits of which go to charities in aid of the sons of the clergy (of course the destitute clergy), and of the parochial schools. The interior of the cathedral is stalled and galleried; the music is surpassingly fine; the ladies exquisitely beautiful in their newest spring fashions, and the object praiseworthy; but why not have the performance in a theatre? The introductory service is so little cared for, that were there only that, there would only be a pewful of congregation; so I think they might "sound the loud timbrel" more appropriately in a playhouse, for it is boxed and galleried ready, and is built for purposes of pageantry and parade. The cathedral would not then be desecrated with so much profane carpentry and upholstery; nor need Divine service be suspended for a fortnight, that the workman's hammer may not sound responsive to the clergyman's prayer. Money, no doubt, is thus made in the house of God; but of old the money-changers were driven from the Temple—the English put such odd constructions on Holy Writ.

The friends and supporters of many of the London charities eat an annual dinner together, and gravely advertise it, as for the benefit of the charity! There are the patrons, and the presidents, and the vice-presidents, and I know not what functionaries beside. Many are the speeches; great is the laudation; you would believe, to listen to them, that the company formed a constellation of all the virtues—a galaxy of perfectibilities. I was once present at a scene of this kind: Mrs. ——, the banker's lady, persuaded me to accompany her, promising me an intellectual treat! A few ladies were admitted by sufferance into a small gallery in the large room in the City of London Tavern—I knew little of London then, or I would have declined this offer.

The dinner tickets were a guinea each; a civic dignitary was in the chair, and there was a sprinkling of members of Parliament; a man of excellent lungs stood near the chairman, to give out the toasts and direct the cheering, to play first shout—"Take the time from me, gentlemen!" he kept saying: "Hip, hip, hu-u-rah!" Clattered the windows and danced the glasses; and I asked my conductress if it would not have been better if the two or three hundred guineas expended in the banquet had gone to augment the funds of the charity, and these vehemently-yelling gentlemen had dined quietly at home? I received no answer.

I had not been long in the gallery before I became convinced how fallaciously the poet wrote,

> "Brisk as the wit it gives, the gay Champagne;"

for it gave these substantial citizens no wit whatever. I expected an animated comedy—it was a dull farce. There were some professional singers present—they let themselves out at so much per head per night. Some of the songs were said to be comic—they were all commonplace; the more suitable, I suppose, to the occasion, being easily understood.

There can be no reasonable, or indeed possible, objection why two or three hundred fellow-citizens should not dine together in public, if it so please them—but why can it not be done unless in the name of a charity? How these Pharisaic Christians (if I may so speak) must laugh at the simple ones, the *soft* ones (I believe that is the word) who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;" the good *they* do is blazoned to the world; there must be no stealth about their charities; and as for blushes—such persons may redden, they never blush. The report of their doings in the public journals are, with these men, the very moral of the tale.

Robespierre described himself as "l'esclave de la liberté;" and I know one American, *at least*, whom the designation suits (the Frenchman should have said "le tyran," not "l'esclave"). Your thriving Englishman is the slave to aristocratic distinctions; and sometimes at these charity dinners he is nodded to by "his Grace;" perhaps "my Lord" condescends to take wine with him, and he at once sees the excellence of having a class privileged because rocked in coroneted cradles, and learns to despise the simplicity of a republic. I believe, however, that the real aristocracy in their select circles amuse themselves no little at the expense of those *bourgeois gentilhommes*—as supple where rank is concerned, if not as simple, as Mons. Jourdain, when that worthy worshipper of the Great believed that he was marrying his daughter to the son of the Grand Turk.

From the charity-school to the workhouse is no violent digression. You are familiar enough with English matters to know of what description are the houses that "hold the parish poor." A great change has taken place in the discipline of those establishments. I hope Crabbe's account is of an altogether bygone thing. These places were called workhouses, I presume, because in a great many of them no work was ever done—a system of nomenclature not uncommon in England.

I went through the female wards of one of the large metropolitan workhouses (St. Pancras). There is little to describe. Perfect cleanliness and order prevailed throughout; the diet is no doubt better than many a poor man can place before his family—boiled meat three days a week; but over all there is such an appearance of *constraint*. The girls said they were happy, because the question was asked before one of the matrons of the institution, and so they knew it must be answered. I think we were told there were above a thousand souls, men, women, and children, in the St. Pancras Workhouse—the population of a small town!

I have looked through Newgate, too—massive Newgate. Barnaby Rudge has made us familiar with the riots of 1780, when a no-Popery mob (it should be called a "no-religion" one) burned this, his majesty's jail, and set free his prisoners. I do not remember having read a detailed historical account of these fires, robberies, and depredations Is it not Johnson who tells how as he passed along the street where Newgate stands—the Old Bailey—he saw the people plundering the Sessions House deliberately and undisturbed? "Such," says he, "is the cowardice of a commercial place." He might have added—in England. Mr. and Mrs. N. had obtained orders to be shown over Newgate, and I accompanied them. The prison is, I doubt not, like prisons with us, only differing in its discipline. "In an American state prison," says Mr. Dickens, "I found it difficult at first to persuade myself I was really in a jail." This is a difficulty which does not exist in England.

A woman who looked like a jaileress conducted us over the female wards. We might question the prisoners if we pleased, but did not follow Mr. Dickens's example. I have no fondness for the biography, least of all for the autobiography, of thieves and pickpockets. A rosy and somewhat jocular turnkey was our guide over the other parts. The little boys fell into line at the turnkey's bidding, "as if," Mr. N. said, "they were playing at soldiers." There they stood to be questioned, and any little shame left drilled out of them. Mr. N. did ask a few questions of some mere children, sent to Newgate to await their trials for stealing pence and such like. "Well, and what are you in for?" "Robbing the till, sir." "And you?" "Prigging a wipe" (which, being interpreted, is stealing a pocket-handkerchief). "This very little fellow," said the turnkey, "is in for stealing seven cigars." "Only six," coolly said the lad, in correction. "And you?" "Please, sir, I was sent on an errand with a bob, and lost myself, and was taken bad, and forced to spend it in grub and heavy" (meat and beer: a bob is evidently some coin).

The officers, by loopholes ingeniously contrived in the walls, can see over the whole prison, themselves unseen the while. We were shown the chapel, where the condemned sermons are preached; also casts from the heads of the most eminent murderers, and very heavy irons worn by Messrs. Sheppard and Turpin, much-admired housebreakers and highwaymen of old, and, according to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, men of gentlemanly demeanour, considerable acquirements, and no little amiability. A dramatized Jack Sheppard was, a few seasons back, the delight of numerous audiences in the London theatres; the mirror was held up to thievery, which was rapturously applauded, and Jack was highly popular. The air of one of the songs was heard in every corner of every street, on hand-organs, and fiddles, and hurdy-gurdies, and all manner of music. The burden is, "Nix my dolly pals, fake away!" What it means I cannot even guess. How properly may the British criticise our peculiarities of expression; their own "well of English" being undefiled with the dirtiness of vulgarity or blackguardism.

Ever, etc.

LETTER VII.

A London Stroll.—Mr. Dickens's good Fortune in Pigs.—London Streets and Peculiarities.—St. Paul's.—Hardness of Allegory in the Marble Monuments.—Religio Loci.—Bank of England.—Rich and Rude.—Gold and Opium.—The Tower.—Harlequinade of Streets.—Thames Tunnel.—Presumptuous Undertaking.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I am right glad you have been so gay in New-York, and going to be so again; "but leave the gay, the festive scene," and rove with me—certainly not "through forest green," but amid London sights.

Mr. Dickens, with two policemen, his guides and guardians, made a pilgrimage into the Five Points at New-York, and has the merit of discovering that there were poverty, and vice, and fever, and a dancing negro, in the purlieus of a great city. On Sunday nights I trust that even in the Five Points there are no dancings; in London, in or near a horrid place called Field Lane, where no lady can possibly venture, I am well assured there are. London boasts of its police, as well as of the observance of the Lord's Day.

Another thing Mr. Dickens was fortunate in meeting in America—pigs. One would think from the two pages and a half he gives to the subject, that pigs were proper to Broadway! We have them again at Louisville—two pages of pigs, and encounter them, moreover, as we travel with him from Columbus to Sandusky, and from New-York to Lebanon. One might really think that he was describing Ireland, where the pig, as that amiable gourmand, Mr. ——, said of his gout, is "a sad necessity of life."

But the carriage with my friendly cicerones is waiting at the door of my lodgings, and rapidly it rolls along Piccadilly, and down the Haymarket, and past a statue with a pig-tail, erected in honour of George the Third (the sculptor must have owed his majesty a grudge), and past the much-quizzed National Gallery, and the unfinished monument to Nelson, which rises as slowly as they say merit does; and the equestrian statue of King Charles at Charing Cross, beginning to look little, as kings will sometimes, amid the buildings now surrounding him; and the Duke of Northumberland's house with a stone lion at the top; and here is the Strand with its smooth wooden pavement, so pleasantly un-noisy. Things are reversed in London now: the houses used to be wooden and the streets stone; now the houses are brick and the streets timber. And ever and anon are stoppages and long gatherings of vehicles until way is made; and huge coal-wagons, with their four, five, or six heavy horses, sleek and shapeless, emerging from the lanes and alleys that lead from the wharves by the river side—the river running in a line with the Strand; and to the left is Exeter Hall, famed for oratory of much dross and some gold; and to the right Somerset House, full of government offices, where, from ten to four, a great many clerks laboriously transact public business, and write letters to their private friends, and read the papers, and discuss the state of parties, political or convivial, and the merits of their respective luncheons; and we pass two fine churches, St. Mary's and St. Clement's Danes; and here is Temple Bar, a heavy stone arch, the boundary line of London and Westminster, where the heads of traitors (as the conquerors always called them) were exposed on spikes of old; exploded customs of a more barbarous age: no heads are exposed now, that is, without their bodies; no felon is hung in chains as a terror to evil doers, which it was not; spectacles these, "like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below" (would not "above" be more correct, of a missing star?). And along Fleet-street—to the right, is the Temple, the Knights Templars having given place (vast change!) to a body of lawyers; the corslet has yielded to the gown, the helmet to the wig! And up Ludgate Hill, famous for its shops, and into St. Paul's Churchyard, and, lo! the noble Cathedral. We were just behind the gratuitous hours, 9 to 11 A.M. and 3 to 4 P.M., so we paid our twopences and entered. It is the most august of Christian temples which I have seen in any country—remember I have not been in Italy—but the interior, even with its pillars and monuments, looks—oh! so cold. The monuments are chiefly to naval and military heroes (is it right to monumentalize deeds of blood in the house of peace?), and I cannot but think there are far too many Britannias, and Fames, Victories, and lions. A lady had need be well versed in allegory to understand what she sees; I confess I was puzzled; but still the religion of the place impresses itself upon one's feelings, standing in the midst of Wren's glorious work, with far-resounding aisles and memorials to the unforgotten dead around, what *can* one feel but an elevation of soul, a forgetfulness of the soil and stain of the world! We did not visit the Whispering Gallery, nor the Ball, nor other places shown separately, and to be separately paid for. It seems so strange that the British should have to *buy* the right of entering these buildings. If it be proper that they should be entered at all by the merely curious, it must be as proper that they should be open to the decent poor man who cannot spare twopence, as to the irreligious rich one, who is hardly conscious so small a sum exists, open to Lazarus as to Dives.

In writing to an American lady (and *such* a lady), it is not necessary to be so precise as it would be to a native of another country; I mean in descriptions. It is not necessary to say that St. Paul's is Grecian, and Westminster Abbey Gothic, and so on. Community of language and descent gives the American to understand very brief hints relative to the old country. As to statistics, I hate them worse than Dr. Beattie did the shrill voice of Chanticleer. I think they are as unsuitable to a lady's letter as a pen behind her ear would be to a ball-dress. Expect no accounts of revenues and emoluments from me; how this church is most lavishly endowed, and this not endowed at all; the one in all probability being ancient, when Englishmen did endow their churches, the other modern, when they don't.

Among the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's is the wittiest man in England, as I, at least, account the Rev. Sydney Smith, also the learned classic, Dr. Tate. The Deanery is generally given to enrich some poor, or, rather, some poorer Bishopric. There is service daily in the Cathedral; but I need hardly detail all this to

one, herself a member of the Episcopal Church of America.

From St. Paul's we proceeded down Cheapside (perhaps the busiest thoroughfare in London), and the Guildhall terminates a short street to the left; in its large hall are a few monuments, and the hideous figures of Gog and Magog; the election and Corporation meetings are held here; the eloquence heard in the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council is not considered of a high order; and at the foot of Cheapside stands the Mansion House, the official abode of the Lord-mayor—it is squab and square, as beseems a civic mansion. It had been cleaned and scraped not very long before, and looks, not clean, but pretending cleanliness. I ought to have told you how dingy nearly all the public buildings in London are. St. Paul's, in some parts of its exterior, being one soot. A little beyond the Mansion House is the Bank of England. We walked in, and through, and about a great many offices, no guide or introduction being necessary. Sovereigns were flung about as indifferently as if they were pebbles; indeed, they are as valueless to the clerks and assistants, being none of theirs. The Bank of England deals in moneys of all kinds, as other traders deal in their respective wares. A guard of soldiers is constantly in the Bank, and at every turn you meet a porter or some one in the Bank livery—for nearly all the public bodies here must have their servants in livery. Aristocracy, especially in its vanities and vices, is aped even unto the twentieth remove. I exchanged a £20 note for sovereigns, having to write my name and address on its front; a pompous-looking personage in spectacles, and sitting with others in a sort of cage, looked over a long list of something or other, then tore a piece off the note, and after I was answered in monosyllables, and stared at as if I was suspected of having stolen the paper, the sovereigns were flung towards me; some of them, by-the-way, were returned to me afterward, being light weight.

If the mind is directed heavenward in St. Paul's, Mammon asserts his full right here—for here is the Stock Exchange on one side, and the new Royal Exchange, in course of erection, on the other; here are the devout, unscrupulous, untiring worshippers of their one god, whose name is Gold! Here are the originators of countless schemes, the speculators in everything and every place—miners in Mexico and Peru, land-agents in Australia, fishers in the far Pacific, growers of tropical produce, exporters of opium. If a sign-board with a distich were necessary to indicate their calling, as used to be the case in many parts once, I would recommend to the highly *respectable* merchants—the dealers in wholesale opium—a line or two from Signor Romeo, tolerably applicable, when Mantua is transposed into China, and a single word changed. Any little novelty in the way of a death's head would serve for a sign—here's the distich:

> "And if a man did need a poison now
> Whose sale is certain death in China,
> Here lives a caitiff-wretch will sell it him."

The blank verse does rather halt for it, *n'importe*. A needy druggist is accounted an infamous fellow, and will be punished, if he sell a desperate wretch a vial of laudanum; but it is by no means accounted infamous—infamous! how can an English merchant with an immense capital do anything infamous?—it is only mercantile, to sell opium for poisoning purposes by the ship-load: there is an aristocracy, you see, even in crime, and the English so love all kinds of aristocracy; to poison an individual is Newgate and the gallows—to poison a distant province is a right and a privilege which WAR must vindicate.

After the Bank, the question was where to go next. As we were so far eastward, it was expedient to visit an eastern shrine. The Tower was suggested, and the Thames Tunnel. Most people here and many in America are familiar with the list of show things in the Tower; *your* book-wisdom, I will praise it highly, is almost equal to your beauty, so I need not describe the fine collection of armour, and will spare you the sparkle of the crown jewels, and the horror of the Spanish thumb-screws. The loss of more than 100,000 stand of arms by the late fire was taken as coolly by the people as if they had been popguns. I could say much, but perhaps nothing new, about the Tower, as it was and as it is, fortress, palace, prison, show-box. I could dilate upon Anne Boleyn and Jane Grey, and the victims of the "forty-five," and the traitor's gate. An *old* country has much to interest.

We had just time and daylight for the Thames Tunnel. Boston reminded Boz of a pantomime (the Bostonians will feel flattered), Harlequin and Columbine lodging at a very small clockmaker's. I never knew before that Harlequin or Columbine lodged anywhere, being very goa-head personages, and always abroad. But the rapid changes in London reminded me of the transformations in a pantomime, and this struck me forcibly as we went to the Tunnel, as well as on many other excursions: a handsome street is suddenly replaced by a squalid lane; a trim, new square, neighboured by a nondescript patch, neither field, brick-kiln, nor waste ground; a flaunting tavern alongside a burial-ground (truly from grave to gay); and these changes are so incessant as to be hardly noticed.

A shilling each was paid to see the Tunnel—it is now opened as a thoroughfare for foot passengers, at a toll of a penny. We descended huge stairs, amid the clatter of vast machinery, and in an indistinct light, which flung a melodramatic horror over the scene; down, and down, and down, and at last we stand within the Tunnel. Really, it is marvellous: a long covered way of solid stone, arched something like the cloisters in old abbeys (you have a painting of one at Fountains' Abbey in Yorkshire), with the walls inclining slantwise, the better, I suppose, to resist the incumbent weight of water; a long line of gas-lamps lights it; and so you walk from Surrey to Middlesex under the river! There was a sound of rushing waters, from what source I hardly know, and we stood in the middle and coolly talked of an American liner, or some vessel from the uttermost ends of the earth, passing, at that very moment perhaps, over our heads! A box was placed to receive the contributions of the charitable towards the support of those maimed during the progress of the work. Several lives were lost by the irruption of the river more than once; and now that the work is complete, it is

considered more as a show-place than of practical utility. As a remunerating commercial speculation or investment, it is among the worst England or America know. Mr. N. even pronounced it "a bubble;" improperly, I afterward learned, for no one can accuse the originators of anything but fair dealing; the Iron Duke himself is said to be a considerable shareholder. Mr. N. must have been wrong, therefore, though he quoted Banquo to back him:

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them."

Whether the Tunnel be subject to the spirit of earth or water is matter of debate. You walk on what seems *terra firma*, but is beneath the deep water; the Gnomes of the interior earth are perhaps the ruling spirits. I trust they will be friendly to man.

I am told that several very scrupulous persons condemned the work as too presumptuous, too audacious for man to *undertake*. If it be proper to build or swing a bridge over a stream, why not to dig a way underneath it? I never heard that these gentlemen objected to cross a bridge, unless, perhaps, a toll one; but you are wearied—and so am I.

Adieu; ever, etc.

LETTER VIII.

English Ignorance about America.—Un-reading but practical Men.—Impartiality of English Ignorance.—Disregard of Antiquities or sacred Places.—A Fire.—Pastoral Incendiarism.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—Truly one ought to have a temper as imperturbable as Franklin's (which I need hardly tell you I have not) to hear patiently the absurd remarks the British make upon the United States. I could not have believed such ignorance existed: it must be that well-informed men are generally less common in this country than at home. Here are hundreds of thousands, with ample means and leisure, whose reading is confined to the newspapers; but let me correct the broad assertion, I ought to have said to certain portions of certain newspapers. Yet one of this class will deliver his judgment upon America in a manner which shows he considers that what *he* says is decisive; there is, or should be, no appeal: he has spoken.

Self-conceit is more meat and drink to these Englishmen than "to see a clown" was to Touchstone; they have a vague notion about America, and Indians, and General Washington, and there being neither king nor lords, and the storming of Quebec, and the burning of the Caroline, and the loss of the President! But as to the vast resources of our country, the nature of her laws and institutions, of her cities rising amid primeval forests, of the capabilities of her rivers and bays, of the love of freedom in her children (which love, men say, is the parent of all the best virtues that can adorn a state)—of these things they know nothing.

Talk to one of these persons about the cotton grown in the Southern States, and he will immediately speak of Manchester, where he has a cousin worth a hundred thousand pounds (not dollars, mind), a manufacturer driving a roaring trade (roaring enough, if the clatter of a thousand wheels can effect it); mention one of those matchless prairies in the Far West (a noble sight, though Boz *was* disappointed), and my gentleman, as soon as he is made to understand what a prairie is, turns the conversation to Salisbury Plain, or the moors of Scotland!

These gentry generally are, or have been, connected with commercial pursuits, and plume themselves that they are not reading, but *practical* men. I admit they are impartial in their ignorance, knowing as little of the past history of their own country as of the present state of ours; they believe, for they have seen the post that commemorates it, that a battle was fought long ago at Barnet; that Richard the Third was as hunchbacked as Punch, and was slain by the Earl of Richmond's own hand, for they have seen the play; that Oliver Cromwell cannonaded most of the castles and abbeys in England, leaving them in ruins, which are to be seen to this day; they have even been shown or told of the ridges where his artillery was planted; their faith in the ballad of Chevy Chace being a true history, and that Widdrington fought on his stumps, is never to be shaken, for they were taught parts of it when boys; to descend to later times and more familiar characters—if Burns or Sheridan are mentioned, they are oracular on the devotion to the wine-cup manifested by both, and more than hint at their own superiority! That the Scottish bard and the Irish orator were boon-companions, is nearly all these Sir Oracles know about them: such men love to dilate on the infirmities of genius as far as their knowledge of them extends, for

"Folly loves the martyrdom of fame."

I once heard a man of this stamp say it was well known that Junius was a lord-mayor of London. I was not at all surprised at the statement, but I was, that the gentleman knew there had been a Junius at all!

In the learned professions, undoubtedly, are very many men of vast literary attainments, and, what is more, they make no display; but this very forbearance encourages the ignorant man to prate of his ignorance.

Another discreditable feeling is rife in England generally, perhaps, but most assuredly and especially London: the irreverence for places that have been the scenes of great events, or for houses, the abodes of men who have left an undying name. Had Shakspeare's house been in London instead of Stratford, it might long since have been pulled down to give place to some petty improvement; the conqueror of old

"Bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground."

But the callousness of the Englishman bids spare no place.

London has the appearance of anything rather than an *old* city—it looks modern enough for an American one; there are not many places to call forth veneration, or awaken historical associations of a remote era; Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Tower, Lambeth Palace, St. Saviour's Church in Southwark, the Temple Church, must be nearly all. Part of this is no doubt owing to the Great Fire in 1666, but far

more to later innovations. I am aware that it is sometimes impossible to preserve the relics of other ages, but the English do not care whether they are preserved or not. Whether a house was occupied by John Milton or John Doe, is to them a matter of perfect indifference. A far better feeling prevails in Scotland; which the English laugh at, and impute to the inhabitants of Northern Britain as a fault, calling it *nationality!* Had these people dwelt in Rome for the last three centuries, how they would "have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride!" What havoc they would have carried as they let slip the dogs of improvement! Wo to the Coliseum's might! Wo to the Arches and the Temples! The Lunatic Asylums in every country in Europe would have been crowded with antiquaries driven mad. The world may rejoice the modern Romans are not as the English.

Do not suppose these continually-occurring improvements have made London at all approach the character Boz gives Philadelphia, "distractingly regular;" but it is sufficiently so for every purpose of convenience or even beauty.

Fires, alas! give us too many opportunities to build new buildings in New-York. They are far less frequent in London. In the winter, when I was on a visit at Mr. D.'s, we were aroused by the alarm of fire early one morning; it was on the opposite side of the street. How the crowd enjoyed it; how they speculated on the probability of the next house, and the next, adding to the blaze! When the flames illumined the street, the upturned countenances showed horribly grim. I saw one old crone, as snow began to fall, put up her umbrella for shelter, that she might enjoy the sight *comfortably;* the wind conveyed some of the hot ashes to the expanded gingham and ignited it; the hapless woman seemed to think it a hard fortune that she must be exposed to *one* of the antagonist elements. The firemen succeeded in getting the fire under, but not until it had destroyed two houses; these men form a brigade, wear a suitable dress, and act under the orders of superintendents; their activity was worthy of all praise, and on many accounts I think such a body would be valuable in New-York, however well it may sound that help is given in a public calamity of so fearful a nature by the exertions of the citizens, and not of hirelings.

Mr. Dickens says that sometimes fires are "not wholly accidental in New-York;" his countrymen, also, can speculate in arson, and we have had nothing at home so horrible as the incendiary fires in the rural districts of England. The agricultural population is often pronounced the healthiest in Great Britain, but these fires show a sad demoralization among them. Many an honest farmer has retired to rest, and had his slumbers broken, not by "the cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn," but by the red glare of his burning corn-ricks. Cowper bewailed the decay of rural virtues and manners in his day—what would he have said now! The hinds even called science to their aid, and corn and hay-stacks have been ignited by chemical appliances—most horrible!

I cannot but marvel at the apathy with which all these symptoms are regarded; men seem to think far more of the punishment of the criminal than the prevention of the crime. The wealthy Londoner reads of blazing farmyards, of shrieking horses dragged from their stalls, and cattle so scorched that in mercy they were killed; but as the danger is not at his very door, he cares as little about it as if it had been a part of the "Foreign intelligence" in his newspaper. His self-conceit encases him like armour, rendering him invulnerable to all attacks of pity; he cannot conceive any one daring enough to injure *his* property, so coolly stirs his fire, wondering if the farmer fellow will be ruined, or which of the ensurance offices will suffer! After-historians may note, and account for this savage novelty in crime—crime that can by no possibility profit its perpetrator, crime originated by revenge alone—pastoral revenge, too—sad and strange anomaly! I am told there are several amateurs in fires in London, who always attend, if they possibly can, to criticise the exhibitions!

Do you know, Julia, I think I have better opportunities to observe the English as they are than almost any other American? for my European education and my abode in this country have rendered me to all appearance *insular*, but my heart and aspirations are all American.

One of my solicitors, like Tom Clarke in the story, "a young fellow whose goodness of heart even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt," yesterday assured me that I could not be taken for anything but an English lady. He intended it for a compliment, and his pretty (but *always* ill-dressed) wife simpered affirmatively. I admire Mr. N. in his own home, when he relaxes from his legal toils and shines as a punster; he even jokes over his rubber at whist, and could not enjoy his wine unseasoned with a jest. An excellent maker and expounder of conundrums, towards which accomplishment he says the study of the law is conducive, it being one huge puzzle! To crown all, he is a most worthy and prosperous gentleman.

Boz tells of "justice retired from business for want of customers" in America; this is not likely to occur, Mr. N. says, in England, and, indeed, they are continually creating new courts and new magistrates—new schools, in my poor mind, would be a wiser and better procedure. Cincinnati furnishes most honourable example, where "no person's child can by possibility want the means of education." Mr. Dickens should *school* his countrymen on this head: he advises the Americans to abolish slavery, let him tell the English to expel ignorance.

Adieu; ever, etc.

LETTER IX.

Westminster Abbey.—Not safe to admit the Public.—Monuments and Tombs.—Westminster Hall.—Houses of Parliament.—Members.—Monomania.—George III. and Johnson.—Bleatings in the House of Commons.—Pompey the Negro.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—Come with me to Westminster Abbey, to the tombs of the great, "venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur." Enter Poets' Corner, and gaze upon the first inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson!" and

here are the monuments to the great and good, here are names unsurpassed in the world's long catalogue—Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden; but I cannot go through the list. The late Dean of Westminster refused to allow the erection of Lord Byron's statue in the Abbey; a very fine statue or bust, I forget which, by Thorwaldsen, now lies, I am told, at the Custom-house. Did Christianity require this? Monuments to Matthew Prior and Thomas Shadwell *are* in Poets' Corner; in consistency they ought to be removed. Things are reversed; the successful poets of England, in modern times, gain bread enough, but the greatest of them all is refused a stone!

It would be invidious to point out the monuments of others to whom Dr. Ireland must have demurred had he been then in office. The fees of admittance to view the Abbey are now greatly reduced, but you must go round with the guide and see all by rote. I was told this morning that many contend it is impolitic to open abbeys and churches to the public, because the monuments would be mutilated or scribbled on! What, this in civilized England—this in the country that thinks it could improve our manners and tastes! Oh! tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets beyond the Atlantic! Surely it is a dream, or they do but droll. It is not the Englishman of 1843 who is spoken of—and in London! No; it is the image-hating followers of John Knox in Scotland, or the stern Puritan of Cromwell's days in *old* St. Paul's; or 'tis Paris, and the ruthless destroyers of the French Revolution, the disciples of Marat or Collot d'Herbois, "the men without a God!"

You have not to be told that there are a great many monuments erected to poets, sages, and heroes not buried in Westminster. All that could die of Shakspeare lies at Stratford-on-Avon; Milton was interred at St. Giles's Cripplegate, a church at the other extremity of London; Thomson, at Richmond; Goldsmith in the burial-ground of the Temple Church. But, to say nothing of kings or nobles, Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Grattan, and others are buried in the sacred precincts of the Abbey; and one may ponder on the wisdom, and learning, and patriotism, that sleep with those who sleep below. It were something to be allowed to muse over such graves, and to commune with one's self at will; but to be under the direction of a showman! Out on the narrow-mindedness of those in high places!

There are a very great number of monuments; and really, were it not partaking too much of levity or profaneness for a lady's pen, Pope's couplet on the worms in amber might be applied to many of the names. There is a monument to Major André, which was not erected until forty years after his death.

The Americans as well as the British may feel ennobled in Westminster, for *there* are the great names of a common ancestry; the warriors who made British valour felt; the poets and philosophers who gave undying lustre to the language long before misrule made America with unfaltering voice exclaim, "I will be free." Chaucer, and Spenser, and Barrow, and Addison, and Newton, are *ours* as well as England's.

Westminster Hall is opposite the abbey, a wide road dividing them. You enter from a spacious opening called Palace Yard; a noble hall it is; and the scene of coronation splendours. Into this hall, in the midst of the *crowning* festival, rode an armed champion, who flung down a gantlet challenging to single combat any one who denied to the fourth George the rightful sovereignty of his realms. Such denial would have been treasonable; and treason is unsparingly punished. The champion's horse was hired for the occasion; for the *job* the groom would call it, from Astley's, the mountebanks. There may be many in distant Hindostan who might well have flung down a gage in denial.

Several of the courts of law have openings into this huge hall. We entered two or three (Mr. N. was of the party): all was decorum and order; the counsellors wigged and gowned; the judges also, but differently. Nothing interesting, nor indeed intelligible to me, was under discussion, and courts are not places I care to visit. I am told, by-the-way, that many ladies of rank are fond of being present at the trials of murderers; they go for a sensation, I suppose; the opera palls in time—its murders are only simulated.

Between four and five o'clock the same evening we saw the members of the two houses of Parliament arrive; both chambers are in the precincts of Westminster hall, places temporarily fitted up since the fire. The Duke of Wellington came on horseback; he is best known as "the Duke;" and when "*the* Duke" is mentioned, no one thinks of asking *what* duke? In the same way, I am told, when "*the* Admiral" is mentioned, in many parts of what was once Spanish America, Columbus is always understood. The old Generalissimo's bearing is erect and soldierly, his hair perfectly white; I knew him at a glance; the very caricatures are like him; the few gentlemen present took off their hats, and the Duke returned the courtesy by lifting his right fore-finger to the rim of his hat; he dismounted, I thought, with some difficulty, but his groom offered no assistance. I believe the veteran warrior is unwilling to be beaten even by old age. "Aweel," said a young Scotchman near us, "he's worth seein' ony how." I was very glad I saw him so well; he is an important part of the world's history. I have frequently seen him since.

Lord Lyndhurst has a countenance of singular shrewdness. Lord Brougham walked to the house. I expected to have seen a much plainer man; but he was plainly enough dressed. O'Connell is a man of massive mould, with a strongly-featured Irish face, betokening no little humour. Sir Robert Peel is a portly gentleman, with nothing, it seemed to me, very marked in his countenance or appearance; he looked grave, and, Mr. N. said, was usually solemn and staid in his official demeanour. Pope on Walpole was quoted to prove this; but then Mr. N. is a keen partisan on the opposite side; he had lately been one of a deputation to the Premier—

> "See Sir Robert? Hum,
> And never smile for all my life to come.
> Seen him I have."

Mr. N. quoted no farther. Lord John Russell is of short stature, and has not the look of a high-souled minister of state. One of the most remarkable of those we saw was Sir Francis

Burdett; his hair is also perfectly white; his dress that of forty years ago (I never could describe gentlemen's dresses), and he looked a perfect gentleman of the old school. I could not learn the name of one extraordinary-looking member, splendid in garb, and mincing in gait; he took off his hat as he accosted some ladies waiting in a carriage hard by, and the wind "shook thousand odours" from his flowing hair. Mr. Macaulay is short and stout; his form seems as firmly built as his fame. Many were *so* young.

On the whole, the members were fine-looking men, though some were of very ordinary mien; countenances marked by nothing, except in one or two instances by the smallpox. We noted how plainly most of the peers were dressed—finery is for an inferior grade—the magic words "my Lord" would, I believe, command an Englishman's deference, if "his Lordship" thought proper to wear his own livery, shoulder-knots and all.

Mr. Dickens tells of monomania in America, in a man imprisoned for two years for stealing a copper vessel containing liquor, and at the expiration of the term, going back to the same distillers and stealing the same measure, with the same quantity of liquor! Monomania in this country knows a more horrid bent. The monarchies of France and Great Britain nurse strange spirits in their bosoms.

You need not fear for my republican orthodoxy. I am not likely to fall in love with monarchy, and cannot understand how some of these European people have been dazzled by mere contact with a monarch. I can account for it, where the sovereign is amiable, fair, and gracious, like Queen Victoria; or a mighty conqueror, with intellect on his massive brow, like Napoleon; but take, for example, Johnson's interview with George the Third. Though the Doctor did write virulent pamphlets against American independence, he is not an unpopular author among us. Well: he encounters George the Third in the palace library; the King asks a few questions about the two Universities; two controversialists—Warburton and South; two reviews—the Monthly and the Critical; and pays the lexicographer a very commonplace compliment: the King withdraws, and the Colossus of English literature forthwith pronounces him as fine a gentleman as Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second! The homely domestic agricultural George compared to Louis le Grand, or to the wittiest, most engaging, and most profligate of Britain's kings! Are we to understand that a fondness for boiled mutton and broad farce are the principal elements in the composition of a fine gentleman? If Johnson be right, how very wrong every one else must be.

Ladies in gallant England are not admitted to the debates in the houses of Parliament—nor is any one without a written order from a member. The very reporters attend in direct violation of one of the standing orders of the House. I asked Mr. N. why, since it is impossible to exclude reporters, this order was not rescinded. He told me it was retained as an excellent exemplification of what logicians call a *non sequitur*. I do not affect to understand this reason, and suppose Mr. N. spoke jestingly. Did this parliamentary knot, tied every session and untied every night, exist in an Irish parliament, if there were one, it would be cited as a proof of the blunderingness of the people.

It has been urged that were there a gallery of ladies, the speeches of the younger members would be addressed to their fair audience, rather than to the subject-matter of debate. And if they were, what would be lost? I will not say that any alteration would be an improvement; but anything that would draw an Englishman from that centralization of self, so characteristic of him, *must* be an improvement. Abstract patriotism is not of our times. Why not speak to a gallery of ladies as well as one of reporters? for to the gentlemen of the press are speeches delivered, and the orator next morning "lives o'er again the happy hour" of his declamation, with all its "hears, hears," "cheers," and "laughter."

You cannot expect me to give you a character of the present parliamentary oratory; but surely it must be admitted that there is no comparison between the rhetorical genius of the present time and of that which knew Edmund Burke and his compeers. Ah! "there were giants in those days." The English have debates now—they had eloquence then.

Of late, when the speechifying encroaches upon the morning, the members (who can wonder?) grow full weary, and give their impatience words—no, not words, but yells and imitations of dogs, birds, and sheep; there are many country gentlemen in the House whose talk is of oxen, and some, it may be, who are skilful in imitating their lowings. You remember our Negro Pompey, with his powers of mimicry. How he used to make us shudder, when he buzzed like a moscheto in the hall; how he could emulate the chirping of a whole flock of Kittydids and Kittydidn'ts, or even the melody of a froggery—

> "As plaintive lambkin now he bleats, and now
> He gently whimpers like a lowing cow."

What an acquisition he would be to the House of Commons! "The applause of listening senates to command" would induce Pompey to put forth all his powers; he would be quite *super-natural*.

The length of some of the speeches in Parliament seems to me very impolitic; he cannot be an accomplished debater who requires more than an hour to deliver his sentiments or arguments. To go into a long historical or statistical detail is a poor compliment to the intelligence of the members, who ought not to need such information. I am always tempted to conclude that a very long speech contains very *thin* matter; it must be beaten during the lengthy process into such tenuity; a few grains of oratorical gold would be better than all this gold leaf; official statements may no doubt form exceptions.

The new Houses of Parliament are in course of erection close to the river; they will form a fine object from it, as well as from Westminster Bridge. The officers and doorkeepers of the Houses of Parliament are said to surpass all other public officers in consequential bearing, jack-in-office-ism. If they do, they must be so sublime in their incivility as to be akin to prodigies.

I admire the wondrous skill of the London re-

porters; they not only give what was said, but the words come mended from their pens, a sort of typographical alchemy. I attended a meeting at Exeter Hall once, and read the report next morning with unmixed surprise. I have often heard that if all the speeches in Parliament were printed word for word, very few would read them; very few read them now, being satisfied with the clever summary in the journals. People hear how eloquent Lord P., or Lord S., or Sir R., or Mr. M. were, and are contented to take it upon trust. Lord Morpeth, who has lately returned from America, and has not written a book to repay hospitality with satire (unaccustomed forbearance!), is not in this Parliament. His sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, is one of the leading beauties of Queen Victoria's Court, although she is not now one of the household. The duke is one of the many in England enormously rich. But alas! for mortal fingers, even when writing of ladies, and courts, and parliaments, they weary as readily as if the topic was of beings of ordinary humanity. I do believe as readily as if the letter were a transcript of old family recipes, "how to make a tansy pudding," or how to dress the dish which called forth the execration of Marlow and Hastings, "a pig with prune sauce."

I feel sleepy too, for it is late, and when I have closed my letter I think nothing could keep me half an hour awake: not the best scene in Cooper's best novel; not the rich, quiet humour of our own Rip Van Winkle. How the poor chief of the Choctaw Indians mistook, when he complimented Boz on the skill with which *he* could portray the red men of the forest if he thought fit to attempt it! I hope, and indeed feel sure, Mr. Dickens will not; he would *cockneyise* them. Ever, etc.

LETTER X.

London and American Dirt.—Chairs.—Dinner Parties.—Music.—Aristocratic Literature.—Young Ladies.—Much in Manner.—Superficial Knowledge.—Clubs.—Frolics of Aristocracy.—Fire-Grates.—What a Guy!

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I am weather-bound; that is, confined to the house by the rainy, gusty weather; the barometer here is as fluctuating as the resolutions of a flirt. There is an adhesive quality in London dirt that is peculiarly metropolitan. Constant friction and grinding work up the mud of the streets into a paste; it may be safely warranted to stick beyond sealing-wax; a few splashes as you get in or out of a carriage may be fatal to the well-being of a dress. This mud is soon removed from the streets—the scavenger-police, if I may use the word, is efficient—so that one has no opportunity of inspecting very antiquated miriness, such as that at Lowell, which, according to Boz, "might have been deposited at the subsiding of the waters after the deluge;" this old mud in the New World should be looked to by geologists; a scientific analysis of it would be valuable in an appendix to the next edition of the American Notes—the curious in dirts would be gratified.

As I am confined to the house, I may as well write of house matters. The furniture of London rooms is very similar to New-York apartments; more crowded, perhaps, while more precautions are taken to fence out cold than to mitigate heat. There are no rocking-chairs—some, I hear, at Liverpool—but every form of easy-chair that ingenuity can devise, or wealth and luxury can command; some of silk moreen, some of scented morocco leather, and with cushions, and springs, and arms, and everything to invite repose. In one of these pleasant cubicles beware what book you peruse, for if there be aught of dulness the lines soon dance before the eyes, and slumber relieves stupidity; namby-pamby poets are an unfailing soporific: one *must* nod

> "While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
> With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
> * * *
> If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
> The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep.'"

In dinner parties the display of napery, glass, and plate is magnificent. I have heard that plate is frequently hired for the occasion. The custom of taking wine with any of the party at dinner seems falling into desuetude; pity, for it was a kindly custom; but perhaps not pleasant to the modern Englishman: it takes him too much out of himself; it is too elaborate a courtesy for him. The English are certainly hospitable (a very large class excepted); but there is too much display in their hospitality; it is too much a thing for parade and newspaper paragraphs. The cookery seems the same as it is in the best houses with us—principally French. In some few dishes we have the advantage; the English can have no wild turkey, they have not the variety of game found in our forests; the fish is less delicious; the ices, fruits, and sweetmeats less abundant, but better in their arrangement. To be sure, I have been at parties in July, where ices were not needed; the reserve of the company was chill enough. The ladies only cared to talk to the gentlemen, while the gentlemen sighed for their clubs. Some daring spirit ventures on a repartee, which is received as if it were a personal insult to the slow-witted company. The wine in time, perhaps, expels this restraint, and conversation flows freely with the sparkling vintages of France.

The talk is, of routs, balls, and operas, much; of scandal, somewhat; of literature, a little; of music, much. It is the fashion to assume a passionate fondness for music. Years were wasted to make the pretty Helen —— musical, because her father was rich and an M. P., and her mamma gave concerts, and had an opera-box in the best part of the house, and several middle-aged peers, and eldest sons, and youthful baronets, are known to be distractingly or distractedly—I don't know which is the proper word—fond of music; poor Helen laboured painfully on, she had no ear; all the paternal wealth and maternal fashion could not procure a new one; she never played in tune; "panting *time* toiled after her in vain;" and nature in the long run had the best of it: her music-books were closed, and Helen's harp is now as silent as King David's. The young lady, as you will readily conclude from your knowledge of the family, had capacity to learn anything else; but the precious and irrevocable opportunities of youth were thus grievously wasted.

Literature, it must be admitted, is eagerly pursued by many of the aristocracy—titled poetesses, and poets, and novelists, and dramatists, and historians, are as plenty as blackberries, and often as insipid; many of the productions are light and elegant; but somehow or other they soon float out of memory, perhaps because they *are* so light; there are many illustrious exceptions, however: many who stand far in advance of "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

How much there is in manner. I have seen young ladies at a dinner-table listen with pleased and eager looks to voluble (and eligible) gentlemen, as if they were as familiar with the subject as with the mazes of the quadrille, and be as ignorant of it the while as of the Sioux dialect. Once upon a time—to begin my story with an orthodox beginning—a young lady of this well-trained class was listening to an East India officer of high rank, and timed her "Dear mes," and "Well, sirs," admirably—the East Indian, who was very prosy, thought he had a most intelligent auditress. "Well, after this strange adventure, as I entered the tent, I heard Sheer Singh, who—" "Pray," interrupted the pretty *débutante*, "did he sing well?" The charm was dispelled; the *ideal*, as Bulwer might say, merged into the *actual*. Miss —— only looked intelligence; and the mention, as she thought, of this Sheer singing threw her off her guard—she expected to hear, perhaps, that he was an Indian Rubini.

Mr. E——, of Baltimore, told me he was once conversing with Lady —— of the wonderful works of nature and art in the new and old worlds—after a discussion of Niagara, he was proceeding to speak of the Gaits of the Missouri. "Pray," said her ladyship, "are they of iron or wood?" I have been asked if New-York was built upon the plan of Old York, and if it had as fine a Minster. O, superficial knowledge, how many are thy children! Then the way in which young ladies here are taught and shown the excellence of an establishment, and of marrying well (that is, wealthily), cannot be too much condemned. By-the-by, Julia, among the many who visited at Aunt —— "pour l'amour de vos beaux yeux," did not one Irish gentleman

* * * *

Club life is a new thing in London, and is strongly characteristic of the age. The club-houses are very numerous, and among the most splendid in the metropolis. Ladies admire them not; but husbands, fathers, brothers, and wooers, *will* frequent their clubs; for there they can be undisturbed and nnquestioned, and can nurse the selfishness their soul's love. Had these places existed in Thomson's day, their lazy luxury would have ensured honourable mention in the Castle of Indolence. What a poem it is! the perusal makes one so deliciously drowsily entranced. One feels half sorry that the proper hero had the best of it—the

> "Knight of muchel fame,
> Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
> The Knight of Arts, and Industry by name."

But this *is* a digression.

Every luxury is within the Clubbist's reach, and at comparatively little cost. Does a gentleman love the wild excitement, the savage glee of gambling? His club shall afford him opportunities of honourable ruin. The old gentleman can be sure of his quiet rubber at time-honoured whist. Do you remember how Judge J—— loved it, and the pains he took to initiate me into its profundities, its science, and its *tricks*? it is shorn of its beams here, cut in two, into a game called short whist. Last night, greatly to my surprise, for I really did not understand what was meant by half-crown points when I sat down, I won thirty sterling shillings! Are you not afraid for my morals? My partner was an R.A., nothing under; but how I do digress—let me back to my clubs, I mean clubs without spades, diamonds, or *hearts*. The lawyer has his club, and the actor his, and the literary man his. The army and navy have several. The principal political clubs are White's, Boodle's, Brookes's, the Carlton, and the Reform; there are others, no doubt. It is said a reverend wit, when shown the magnificent drawing-room of the Reform Club, expressed his admiration, but declared he would "rather have their *room* than their company." The coffee-house life of Steele and Addison's day, and the tavern-life of a later period, seem unknown.

I have heard it said that taken as a whole, and with most liberal exceptions, the aristocracy of the day are more decorous than they were in the days of the third George. But, on the other hand, say the advocates of the good old times, if more decorous, they are duller—what wit, what humour is there in Lord W——'s stealing Mr. Jones's knocker, or Mr. Brown's bell-handle? In Lord —— wagering he would, in a given time, exhibit so many door-plates each engraved "Smith," and each neatly and nocturnally wrenched from its proper dwelling-place? What is there in Captain —— hanging his trophies in his room, bell-pulls, door-plates, knockers, and policemen's lanterns, all duly labelled and dated? Nothing in all this but what any one could accomplish; but there *was* deep skill in Sir Francis Delaval playing the conjurer and fortune-teller in Leicester Fields, and driving half London wild with his predictions and the truths he told in his assumed character—and in Sheridan mystifying Madame de Genlis in a way to give her an incident for a romance had she so chosen—and in Wilkes's freaks and Fox's. Ah! we've no conjurors among the higher ranks nowadays—there's no humour, no finesse, no smartness in modern aristocratic frolics—the age is degenerate.

Which, Julia, do you prefer; the brandy of the old times, or the white wine of the present?

"Dear one, choose between the two."

This seems doomed to be a digressive epistle, and the day has now become so fine that I have a good mind to make another digression—into the Park; but I set out describing the interior of a London dwelling-house. Mr. Dickens demurs to the sleeping apartments in America. *I* think them superior to those in England, for they are larger and airier, and therefore *appear* to be more scantly furnished. Mr. Dickens seems never to have recollected the difference of climate. *We* like rooms, and room to breathe in.

Pianos are common in London rooms, even in the houses of the less wealthy tradesmen; it

seems a necessary piece of furniture where it is not played upon. I have seen one "contrived a double debt to pay"—it served for a sideboard as well. The young man whom Mr. Dickens met with in one of his favourite and well-described asylums, and whose madness was love and music, might, perhaps, be regarded as sane here—the passion and the taste being very often assumed in excess, and no mania suspected.

Great taste is often displayed in the fire-grates in England, and in so uncertain and damp a climate a bright fire is often good society. Nothing but coal is burned in London; but in some parts of England they consume peat or turf, the use of which is common among the poor Irish. I agree with Mr. Dickens in his strictures on the "suffocating redhot demon of a stove" in America. There are many methods here of warming public buildings: sometimes by means of heated air, sometimes by improved stoves; but I think nothing will supersede the grate in private dwellings; the English like to have a fire to look upon, and it *is* pleasant, in a musing mood at twilight, to trace strange or familiar faces and forms, or baseless rocks and castles in the glowing cinders, while the mind in a waking dream rears its own castles in the air—more baseless still. The boarding-house life, so common in the great cities of America, is not known here, at least not in the same degree.

I forgot to tell you that our odd-looking New-Orleans friend, Mr. Walter Guy, has married a *very* rich Scotch widow, late Mrs. Mac ——; the happy pair are spending their honeymoon in London, and then mean to "locate" in Edinburgh; he has given up tobacco to please his bride. All-powerful love! The first day (in December) this gentleman was in town he had an odd adventure. Accompanied by Mr. George, who told me the tale, he went to call upon some one near Covent Garden; they left their omnibus in the Strand, and being strangers, of course lost themselves. Know that Mr. Walter is always called by his familiars *Watty Guy*; his dress on this occasion was, to say the least of it, unusual—better adapted to New-Orleans heat than London cold. I need hardly tell you that "in form and moving" he is *not* "express and admirable."

Know also that there is a custom here of carrying about effigies of Guido Fawkes (in common parlance, "Guys") every fifth of November, and burning them in commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot; the figures are so grotesque that the boys distinguish any strange-looking object as a "Guy." The effigies are formed of old clothes stuffed with straw, common painted masks for faces, and generally a short pipe in the mouth; they are swung to a seat, with long poles attached for handles, and so are borne to combustion: but to leave the plot and proceed with the story. Mr. Guy and his friend soon found themselves in a wretched court, full of dirty children, who, as soon as they espied our hero, exclaimed with one voice —and the Cockneys rarely aspirate the h after the w—"What a Guy! What a Guy!" The American stopped, sudden and astounded. His very name! Wat-ty Guy! His ears could not have deceived him. Was it possible his arrival had been announced, and that his description had so preceded him he was known to the very children in London! The pair soon gained the open street, and a juvenile sweeper of a crossing, being refused a gratuity, cried out, "Twig, Bill, what a Guy! What a Guy!" Mr. Walter threatened loudly, and as loudly rose the derisive shout, "What a Guy! What a Guy!" They passed on, and a little farther an itinerant songster, four feet high, or low, took up the shout, "What a Guy!" The patience of the American was exhausted, and he struck the little warbler prostrate in the street. Up came a policeman, and quickly gathered a crowd; I think there never was a place where a crowd gathers so rapidly, or for such trifles, or nothingnesses, as in London: however, Mr. George succeeded in effecting an adjournment to some tavern, where the matter was explained, and the injured youth gladly compromised his action for assault, a sixpence being the amount at which he assessed his damages; and so ended Mr. Walter Guy's first appearance in London, and with his name my song shall end.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XI.

Short Speech of the English.—Surprising Ignorance in England.—Apathy of the Rich.—Beau-ideal of an English Traveller in the United States.—English have little Love for their Country.—Madame Tussaud's Wax-works.—Heroes.—Murderers, wholesale and retail.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—"By-the-way," says Mr. Dickens, "whenever an Englishman would cry 'All right,' an American cries 'Go a-head,' which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries." "All right," is said by the English when they direct a coach or anything to go on; if the words are taken in their proper signification, they are only in one way applicable to an Englishman—what he does he considers "all right," but what is done to him generally "all wrong," for his self-conceit convinces him he is never sufficiently appreciated. The parish orator believes in his secret soul that his proper arena is the House of Commons; the oracle at a Mechanic's Institute, that he ought to be an oracle in a Government office. It is this feeling which makes society so much a thing of pretence. "Men should be what they seem;" but the struggle here is to seem what they think they should be.

An Englishman seldom says "all right," he is too chary of his words; he says "right." If a hackney coachman is bidden to stop, the usual formula being "hold hard," it is merely "ard." This elliptical fashion prevails in most words in very common use—there is no specific rule—the unhappy word is sometimes cut off after its first syllable, sometimes shortened to its termination; "a cabriolet" becomes "a cab," but an omnibus "a bus." The titles of periodical works are always abbreviated—the Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers are simply designated "The Edinburgh" or "Quarterly," "New Monthly," "Post," or "Herald;" Gentlemen are often cut down into "gents" (a detestable word); Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres are "the Lane" and "the Garden;" the Hospitals are briefly "Guy's," "Bartholomew's," etc. I could give you a great many more instances, but it is needless; these people must consider

their words very valuable that they keep so many of them to themselves—that is, in common or private, or domestic colloquy; in public they may be voluble enough, after the manner of men who speak for newspapers.

I am more and more convinced how little the English really know of America; they view it in such a *petty* spirit; judge of it, in fine, in the spirit that prompts their judgment in their own small matters, their clubs, or parishes, or corporations. They cannot conceive a nation without a titled and privileged aristocracy. What is not subserviency they consider anarchy—and then a country without a regular standing army! How can justice be administered by wigless judges! What but barbarousness can exist where poor men object to wear liveries! Then comes a summing up of American enormities; they sit in a manner the English do not, consequently the American way must be wrong. Vast distance, different customs and institutions, have caused a diversity of language, therefore the American language must be low; the Americans grow and chew tobacco, and the necessary consequences are attributed to them as a national dishonour!

How comes it that the French and other travellers do not dwell upon these things, but pass them over as matters of little moment? Is it jealousy, or ignorance, or littleness on the part of the British!

Miss Julia —— perhaps expresses surprise that I talk of ignorance among the English—attend, *ma belle*. It is not long ago that an adventurer, named Thom, was regarded by numbers, in Kent, as an inspired prophet—in Kent, a county adjoining London, while its capital (Canterbury) gives a title to the arch-episcopal head of the Church of England; and even when there was bloodshed in the capture of this impostor, and he was slain. numbers believed he would come to life again! On the borders of Wales, near Newport, two or three years back was a formidable insurrection; the misguided Welshmen showing the most deplorable ignorance, and a reckless readiness for any deed of violence. Charlatans flourish more in England than in all the world beside. London, one of the poets calls

> "The needy villain's common home;
> The sink and sewer of Paris and of Rome."

The really learned are often incommunicative, while pretending braggarts pass off their brawling shallowness for the deep words of wisdom; and sympathizing hearers hail a kindred spirit, and applaud the orator, because they understand him; he speaks down to common, very common capacity, and they feel he must be right, for *they* think so too. Believe me, there is a fearful mass of ignorance in the land, and masses of ignorance often are, and may be easily, kneaded into criminality. The people, the rich people, see or care nothing for what is passing around them; they either look over it, and regard (publicly) the wants of foreign lands, or look on with no more special wonder than Shakspeare's summer's cloud commanded; but even a summer's cloud may be fraught with storm and thunder.

Off the western coast of Ireland—I read this in a work of high authority—are a very great many islands, and the inhabitants are pronounced as rude and are apparently as little cared for as they were centuries ago—how disinterested, then, all these things considered, how *self-denying* in the British to send out teachers or missionaries, call them what you will, to Tahiti, to New Zealand, to the banks of the Niger! The Thames, and the Severn, and the Mersey, and the Ouse, and the other rivulets flow through a land so overflowing with wealth, wisdom, and enlightenment, that it can afford to waft its superfluous knowledge and riches to the distant Niger. Am I deceived, dear Julia, in my irony—is this so? May it not be, rather, that pious, and wise, and prosperous are all the children of famed Great Britain; the voice of wailing and poverty is heard no longer in her crowded streets; the school has superseded the prison; the workhouse and the treadmill are among things that were—superfluous judges travel to uncriminal assizes. The soldiers' bayonets are broken to form steel pens; diseases are as rare as the vices that once engendered them; and this blessed consummation attained, is it not the duty of the high and wealthy to inform the African, to regenerate the Chinese, and to show their love and admiration for the pious, virtuous, contented, informed and grateful people at home, by striving to render distant regions as felicitous? But let me pause, don't call this a digression—but, but, how shall I term it—an episode—let it be an episode.

A philosophical Englishman would deserve well of his own country, and America would honour him, were he to travel through the United States, not with the harlequinade pace of Boz; not so announced that all might know his object, to write a book; but as a patient, searching, inquiring observer—a Park, or a Humboldt—living with the people, and conforming to national manners and even peculiarities; sage with the learned, and plain with the humble. Then let him return and tell of a vast country, a dependant colony in his grandsire's day, a vast and youthful country advancing with uncontrollable strides to happiness, power, and wealth; let him point out the varying states, with their various produce; dwell minutely upon the laws and Constitution that Americans love, and are not ashamed to own they love; show how they are adapted to foster her growing strength, to give her a giant's might and a sage's wisdom, and where change or modification might avail her; let him say what he really thinks of slavery, but say it temperately and in a learned spirit, not contenting himself to string together isolated facts (advertisements are the readiest) and unmeaning declamation; let him describe the forest disappearing before the settler's axe, and how, year by year, population would increase, and facilities of intercourse, and new markets and new cities arise; and, chiefly, let him tell how his own country should regard its distant offspring, holding out the frank right hand of cordiality, and hailing a rising people in another hemisphere, among whom her language and literature might live when the island of Great Britain had fulfilled her destiny.

The English laugh at the Americans for being sensitive to satire, or, as it is sometimes elegantly worded, "so thin-skinned;" and if it were so, does it not show a kindly, filial love of country, unknown to the phlegmatic Englishman! A generous people would respect rather

than wish to irritate the patriot's feeling, which felt wounded, when

"Scornful jeer,
Misprized the land he loved so dear."

But the nationality of the Americans, the Spaniards, and the Scotch are alike censured by a people who care too much for themselves individually to care for their country or their kind.

It is a Scottish man, and a poet, who asks,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!".

How the London people who have read the Lay, must have smiled at the simplicity of the Minstrel! In the theatres nowadays, the speeches expressive of love of country in the comedies and farces of an earlier period, though they may be applauded by the galleries, are laughed at by the *better-informed* as clap-trap. I believe there never was a people more attached to their country than are the Americans to theirs, with all its free republican institutions. The fifty scandal power of Mrs. Trollope's book, the quizzicality of Boz, to say nothing of Mrs. Butler, Captain Basil Hall, and others, but make them love their native land the better.

I weary of these abstruse matters, so hey, presto! and we are at Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition. Gorgeous is the hall, brilliant the lights, pleasant the music (the harp was played admirably), and numerous the spectators. When you do see the English animated, it is in a crowd. It is a fine sight assuredly; but I had heard much of it, and was disappointed. There is no artistic skill about the figures; the manufacturer has not had the art to conceal his art—wax, wax, wax! There is not a moment's illusion.

Some of the figures are on pedestals, some on the floor, some on benches, and some on an elevated platform; all are, or ought to be, the size of life; but the proportions, to my eye and to that of better judges, were not well preserved. Nelson looked too big, and Canning too little. And there is George the Fourth, in his habit as he was crowned; and his unhappy wife and the fair-haired daughter whom Britain loved so well; and a group, containing Napoleon, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the King of Prussia, Murat, Talleyrand, the Duke, Ney, Lord Anglesey, and others. Some of the groups are very odd. In one, two or three English gentlemen in their modern costumes are standing with Mehemet Ali, as if they had met the Egyptian ruler at a London conversazione, and were talking about the price of corn at Cairo! Why could not some historical or chronological verity be preserved? John Knox is represented addressing Mary Stuart, and Luther and Calvin are standing by him! If we waive trifling impediments of time and place, and assume that the three reformers met, what would have been the consequence? Would they have fought?—I mean bodily. The clinching of hands has sometimes superseded that of arguments in very grave persons.

Queen Victoria is represented at her coronation and her marriage, and I think scant justice has been rendered to her beauty. There is a figure of Washington, draped in black velvet—dignified in position, and a very passable likeness. I felt proud as I looked upon his effigy; a man on whose robe of glory rested neither the stain of selfishness, the deep-dyed spot of avarice, nor the brand of unworthy ambition. How few of the world's heroes maintained, like Washington, "the noble character of a Captain, the Friend of peace, and a Statesman, the Friend of justice." From "Macedonia's madman to the Swede," and from him to Napoleon; they all lacked most of the qualities "that make ambition virtue."

"Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone."

Little Charles Sausse repeated these lines until I had them by heart; he had either forgotten or would not tell where he found them. Byron—I mean Madame Tussaud's Byron—looks like an amateur Romeo at an inferior theatre; and Shakspeare is served little better, but he is accustomed to *misrepresentation*. Sir Walter has the look of *bonhomie* that characterized him, and John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons looked the incarnation (in wax) of Hamlet and Lady Macbeth. Cobbett, one of the best figures, is placed on a bench where visiters sit; he has a snuff-box in his hand, his head moves, and I was told he had been accosted as if he not only moved, but lived, and had his being! There is a Chinese figure which, being duly wound up, shakes its head—a feat that gives great satisfaction to the enlightened and well-dressed crowd.

In addition to all this is a Chamber of Horrors—a detached collection, with, of course, an extra charge. Here are the murderers, that is, the *retail* murderers, the most prized by the curious in crimes, and other dreadful characters, both French and English. When the law has made its last exhibition of a murderer at the Newgate drop, his likeness is soon advertised as added to this collection. A cold-blooded people like the English love what is shocking, that they may experience something akin to excitement; but we had not this taste, and so visited not this chamber, but went home to sup, not full of horrors. Ever, etc.

LETTER XII.

Mrs. Trollope.—What's in a Name?—New Poor Law.—Rich English careless about the Poor.—Expediency.—Steam to Richmond.—Banks of the Thames Westward.—Richmond Hill and Church.—Omnibuses.—Cheap Discomfort.—Snuff.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I might cite things here of ladies of different ranks which, at first, startled me as rather indelicate; but I know they are not so considered in this country, so I have no right to censure them. Indelicacy is no characteristic of the ladies of England. A general belief prevails that the American ladies are what is called squeamish, that is, inordinately modest. I really believe the chief authority for this absurd opinion is Mrs. Trollope's novels, the most imaginative of which is styled "Domestic Manners of the Americans." One piece of mock-modesty, as the novelist in question would call it, I plead guilty to—I have a dislike to pronounce in full, though not to write it to you, Mrs. Trollope's name—Trollope! Mr. Trollope must have been a fascinating man to

have induced a young lady to descend from a Milton into a Trollope. Is there a Mr. Trollope, Sen., still, for his name is never heard!

Mr. Dickens tells us—and as I did not know the fact previously, there *is* some information to be derived from his two volumes—that "one of the provinces of the State Legislature of Massachusetts is to alter ugly names into pretty ones;" and this is accomplished at small outlay. Pity but a similar provision existed in England for Mrs. Trollope's behoof! It is recorded, that when many quiet Parisian citizens, during Robespierre's dictatorship, assumed a filthy and ferocious exterior in order to appear imbued with the spirit of the times, they insensibly, and by slow degrees, acquired the feelings they at first stimulated, and became the characters they meant only to play. And so, if Mrs. Trollope would assume a *refined* name, who knows what benefits might accrue! It might purify and unvulgarize her style of composition; her friends should see to it. I cannot conceive her writing as she does, were she Frances T. Montmorency.

The old woman, concerning whom you wrote me to make inquiries for Mrs. F——, did die in the workhouse, and under the circumstances you mention; she lingered longer than I could have believed possible for such a person in such a place, nearly three years. Alas! for one reared in luxury, and possessing, as indeed it proved to her, "the *fatal* gift of beauty."

It would be easy to string together a long list of cruelties and wrongs inflicted in workhouses, and give printed authority for each; then append a few pages of philanthropic paragraphs, and let the inference be, that in England poverty was punished more severely than crime—the worn-out pauper, with thews and sinews stiffened by extreme age, worse treated than the healthy young pickpocket; and suppose this inference were not exactly correct, what then? The like has been done in respect to slavery in America; there is good precedent for it, and the English are great people for precedents. I have often wondered to hear of judges or legislators objecting to do such or such a thing, while admitting it ought to be done, because there was no precedent for it. Really! But if the measure were good in itself, why not make a precedent?

The new Poor Law is, and has been, a most prolific subject of dissension. According to one party, it was to be a panacea—"the sovereign'st thing on earth" for the ailments of the country. Large new workhouses, called Union workhouses, built like prisons, only gloomier, were to be flung open to the poor as a test of destitution; if the tested poor refused to become inmates, the alternative had the merit of being perfectly intelligible—simply, to starve; and so some *have* starved in preference. This, and a few more provisions in the like spirit, concerning which a lady cannot write, were "to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land." I believe it was never very clearly stated *how*.

On the other hand, the opponents of the Poor Law change ransacked the dictionaries for epithets to hurl at the enactments and their supporters. It was a topic at elections, an established matter of declamation in the newspapers, and of debates in Parliament, until the English people quarrelled about the poor as if they really cared for them! Cared they as fellow-creatures ought to care, little need would there be of Poor Laws at all. But when such a thing is asserted, they smile an incredulous smile, blame the poor, and say it is impossible. True, it is impossible that selfishness and self-conceit should not render the heart harder than the diamond on the finger, and deaden it to every lofty and generous impulse; therefore, I say it *is* impossible that this remedy should be attempted in England. What! are all those *respectable*, reverend, and noble persons, whose name is legion, and whose individual wealth, in lands, houses, moneys, jewels, wines, plate, merchandise, mines, or offices, counts from five thousand sterling pounds to more than five millions, is it to be expected that *they* should exert themselves to benefit the poor? Many of them have not time—talk of duties, indeed! They are busy, and cannot be troubled. And then their aid might be un-praised, un-recorded, *un-printed*. Tush! Only a lady and a foreigner could propound so strange a remedy. Alas! alas! and is it even so? Will all these wealthy men always be content to pay their poor's rates, subscribe in well-arranged print to a few societies, go to charity balls, and concerts, and bazars, that they may have what they account their money's worth for the help they afford to impoverished schools, and shipwrecked mariners, and desolate Poles—die—be buried by their heirs, with abundance of pomp if not of tears, and let it be duly promulgated that the personal property of the late Mr. ——, of ——, was sworn under so many tens or hundreds of thousands? Rather than this, would these affluent persons *use* their wealth, *use* it among their own people, not as thoughtless spendthrifts, but as Christian gentlemen, they would be as little troubled about Poor Laws as the Germans, French, or Americans.

As ungenerous men will be ungenerous, as Christian men (by courtesy) will be unchristian, a Poor Law is indispensable in England; and I pretend not to say whether the new law really deserves its appellation of an Amendment, or is only an experimental alteration. One of its provisions—and this is by law a Christian land—is, that husband and wife, old or young, well or ill conducted, are to be parted in a workhouse; for it is expedient. "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Is it anywhere written that parochial convenience should supersede a scriptural injunction? The British ought to call this the age of expediency, for reason and Gospel must and do yield to it.

But let us leave the hard-hearted present and get into the past—and really, how much we live in the past and the future! we are forever looking before or behind. Like Belinda, Mr. A., you, and myself, as we stood on that rocky elevation,

> "Where, at evening, Alleghany views
> Through ridges burning in her western beam,
> Lake after lake interminably gleam,"

and looked round us into the distance, and spoke of this remote spot or that, while the ground we stood upon, like the unregarded present, was neither mentioned nor thought of.

Last week I promised to accompany Mr. Guy

and his new wife to Richmond and Twickenham. I persuaded Mrs. Mortimer to be of the party; and as we were too many for the carriage, it was arranged that we should go by one of the river steamboats, and embark at a place called Hungerford, where they are building a bridge—by inches, it would appear. I had a dislike to this party, and would fain have been excused; I thought of twenty modes of escape, none of them perfectly immaculate, so at last I made up my mind to go, and think no more of it; the reality of an annoyance often proves more tolerable than the previous dread; many a man, it has been said, rushes into the danger to get rid of the apprehension.

Mrs. Mortimer and I walked to Mrs. Guy's apartments in Waterloo Place, and we were to proceed to the place of embarcation on foot, it being no great distance. Mrs. Guy informed us that her *caro sposo* was at a hotel hard by, whither he had been summoned to meet one of his countrymen on important business, and we would call for him. This was not very agreeable, but so it was settled; we called accordingly, and, I suppose, by some mistake of the waiter, were shown at once into a room where sat Mr. Guy alone. Said I alone? He was solaced by a cigar, and beside him stood a goblet which *had* contained some dark beverage. The surprise was perfect; he was taken in the manner,

> "Backward his step he drew,
> As loath that care or tumult should approach
> Those early rites divine."

Mrs. Walter seemed inclined to debate upon the spot this infraction of the no-tobacco obligation, which was a collateral part of the marriage ceremony; but we hurried away and got on board, having to go along a rude, rocking, wooden way, to a primitive sort of pier.

Seated, I was at Mrs. Guy's mercy; and, mercy on me! Julia, I was not spared. The whole statistics of her Edinburgh establishment in the late Mr. Mac——'s time, were obligingly laid before me: the footmen's wages *with* liveries; the housemaids' without tea; the cost of hebdomadal butchery (as our schoolmaster acquaintance might call it), bakery, and chandlery; and grievous complaints of the enormous sums paid wine and spirit merchants, which, she sighed, made her a widow at last! Her system of dress on this Richmond occasion was simple, its effect compound, as it was a blending of as many hues as possible on the human form divine; bonnet, veil, scarf, gown, gloves, and boots, varied in colour; jewellery was not spared, and in the sunshine the blaze was perfect.

We went through several bridges. The first was Westminster, a heavy stone structure they appear always to be repairing; over it the tide of population flowed fully, while across Vauxhall, an iron bridge at a little distance, were hardly any passers—a very Mediterranean in its tidelessness; I concluded it was a toll-bridge. Then came Battersea and Fulham bridges, rude wooden piles for a metropolitan vicinity; a handsome suspension bridge at Hammersmith; Kew and Richmond bridges, both stone.

We passed Chelsea Hospital in our progress—an asylum for decayed soldiers. I have not seen over it, but can picture the veterans bronzed by many a scorching sun in Egypt, India, the Spanish Peninsula, and France. Sion House, one of the seats of the wealthy Duke of Northumberland (the Percy family), is by the river side; there are a number of elegant villas beside; fine swans in the river, much admired by the cockneys, and a few pleasure-boats. The banks of the Thames, up the river, as it is called, are beautiful, that is, not bold, but English beauty, green, trim, and highly cultivated.

In my ignorance I expected that "thy hill, delightful Sheen," was actually a green hill or hillock, but the dusty road is carried to the summit of what they call the hill, and the view is fine indeed; the river is the principal charm in the landscape, and the eye wanders delightedly over rich woods and a smiling country; the haze prevented our espying Windsor Castle in the distance. Thomson certainly used a poet's license when with his Amanda his raptured eye would

> "Sweep
> The *boundless* landscape."

He a Scotchman too! But his thoughts, like his style, are diffuse. Mr. Guy pronounced the prospect "a smart eye-full," and Mrs. Guy, that it was "very well for the sooth." The river serpentines a little near the base of Richmond Hill, and a small island presents a pleasant and verdant aspect; it is visited by the cockney pic-nic parties, and bears the appropriate name of Eel-pie Island. Of course we visited the church and Thomson's grave (I resist the temptation to quote Collins's "Druid" lines): the bard is buried inside the church, and there is a small plain tablet to his memory. Mrs. Guy felt interested in the last resting-place of her countryman, and had seen Ednam, the town of his birth. In the churchyard is a monument to Edmund Kean, who died and is interred at Richmond; his socks, in the opinion of most people here, are yet unfilled. I wish one could visit those places alone; life was indeed a fitful fever with poor Kean. We walked a little way in the park (there is no palace now), and enjoyed the quiet around us. The flaunting taste of the mere Londoner has not infected Richmond: it is a proper off-shoot from a wealthy metropolis.

The rain prevented our visiting Twickenham and Pope's villa and grotto, or, rather, their site; his grave and monument are in Twickenham Church. Were it not that churches and monuments *are* stationary, and cannot very well be cut or sliced away (it has been done though) to make room for stucco, I think England, or, rather, Middlesex, would have few memorials left of the illustrious dead, save such as their works, which defy the rage of man, will ever afford.

We dined at the famed Star and Garter Hotel: the dinner was elegant, and elegantly served. I am told, and can well believe, that the great object of the London people in their country excursions is to dine. The question being not so much "Where shall we go?" as "Where shall we dine?" Rather, "What would you like to eat?" than, "What would you like to see?" Eating is an individual, a *self* enjoyment, and is therefore highly popular in England; they protract the dinner when they ruralize, to get through the day.

Mr. Guy was quiet and very attentive to all,

and Mrs. Guy to all—but her husband. He was performing quarantine before he could be admitted into her good graces, on propitiation, as it were: I do not doubt he would most readily and perseveringly have smoked the calumet of peace, a custom which he unquestionably considers worthy of civilized man.

We returned, greatly against my will, by one of those conveyances praised for the cheapness of their discomfort, an omnibus. I hope never to enter one again: a lady has the choice of sitting in a corner next the horses and being stifled, for London journeyers have a great objection to air, and generally keep the window-glasses, or part of them, up; some rotund person redolent of wine insisting upon it on the plea of delicate health; or, if she must have air, she may sit next the door and have every passenger crush past her, no matter how she may shrink from the contact, while during the journey the figure of the conductor often fills up the open space and excludes any air but—pah! garlick is better. The choice of these *eligible* places depends upon your being first in the omnibus, otherwise you must settle as you can. Of course the gentlemen omnibusers think only of their own accommodation. Mr. Dickens tells us, that during his journey from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, on board the steamboat, "there was no sociality except in spitting;" in a London omnibus there is no sociality in anything, except in grumbling now and then.

By-the-by, I must tell you that I once or twice saw Mrs. Guy slily indulge in a pinch of snuff, veritable *tabac*, dainty Miss Julia! though she might pretend it was Grimstone's eye-snuff. Now, why should she object to the marital tobacco? Do not suppose for a moment that snuffing is common to British ladies: quite the reverse, and that despite the example of Queen Charlotte: you should read Madame d'Arblay on the duties of the regal snuff-box. The English ladies have no such habits; the custom may once have been prevalent and fashionable, more or less; some of the last century writers lead one to think so. The Tatler, amid the good advice he gave his fair young sister Jenny before her marriage, "made her relinquish her snuff-box forever, and half drown herself with washing away the scent of the musty."

What a long letter; but you must not complain of my having taxed your patience, *your* patience, indeed. Think of mine.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XIII.

"Respectable" versus "Smart."—English domestic Servants.—Elisha.—Sumptuary Law among Servants.—Kathleen O'Reilly.—"The Tally."—"An old Tale, and often told."

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—It appears from Mr. Dickens's account that to be "smart" is the quality or phrase covering a multitude of sins in America—here, it is to be "respectable."

"I wonder," say I, "to see a man like Mr. —— in society: is he not known to be a worthless husband; an avaricious and tyrannical father, and constantly in disreputable quarrels?" "Very true, but then he's such a respectable man." "And Mr. ——, I am told his fortune has been made by strange means, and many attribute their ruin to his plausibility." "Yes, but *he's* a very respectable man too."

None of the dictionaries define "respectable" as it is understood now; it means "rich." When people in England "plate sin with gold," it is sin no longer.

In nothing, perhaps, is there a wider difference between London and New-York than in the character and treatment of domestic servants. In London, you see very few people of colour; now and then a black in shining livery, and there are frequently two or three in regimental bands to play the cymbals, and look Moorish. It was some little while before my eye became accustomed to the complexional uniformity of the streets. Among female domestic servants I never heard of any woman of colour; with all their fine professions, the English of all classes dislike communion with negroes as much as, or more than other people. Were England a home for the free blacks, there would surely be numbers from the West India Islands, from British Guiana, and elsewhere. The few negro men to be found in England are principally employed, as I have shown you, for purposes of parade.

Don't let me forget, while it is in my recollection, to request you to tell Mr. C—— that Elisha, the Roseville man he wrote to me about, was found, after some difficulty, by a person my solicitor employed.

Do you remember the English lady, Mrs. Colonel ——, who was in New-York when we were girls, and how we admired her turbans, and wondered at the immutability of her roses? (I don't mean those in her bonnet.) Well, her husband brought with him to England a mulatto, who soon entered into the service of the colonel's uncle, and his kind master dying a few years after, bequeathed by will to "his faithful negro, Elisha," six shillings weekly for his life—this is the man in question. The executor, who was also the heir, demurred to the payment of this bequest, because the legatee was described as a negro, but was actually a mulatto! Perhaps his lawyer told this scrupulous-minded gentleman that equity would see *no colour* for withholding the legacy, and the law might compel the payment, as Elisha could easily procure a "respectable" solicitor to undertake the case; so the poor mulatto received and continues to receive the weekly allowance. Tell Mr. C—— (it will save me the trouble of writing) that he need not expect this man to send any money to his sickly sister in Roseville, for he has only this tenpence a day—(how much is it?) to live upon, besides any trifle he may earn or beg, and I grieve to say, Elisha is inordinately fond of gin. I once sent him five shillings, to be withheld, unless he promised faithfully not to drink a cent, I mean a farthing, of it in any public-house; he promised, and straightway purchased two bottles of his favourite beverage at some spirit merchant's, and drank it every drop in his own room! An ingenious casuist. I have been told he wheedles poor girls and silly boys out of a few pence now and then, by telling them their fortunes!

The female servants here are a distinct class, kept at far greater distance than young "helps" in America would tolerate for a moment; living principally in areas, with their hours of church

or chapel-going, and of fresh air, as methodically apportioned as their wages. A sumptuary law prevails among them, I mean that it is the custom of the country to proscribe certain articles of apparel to the lower grade of servants; for, of course, there is an aristocracy in servitude, and the line of demarcation is broadly marked and rigidly observed. The housemaid may not use a veil or a parasol, but they seem proper to the lady's-maid; perhaps the housemaid is a fair girl, to whom a walk in the sunshine is most assured freckles, while the lady's-maid might prodigally unveil her beauty to a hotter sun than Great Britain's, as she is already darker than a Spanish peasant; no matter, the rule must be observed, and I believe it is one of the few rules that know no exceptions. There are many stipulations in hiring these servants: a very common one is, that they "shall find their own tea and sugar," and they generally do contrive to find them somewhere or other about their master's house; another is, that "no followers shall be allowed," that is, no sweathearts; the course of true love must not flow, either smoothly or disturbedly, into kitchens and sculleries; great numbers of "no follower" servants, notwithstanding the prohibition, obtain husbands; marriages between the male and female domestics in large establishments are not unfrequent, while flirtations with milkmen, bakers, butchers, fishmongers, and others, through the area rails, are considered things of course, with policemen most especially of all.

Sometimes female servants continue many years in one place, but not frequently; the attachment that used to subsist between master and servant, and which in many country places might be the relic of a feudal clanship, is known no longer, or in only a faint degree; nor do I think there is anything like the attached feeling to the family often manifested by negresses in the slave states of America. Do not think the worse of the female domestics in England if they are generally selfish; recollect, the character of menials is formed by that of their principals. A really good intelligent English servant is indeed a treasure, which an American can well and almost enviously appreciate.

These females are sometimes harshly treated, and incessantly employed, there being little intermission in their labour, in lodging-houses especially, from early morning until nearly midnight; sometimes they have very little to do, and if children become attached to them, in many instances, they seem almost members of the family. These servants talk of "hard" or "easy" places. When a girl is old or big enough to endure the fatigues of service, she is pronounced able "to make place." The very civil man who drives my monthly job, was praised by his master as one "who knew a coach well;" that is, was skilful in the management of it. The English laugh at what they call Americanisms, but these expressions, and many much stranger, pass unnoticed; they are a people eminently skilful in not seeing what is immediately before their eyes.

When I first occupied these apartments (I will be "at home" to you now), the girl, whose sole business it is to wait upon me, my rooms, and my humours, was one whose countenance was not a letter of recommendation, but of repulsiveness and bad temper—and *very plainly* were the characters written. I can only describe her character by contraries; or, to speak learnedly and astonish you—antithetically. She was smart and sluttish, cringing and impudent—"an impertinent mixture of busy and idle." She left in a fortnight to be married! Yes, lady of many followers (come, I will fit you with a word), to be married! Where have I seen it written: "Il n'y a point de belles prisons, ni de laides amours?" Mr. Dickens would seem to belie the first part of the sentence in his account of some prisons in the States, but then he only spoke *en amateur*. Well, Sarah was married to a butcher's assistant, poor man! and Kathleen served in her stead.

Kathleen O'Reilly is a blushful, neat, nice-looking, well-mannered Irish girl, so wishful to please that she really anticipates my wants; but I am much, or rather have been much, abroad and in company, and her duties are not very onerous; she never loses her temper, the mistress of the house told me, unless when the other servants, in right English feeling, twit her with being Irish. One day, in the first fortnight I knew Kathleen, she was evidently in deep distress. I inquired the cause, and it was on account of her sister—a married sister deserted by her husband, left with one child, and supporting herself by working for some upholsterer. Poor Kathleen's slender purse was soon exhausted in her behalf: and when her feelings are strongly called forth, so is her brogue.

"And shure, ma'am, its only seven shillin' a week she can earn, and that's only two to live upon; and the child, God save him! never goes without the bit and sup, and it's after starvin'she is."

[Here was a burst of tears; but the statement was rather incomprehensible, or, as a satirical person would say, very Irish.]

"Well, but Kathleen, earn seven shillings, and only two to live upon, how is that?"

"Ah! and indeed, ma'am, it's true: there's the bit of a room, and she *must* live in a dacent place, and scorns to trouble the hard English neighbours, that's two shillin', and the tallyman's three shillin', and the two's all that's in it after that."

[This was the interpretation; but, as has happened before with interpretations, it was the more difficult to understand of the two.]

"The tallyman, who is he?"

"Just Mr. Greenfield's man, ma'am."

"And who's Mr. Greenfield?"

"Shure and isn't he the master; and it's strict he is, and won't be put off, though he's as rich as the lord."

[I quite started, but must acquit poor Kathleen of any intentional impiety; she is a native of the county of Mayo; her father was a groom of Lord Sligo's, and *he* was the lord she meant; if such titles must be, why they lead to a sound of profaneness.]

"Well, but *what* is he?"

"Arrah, ma'am, and isn't he the tally?"

"And what *is* the tally?"

But I must give you the definition in my own way. It seems that there are a great many tradesmen in London who sell wares of all kinds *on tally*, that is, the purchaser has to defray the cost of the goods by weekly instalments of a fixed sum: now, as the seller must run consid-

erable risks, his customers changing their residence or otherwise defrauding him, he no doubt charges an exorbitant profit, and the poor are by this system tempted to buy beyond their means, thinking it *only* so much a week and they can spare it somehow; while if scant employment or reduced wages follow, the tally-bill takes the very bread out of their mouths; and the goods so obtained, and to be paid for in two weary months, are perhaps pawned, or (as my Oxford-street acquaintance calls it) *flued* for a sum little exceeding a fortnight's purchase. Then, as the enjoyment of the tally purchase is no longer experienced, the payment becomes exceeding irksome, and the temptation to shirk it altogether almost irresistible, and so ensue prevarication, trickery, and recklessness.

I hope this system has not yet found its way into America, for it seems to me a very bad one, encouraging both rapacity and improvidence. I assisted poor Kathleen; and she, with her sister, waited upon Mr. Greenfield, and after a long debate, when they all three, Kathleen told me, spoke together, he agreed to take nine shillings in one payment, in lieu of six weekly payments of three shillings, and the sum was paid, and the tyranny of the tally ceased to oppress Mrs. Margaret Mahoney.

This very morning as I spoke of leaving England, Kathleen bewailed it, and I then told her, as I had intended for some time, I should be very glad if she would accompany me, and remain in my service in New-York. But—"'tis an old tale and often told," but—there was a young man who was a ship-carpenter at Portsmouth, etc., etc., etc. Well, Julia, one can't but sympathize with her. May her wedding, poor girl, be happier than mine. But I must not dwell upon that subject, and so must close my letter.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XIV.

Dressmakers.—Exeter Hall Oratory.—Evils inflicted on Dressmakers unredressed, the Wrong being only in London.—Otherwise if a distant City.—Lowell Offering.—Americans "know not seems."—Prevalent Vulgarisms.—Mr. W. C.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I closed my last letter rather abruptly when I was about to tell you that numbers of young women come annually from the provinces to the metropolis to obtain situations as domestic servants. In remote parts it is more than probable London is regarded as an El Dorado. So and so went to London, and did so well, and rode in her own carriage, why not others? "'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour:" we all hope, and hope, and hope to be better, greater, happier; and it may be well it is so, for hope itself is often happiness.

Besides these, numbers come hither for a term to improve themselves, as it is called, in millinery and dressmaking, or hoping to obtain permanent employment at their needles. There are so very many of this class, that the glut of workpeople, to speak commercially, enables the dressmakers to engage assistants on their own terms; if one girl, bolder or more sanguine than others, demurs, twenty are ready to accept the offer, no matter how insufficient. The treatment of many of these poor young girls is almost incredibly bad; during the fashionable season they are often compelled to work fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty hours out of the four-and-twenty! Often in crowded and ill-ventilated apartments; nor is there the hope of commensurate reward to sweeten the inordinate toil; nor can the making of fine dresses for the gay and prosperous be accounted a labour to delight in, so that the pain may be physicked and unfelt, and the work rapidly and happily brought to a conclusion. On the contrary, I fear the thoughts of the splendour and luxury that will surround the happy wearers of these robes, on which the midnight needle is plied sleepily and painfully, may tempt the poor drudge—who may be vain, weak, and pretty too—to long for, and seek the enjoyment of idleness and amusement at any risk, at any sacrifice. Of all the ills that ensue from this system, perhaps consumption is the least!

The facts are notorious, the grievance is admitted; but as the evil cries out at their very doors, of course the English have not taken one single step to abate it. A few letters in the papers, and a report appear now and then; but their writers have been humane to little purpose (greater is their merit), and their productions are read and disregarded, while the distress in Madeira and Antigua called forth the active exertions of the charitable English. Nothing but a legislative enactment will do good; for without that the English *never* remedy any social evil among themselves, that is, any evil which is in the way of business, and from which profit accrues to capitalists and "respectable" traders. Parliament, which the English rather profanely pronounce omnipotent, interferes to prevent manufacturers working young children to distortion or death, to prevent the employment of women amid unwholesome vapours in mines; and, without parliamentary interference, these things had gone forward unchecked. O tender and compassionate people!

If it had happened that the sufferings of these poor dressmakers pertained to a distant city—to Calcutta, for instance, and not to London—long ago would the British public have been called to "a sense of their duty" (I believe that is the phrase); Exeter Hall would have been vocal with the indignant declamation of the gentlemen and the softly-sighed sympathy of the ladies. "What," some popular and curled darling of an orator would have said, "are we men, are we Christians, nay, are we human? Has our infancy known a mother's care, our childhood a mother's precepts, our youth a sister's affection, our manhood a wife's devotion, our age a daughter's solace? And pause we a moment to redress this wrong, this insult to universal woman?" [Here the orator would cease, to wipe his brow, gather breath, and give time for the applause.] "Even while I speak" (he would resume), "the injury exists and increases; this plague-spot on our common humanity festers worse, and spreads more widely. Oh! then let England, glorious England, speak peace across the ocean; let her say to the luxurious, and cruel, and scoffing and distant Asiatic city—this shall no longer be! Oh! let our meeting to-day be as the olive-branch the dove bore to the ark; let it portend the subsiding of the swollen waters of tyranny; the restoration of virtuous ease and domestic happiness, and long and greenly may they flourish! Let us not delay the blessed work a single week—said I a week? Not a day, an hour, a moment. Can *we* ever hope to prosper if we

are longer quiescent, longer supine? No: to tolerate crime is to be participant." And so on, amid the flutter of moistened handkerchiefs, would the eloquent gentleman proceed, only much more finely and figuratively, to the end of the chapter. And others would deliver smart little lectures from the text,

"He who allows oppression, shares the crime;"

and then would be resolutions, and subscriptions, and treasurerships, and secretaryships, honorary and corresponding, and a committee, and thanks, and much print. Some good might flow out of all this; but as the evil is *only* in London, it must work its own cure. Sensibility, you know, always goes from home for its objects; vulgar sickness, or privation revolts it. Sterne bewailed a dead ass, and it is said neglected a living mother; his example has not been lost upon the country.

I believe a few benevolent ladies do inquire of fashionable dressmakers if their *employées* are thus cruelly dealt with, and are, of course, assured that *their* assistants, all being persons of the best character, and of unsurpassed, if not unequalled skill, can command very high salaries, and enjoy any healthful or even elegant recreation. This statement is ingeniously twofold—it satisfies the well-meaning inquirer, while the skilful introduction of the extraordinary cleverness and liberal remuneration of the work-people accounts a little for the not very trifling sum-total of the yearly bill; and so the good lady says that her own, or her daughters' dresses, *must* be ready for Lady A.'s ball, or the Earl of B.'s dinner-party, or Mrs. C.'s *soirée dansante*, and the matter ends.

The remuneration received by those who support themselves as semptresses in this country will always be very trifling; for there are so many institutions where plain needlework is done at very low rates, and so many private families where there are several daughters at home, anxious to earn a pittance to eke out any slender allowance they may have from their father in addition to their maintenance, that high wages are out of the question. But is this any reason why nothing should be done to help those employed almost entirely by the rich, and on work where taste and quickness are indispensable, "midst furs and silks, and jewels sheen;" work that cannot be undertaken by school or charity girls, however skilful in the management of the threaded steel? The benevolent public have not held a single concert, ball, or bazar, to help these suffering countrywomen; why, some little sensation might be created by an announcement that a fancy fair, the proceeds to go in aid of a society to amend the condition of young needle-women, would be held in such a place, and some of the articles veritably the work of young and pretty dressmakers, who had often laboured thirty-six hours without sleep or intermission. I acknowledge that the English do not *say*, "E'en let them die, for that they're born."

I have heard ladies in England express great dissatisfaction at Mr. Dickens's account (written in a not unkindly spirit) of the factory girls at Lowell; that is, not of his account, but of their condition. Certainly, the same things cannot be imputed to the female population of England employed in manufactures; for Mr. Dickens represents our countrywomen of Lowell as well-dressed, clean, healthy-looking, modest, and intelligent—qualities of which no one can accuse female Manchester; but then the joint-stock piano, and the circulating-library, and "The Lowell Offering!"

"Well, but," I contend, "where is the harm? Are music and books to be enjoyed only by the rich?"

"Oh! I don't know, these things don't seem proper for their station; really, mill-girls can have no business with pianos."

"Yes, but as their work is quite as well and as regularly done as if they could not read a page, or play a note; and as they incur no debt, and are not even accused of the least immodesty or impropriety of any kind—Sam Slick represents them as rather prudish—I do not see why they should be blamed for enjoying their tunes, or their reading, or even for contributing to a periodical. On the contrary, I think they deserve high commendation for having tastes refined enough to enable them to accomplish and delight in these things."

"But surely you do not approve of three miles and a half of factory girls with their parasols and silk stockings?"

"Indeed," I pertinaciously continue, "I see nothing in it but a very harmless display; come, we must not be too severe upon a little love of finery in our sex—perhaps it might be hot weather at Lowell, and no girl in any situation of life likes to incur the risk of a sun-burned nose."

"Well, it may be so—I don't pretend to understand these things, but it seems so odd."

That very "seems so odd" appears to be the full extent of their offending. Happily in America we "know not seems," at least we don't care about it. Well would it be for Lancashire and Yorkshire, if the same could be said of the females employed there—if a like compliment could be paid to Queen Victoria, should she visit any of her great manufacturing towns; silken must be less culpable than unwashed or tattered hose. "*Darn* my mother," Mr. Dickens, much to his surprise, heard an elderly gentleman say in America. I heard a Lancashire lady say if the mill-girls in her native town would do as much to their stockings, it would be an important improvement.

I wonder Mr. Dickens should manifest surprise that a person's mother was mentioned in any manner whatever; for the inquiries about mothers are, or used to be, incessant among the London vulgar. A stranger might at first have thought the English a very filial people, but he would soon find out all was in derision—and a very sorry symptom it is. The labouring classes here, and even many who have the virtue to be rich, always have some pet phrase; its chief recommendation being that, properly, it is inapplicable to any subject, and is therefore applied universally. At one time anything improbable was declared to be "all round my hat." The American actor, Mr. Rice, taught the English to "turn about, and wheel about, and do just so"—then there were frequent allusions to persons known as Walker and Mr. Ferguson; I forget how applied, and simultaneously with—but I protest you are laughing at me, Julia, at least;

"You smile,
I see you, profane one, all the while,"

and ask how *I* know all these things. I, whom you used to call aristocrat, and the Lady Harriet? Why, I hear and read of them, and as "I must needs report the truth," I sometimes inquire of

those whom I consider skilful in such abstrusities; and when I know the things are, and tell you of them, I need not preface them with "I am informed," or "It is said," or "Messrs. A, B, C, or D, assured me" so and so. There is humour in the popular vulgarisms of Ireland; meaning, in those of America (I need hardly tell you when I say America, I almost always mean the United States); but in England, they "*never* deviate into sense."

Mr. Dickens met some Englishmen, small farmers or publicans, travelling in the United States, surpassing Yankees in being disagreeable. And "apropos des bottes," or "bêtes" if you will, the other evening I had the misfortune to encounter Mr. W. C——: you know the man, or have heard of him. I cannot tell how he gained admittance into the circle where I met him, for he professes to despise as frivolous all wit, and the "Belles-Lettres" generally; this is because the pompous fool (and numbers resemble him in the profession and the plea for it) has not capacity to enjoy the elegances of life or literature; whether his brow or intellect be narrower, I cannot determine: I almost wished for a gentleman's privilege to—I don't know what. He answered all questions about America by detailing some paltry mishap of his own in this country; he defended—what am I saying? he pretended to justify slavery, by narrating the half-finished history of some negro groom, which was admirably inapplicable; as the mathematician said of Paradise Lost—it *proved* nothing; and when he spoke of the warlike spirit which showed itself some while back, according to him, in the United States—and how, if Americans were insulted by the British, and there should be war. "You mean, sir, I presume," interrupted Sir ——, "if war should unhappily take place, in consequence of some national misunderstanding." "Whether the war arose," said the prosy idiot, "from a national or *personal* misunderstanding"—I would hear no more—I felt quite sick—oh! why did he come to bestow his ignorance upon the people of London—of course they will be ready enough to represent him as a fair specimen of our country, which most assuredly he is not. Ever, etc.

Note.—It is proper to state that when this letter was in course of publication, the papers announced the establishment of an "Association for the aid and protection of dressmakers and milliners." As the names of many ladies of rank appear as annual subscribers of ten or twenty shillings, it is to be hoped with such means, and under such patronage, the benevolent purpose will be fully effected.

LETTER XV.

Churchyards.—Horrors of City Sepulture.—The Village Churchyards. — Flower-gardens. — Cemeteries. — Kensal Green.— Mr. Morison.—Quackery.—Abney Park.—India House.—Treaties of Cession from Hindoos and other Orientals.—Worship of Juggernaut and Gates of Somnauth to be conducive to Christianity in the East.—London Citizens.—Easily distinguishable.—Speculation in their Eyes.—Quakers.—Jews.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA — Mr. Dickens somewhere tells of the churchyards looking new in America. You cannot possibly picture anything so revolting as the *old* burial-grounds of London; they are old, but most unvenerable—nature herself seems to droop and sicken in such places—if there be a few blades of grass, they are not green, but of an unhealthy yellow. Some of these places adjoin great thoroughfares, where the hum of busy life never ceases; some are in strange nooks and corners, as if death were ashamed of his domain, and sought to hide it; sometimes the entire surface of the churchyard or burial-ground, for there are several apart from the churches, is covered with flat or raised tombstones; they do not look like resting-places; they present nothing holy, nothing that tells of repose, no simple daisy, a tribute and emblem from early spring, grows on a child's grave; no green hillock with its mossy headstone; nothing to induce calm musing—to teach the "*city* moralist to die." The poor can render no visits of affection—all they have to give—to the graves of parent, child, wife, or husband, for they are undistinguishable in the mortal mass; indeed, the dead of all classes in many of these places are like the tyrant and slave in the poem, and

> "Glossy familiar, side by side consume."

I had not been long in London when I heard of new and beautiful burial-grounds, and in lovely situations; and in my un-English simplicity, fancied these must be national undertakings—district cemeteries,

> "Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din,
> From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
> With mirth's unholy shouts;"

quiet places, where the dead might at least be decently interred, and the old and over-crowded receptacles over-crowded no farther.

I did the English injustice; only a romantic girl (which I am not) I was told could fancy new cemeteries would be laid out, if no *profit* were to accrue; these highly-praised places are one and all commercial speculations; where the wealthy can buy vaults or grave-steads, as they can buy houses or land. The sepulture of the poor is still unamended; untaught in his youth —uncared for in his age, what matters it where or how the poor man experiences the common lot of dust to dust?

The farther you proceed from London, the less crowded and unsightly these places are, and the distant village churchyards are often such green and tranquil spots; a gray and ruined abbey by their side perhaps, itself a fitting type of decay and death; or a small clear river may flow at the churchyard's foot, while the breeze stirs the funeral yew, and blends with the water's murmur in melancholy cadence.

I was particularly impressed with the aspect of one, many miles hence, and when I was ill, and thought my bones would rest in a foreign, though not unkindred land, I had determined there I would be interred; an idle wish, some would say, as if the inanimate body were subject to skyey influences, and felt the dews and odours of rural summer, when it would sleep just as soundly in its hot city grave. Be that as it may, the wish is natural; and I never argue with your mere utilitarian, who can only argue when others feel. Thank God, I am now well.

I have visited two of these new cemeteries in different directions from London, Kensal Green and Abney Park; they are simply large flower-gardens; and some of the graves little flower-beds. One of the English poets—I believe the present laureate (Wordsworth)—describes a class of his countrymen as men

> "Who would crawl and botanize
> Upon their mother's grave."

These cemeteries can afford botanic London means of carrying this predilection into practice. I have often thought that on many of the graves in Père-la-Chaise, where is displayed very high-flown sentiment, very prettily-worded sorrow,

artificial flowers are the most appropriate—but I am to write of London, not of Paris.

There are a good many monuments in Kensal Green, and the ground is intersected with nice gravel walks, and many well-dressed parties were strolling about (principally ladies) and chatting gayly as they watched the trains rush rapidly along the Great Western Railway—what a distance one hears their clatter! It has been said, "In the midst of life we are in death;" but here the reverse seemed inculcated, for there were steam-carriages and cheerful idlers, and man's trim and careful hand everywhere, as who should say, "In the midst of death we are in life."

Greatly to my surprise, no fee was exacted as we entered; perhaps if these death-gardens become fashionable promenades, the proprietors may charge for admittance; there is plenty of precedent — why should *their* monuments be viewed gratuitously? Why should they not sell their fresh air as well as their flowery ground? I think I never told you before, that in all, I suppose in *all*, places like these, as well as in the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, etc., etc., are placed a number of painted boards containing respectful requests that the visiters will refrain from plucking the flowers, etc. How is this? Why, in so very civilized—I beg their pardon, so very polished a community, are these constant prohibitions necessary? Recollect, flower-loving but never flower-stealing, Julia, the rabble—the mere vulgar, are no frequenters of these scenes.

One of the most remarkable mausoleums, if I may use the word, in Kensal Green, is the family tomb of James Morison, the Hygeist; this was the originator of the famed Morison's Pills, a medicine that was recommended with an assurance and hardihood that commanded success and riches. If the first dose failed, the second was to be an increased quantum, and the third a farther increase, and so on adding to the dose until the illness ceased—and cease it *infallibly* would, one way or the other. I forgot how many men Mr. Morison constantly employed in the manufacture of these pills; they were, or are, in demand by this enlightened people by wagon-loads. These things always find their way across the Atlantic. In England a quack *never* fails unless he is untrue to himself, that is, if he be not sufficiently outrageous in his professions; let him promise, and persevere in promising the impossible—let him screw his courage to that point, and he'll *not* fail; the yearly sum expended in advertisements alone by some of those venders of nostrums (the value of which they assert, and truly, is unknown and incredible) must be immense.

It seemed to me very bad policy to erect a monument at all to Mr. Morison, especially in this open manner; it should have been left to the public to believe, as they will believe anything, that his pills would ensure him an age running pretty considerably into another century. Another remarkable monument is to Saint John Long, who was also an irregular practitioner, I believe that is the polite appellation, famous in his day. A third is Ducrow's, the late proprietor or manager, I don't know which, of Astley's Equestrian Amphitheatre; a theatrical structure, I mean the monument.

Abney Park is of the same character. Dr. Isaac Watts resided many years in the Manor House there, a circumstance which is commemorated in the burial-ground. I was told this Manor House of Abney Park is to be pulled down; as it is a perfect building, characteristic of a bygone age, and as Watts dwelt there with Sir Thomas Abney and his family so many years, I marvel it has been allowed to stand so long. These cemetery companies advertise their respective terms, and endeavour to show their superiority of sepulture over their rivals. "I'm told there's snug lying in the Abbey," said Sir Lucius; but these people promise far more than that, if not quite so plainly. I think London, with its boundless wealth, might at least afford a decent grave to its poor denizen, or even to its poor visiter, for it is the last trouble he can cause; as it is, he might almost as well be flung into a plague-pit, such as De Foe describes. Some of the inscriptions on the tomb-stones in these model burial-grounds appeared to me very indifferent English; but I am shy in criticising English, although an unspelling Englishman will criticise our American phrases; but one ought to be diffident in criticism, for no less an authority than Walker, of pronouncing memory, has pronounced that an Englishman, to understand his own language thoroughly, should also understand French, Latin, Greek, and—Hebrew.

I remember when we returned from Abney Park we visited the India House; it is situated in Leadenhall-street, and open to visiters at certain hours on Saturdays. Here meet the Indian governors—the British merchants, who are literally princes. We saw a collection of Eastern curiosities, the detail of which might not interest you much. Mr. Dickens states the interest he felt in viewing, at Harrisburg, the treaties between the Indians and the Whites—the poor natives not appending their sign-manual, but graphic—a sketch of the distinguishing *sobriquet* of the chief, the Great Turtle, or the War Hatchet; indeed, the contemplation of the ever-progressive change in the being and numbers of the red men is most painful; but when of late the North American Indians have agreed to the cession of territories on terms stated, they have fully understood the nature of the compact.

Had I been of the bolder sex, I might have asked them at the India House to gratify me with a sight of the treaties of cession, on terms of purchase or exchange agreed upon between English officers and Hindoo rulers. Really those who live in such a very glass island should not throw so many stones at the people of other countries. I am convinced the Hindoos are happier under the British rule than under that of their fierce, treacherous, and cowardly native princes; but the mildness or equity of the sway is no justification of the means of its attainment —the means are easily defined—a judicious mixture of force and fraud. The English say their settlements are the harbingers of civilization and Christianity throughout the East: to derive revenue from the worship of Juggernaut, and to restore the gates of Somnauth seem odd ways of introducing Christianity; but 'tis an odd people. Some one applied to England the poet's line on man:

"The riddle, jest, and glory of the world."

The world may admit the claim of England to the first two attributes, but as to its being "the glory"—tell it in Paris—and my ears ache at the mere supposition of the voluble negativeness, if there be such a word, that would ensue.

Leadenhall-street is in the eastern part of the metropolis, "the City," as it is called, London

proper, as distinguished from Westminster, Marylebone, etc. This is the headquarters of trade; here are the men of money; here the favoured worshippers and temple of Mammon.

> "Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
> From heaven."

I have heard ladies say it was easy to distinguish a city person from one of more western dwelling; they run smaller; even the tradesmen are said to differ; the citizens having less politeness, less manner, or, as they themselves, and perhaps truly, consider it, being more English; there is nothing in dress to distinguish them, except, perhaps, that the citizens are a little finer; it is their bustle, their look, their *air;* like that Horatio describes on the platform, just after midnight, "it is a nipping and an eager air." There, Julia dear, they say what is *far-fetched*, as well as dear-bought, is good for ladies, so you must be pleased with my application of Horatio's answer! This air is exactly that of —— and ——, and, most of all, of ——, in New-York.

Quakers are frequently seen in the city, but their wealth has given them carriages, horses, and pursuits at which George Fox or William Penn would groan heavy groans. The Society of Friends, it seems, were allowed privileges in England long before other dissenters from the established Church. I once asked Mr. N. why? He said they were always remarkable for their integrity and peacefulness. "Yes," said I, "but were there not the same good qualities in some other sects?" "Oh, I dare say there might, but then the Quakers were always a wealthy class." It was needless to inquire farther; the privileges were fully accounted for. How amazingly strong must be the prejudice against the Jews in this country, when even *their* wealth, with its inalienable respectability, has not yet achieved what is called their emancipation! But then we must consider that there are a great many very poor persons among the Jews, and it is so very difficult to draw the line in a legislative enactment, so as to grant that to the fitness of riches which must be denied to the sinful unsuitableness of poverty.

You think, if the English knew the strictures passed upon them by foreigners, by quick-witted Frenchmen especially, they would be surprised and hurt; "not a jot, not a jot;" they would attribute all blame to envy or malice; all praise they would consider becoming, but faint; and let a general character of an Englishman be never so true, not one would cry, "That was levelled at me." *They* smart at satire! *They* amend because of friendly rebuke! How little do you know what self-conceit *really* is. Many of their own countrymen, poets or preachers, tell them of their faults full freely, and not one becomes less a thing of the narrowness or assumption of self. The way in which children spell the first personal pronoun is the very motto of a southern Briton: "I, by itself, *I*."

Ever, etc.

LETTER XVI.

Queen's Drawing-room.—Procession.—Footmen.—A Tuft-hunter.—The Poor.—English and Roman Benevolence.—Illuminations.—Street Cries and Badinage.—Bridges.—Banks of the Thames Eastward.—Greenwich.—Painted Hall.—Chapel.—Cost of the Embellishments dwelt upon.—So very English.—Instance of Gallantry.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—Certainly it was a gorgeous sight, and in England only could it be seen; what lines of carriages along the streets—what silver plate about the horses, and gold lace about the footmen—the coachmen with new wigs, and the policemen in their best uniforms—the crowd was in high good-humour—it pleased the queen to hold a drawing-room—the morning smiled, and all the world was gay—I saw the procession with some friends from a balcony in St. James's-street. We have sometimes thought, in New-York, that the accounts we heard of Great Britain's wealth might be exaggerated; they now appear to me under the reality. Hour after hour rolled by, and still rolled the carriages. A very few hackney vehicles were in the line, and the crowd seemed inclined to laugh at them as misplaced; and I remarked that the windows were generally up, as if they who proceeded to their queen's presence at so much a mile, or an hour, did not court the garish eye of day. We could see into most of the carriages: the ladies were beautiful, and the dresses, as far as we could observe, elegant and French; ostrich-feathers were worn, the most stately of head-dresses; jewels blazed as if the English magnates had a monopoly in diamonds, as some of the Indian Maharajahs used to have. The gentlemen wore court-suits, a bag-wig, sword, and knee-buckles being the chief variation from their ordinary costume; great numbers were in their professional garbs, and in naval or military uniforms, blue, red, and green; this diversity of dress must render the scene much more picturesque.

It is said a Persian declared that the finest gentlemen in London were those who rode behind carriages; but it is finery run mad; such colours, such gildings and fringes about them, besides long canes and powdered heads; hair-powder now is hardly worn at all, except by livery-servants; perhaps some leader of *ton* may bring it up again, if he finds himself becoming prematurely gray; I wonder if hair-powder was the fashion in Thomson's day? I think it must, or what means the epithet I have marked?

> "While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
> The fop, light fluttering, spreads his *mealy* wings."

Nearly all the footmen were tall and young, and seemed well qualified to do nothing with admirable grace. A great many of the carriages, with their occupants, were known to Lieut. F., who was of our party. "That's my Lord ——! what fine grays! he's worth £70,000 a year, and saves more than half of it. And there's Sir John ——! he's worth £20,000" (pounds, mind, and annually); "and the next is Mr. ——, the member for ——; his election, they say, cost him £4,000," and so on. Lieut. F., I was told afterward, is "a tuft-hunter," a pursuer of the great, who are not so easily caught, men say:

> "Where'er their lordships go, they never find.
> Or Lico, or their shadows, lag behind."

I am not at all inclined to think this pageantry wrong, for there must be marks of respect paid to the head of every government, whether republic or monarchy; but, seeing this astonishing wealth, one cannot but wonder at the squabbles about poor-laws. One might ask the great, as was asked more than a hundred years ago,

> "How dare you let one worthy man be poor?"

But the English always smile at such remarks, and say it is impossible. I am sorry for it; sorry that the judicious use of money is pronounced impossible, for it might easily be so used as

to *ensure* employment to the whole population. I have heard it argued, there always must be great poverty where there is great wealth; there was in Rome of old: and was Rome of old a Christian land? Did the Roman mythology, like the Christian revelation, command those "who are rich in this world to be ready to give, and *glad to distribute*," and those who had much "to give plenteously?" I trow not. Rome, indeed! It must be a weak argument that requires such a buttress; besides, the Cæsars did give the people bread and shows; and some shows are open to the poor here; but they may see them unfed. Don't call me cærulean. "A riddle," indeed, is England; but in such disregard of God and man is the very reverse of "a jest,' or "a glory."

I need not describe to you the form of presentation at court, as you will have learned it in full particulars from Mrs.——: in fact, she would not spare you a fold in the queen's robe, nor a sparkle in her brilliants. Sedan-chairs, which used to be so common, seem altogether disused. In the evening about nine we rode along the principal streets to see the illuminations; they are by no means general, confined, indeed, to the houses of the ministers, the principal club-houses and theatres, some of the public buildings, and the queen's tradesmen; usually a large or small star, or crown, or wreath, or the initials V. R.; sometimes a line of light runs along, tipping with bright fire the whole balcony; these illuminations are generally of gas, but some of coloured lamps; the glare is intense: the club-houses are the most resplendent:

"Sublime their starry fronts they rear."

The crowd, vehicular and pedestrian, was dense —we could only get along at a walk, and that a slow one.

Our friend, Mr. Guy, would take a stroll to observe the crowd—not that *he* considers the proper study of mankind to be man or men—but he willed to go forth—lost his handkerchief, and had his corns ground to agony; he was even told "he looked as if he would have the cholera direct, and had better go home to his mother." Mr. Guy's indignant expostulation, "I calculate, stranger, if you were to New-Orleans," was lost in the crowd; and when he shouted louder, a policeman bade him "sing under, and move on;" he was then asked "if he thought himself small beer or intermediate?" and "if he was inclined for a flare-up, and would find his own gas?" After much trouble he regained his apartments, ireful and malecontent. Some men do not know how to get along in a crowd; he should not wear such an unusual hat.

Mr. Guy complained much of his uncourteous treatment, as he narrated it, and declared the English hadn't the manners of bears—which is quite contrary to the general opinion. Were his old schoolmaster, Josiah Smart, here, he said "he might make the better end of a fortune by teaching proper English—that was a fact." I do not pretend to understand these questions any more than the gentleman interrogated; but I am told it is considered clever to propound them—an indication that the querist is a genius of a superior grade. The English are generally lively in a crowd, and little tolerant to foreigners. Mr. Guy adduced another proof how ill the English spoke English; he had an argument with Mr. ——, a fashionable coach-builder, something about a steamship, and offered to back his own opinion with a wager of 100 dollars. Mr. —— asked him "if he was ready to post the blunt?" Mr. Guy not liking to appear ignorant of the meaning, said "he would prefer it sharp;" and then it seems the conversation became entangled beyond all unravelling. I wonder if there are glossaries for the new phrases those people coin. Does it not show great ingenuity that they always keep clear of wit or sense?

On the Saturday before this drawing-room Mrs. Mortimer and I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Guy to Greenwich. Greenwich lies in the other direction to Richmond—Richmond being up the river, that is, from the sea, Greenwich down it. We embarked at Hungerford—the bridge makes no progress; it is said, "not to go back is somewhat to advance," and the completion of the bridge is perhaps expected on this principle. Waterloo Bridge is the first we pass through, and beautiful it is: the summit is flat (not the case with the other bridges), and though there are nine arches, and of massy granite, the river is spanned as by a fairy erection; the next bridge is Blackfriars, one of the older stone bridges, and when through it there is a noble view of St. Paul's to the left, rearing its lofty head above all surrounding objects, as if it sought to rise above the contagion of the city. There is no doubt that thousands of native Londoners of all classes have hardly deigned a prolonged look at St. Paul's: there stands with extended arms the statue of the Saint, and how many who have lived within sound of the very bell of the clock, hardly know there are statues, or where placed; the figure, the Cathedral, and the written word of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, are alike disregarded by countless crowds of "this highly-favoured Metropolis."

The next bridge was Southwark, which is of castiron, and spans the Thames in three grand arches. Then comes the last and greatest, the new London Bridge, of granite. All these bridges are worthy a great city, and have been raised, not out of the national means, but from the city's own revenues, or by the joint-stock speculation of individuals—such is the wealth of England! If its direction were generous, wise, and Christian, what a country this would be! Below bridge, as it is called, we passed the Custom-house, of disagreeable memory; and the Tower, of historical celebrity; and the Dock Warehouses, with their accumulated merchandise. The river is crowded with shipping, as well as the docks; enough, one might almost think, for the commerce of half the globe; but then numbers are laden with coal, from the northern ports of Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, etc., and some have as cargoes, eels—live eels, from the sluices and dykes of Holland; and stone from Scotland or Guernsey; and provisions from all parts; and choice fruits from Spain, France, and the Levant; and the richest wines, and the strongest spirits; everything, in short, for this universal mart. "Notions of all kinds," Mr. Guy said, "molasses and Dutch dolls included." The great city demands all kinds of food for its ravening maw:

"Rich dainties for the rich,
Who give the refuse to the poor full piously
When that the dogs are sated."

We pass over the Thames Tunnel; leave Deptford with its Government offices to the right, and soon are close alongside the hull of the Dreadnought, once a hundred-gun ship, and now moored in the river and fitted up as a hospital for seamen of all nations; the expense defrayed by vol-

untary subscription—a noble charity, and a fitting introduction to Greenwich Hospital. Greenwich is a place for a country to be proud of; a palace devoted to the old age of seamen, who have earned the refuge amid fire, and groans, and death. I was greatly interested, but did not testify it as Dr. Samuel Johnson tells us (in rhyme though) that he did—fancy him!

"Pleased with the spot that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth."

I once heard an English surgeon ask *what* Eliza—Eliza *who?* The dress of the old pensioners is not so removed from a naval uniform as to appear a badge of charity; we did not see so many wooden legs as I expected; but destructive naval engagements have been rare of late. Long may it be before the old complement of artificial limbs be again made up! We paid our fees, and saw through the Painted Hall. The ceilings, and the sides of the farther end of the hall, are painted with bewildering allegories, by Sir James Thornhill. William and Mary seemed enthroned in a Jupiter and Juno-like manner; along the sides of the hall, which are un-allegorized, are hung paintings of sea-fights and of naval commanders, presented by George the Fourth and others; few, it is said, are of great merit. I heard an elderly gentleman, a stranger, in the hall ungratefully express his belief that the king would be glad to get rid of numbers of them.

We then saw over the Chapel, paying again, of course: the interior is elegant; here the pensioners attend Divine worship; the man who shows it is the chapel-clerk, and when a boy, served on board Nelson's ship: the cost of each portion of the Chapel, as well as of the whole, is carefully detailed; the altar-piece, by West (St. Paul's escape from shipwreck), was worth £9000. (I am almost sure the man said £9000; perhaps if estimated by that favourite criterion here, what it would bring, a cypher or two might be struck from the amount); and the statues, by Bacon, cost so much; and the carved ceiling, and the marble floors, and the mahogany doors, so much. This is *so very English*; when an enormous outlay is told of in this country, it appears as if nothing more need be said—it cost so many thousands!—the force of eulogy can no farther go. There are between five and six thousand of these pensioners; but if I remember the numbers rightly, three thousand are out-pensioners, the others, I suppose, are in the Hospital. The institution has revenues and estates of its own; among other estates, those of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was one of the leaders of the Jacobite insurrection of 1715; his lands and halls were confiscated to Greenwich Hospital. The governor is generally some old and successful Admiral—Sir Robert Stopford, of St. Jean d'Acre fame, being the present one. There are some very old men among the inmates, some who fought with Rodney in 1780, several of Nelson's tars, and of St. Vincent's.

We walked in the Park which adjoins the Hospital—on the summit of a small hill is the Astronomical Observatory. Some of the pensioners were in the Park, with telescopes fixed so as to afford a view of St. Paul's—we could just espy it with unglassed eyes; for although the day was fine and cloudless, the metropolitan vapour was so thick as completely to veil objects when only a few miles off. I have heard of cities of fire; London is one of smoke.

On our return from the Park we somehow or other missed Mr. Guy, but returned without him to the inn where we had called before visiting the Hospital; and, greatly daring, ordered dinner. Mr. Guy soon joined us, odorous of tobacco, "ill-perfuming scent:" he had stopped, he said, to talk to a veteran, who had been engaged in some sea-fight in the American war, and the old worthy smoked as they spoke together! The most noticeable dish at our dinner was white-bait, a tiny fish caught in the river, and fried in quantities together: it is eaten with thin bread and butter and a little lemonjuice, and accounted a great dainty, numbers coming to this place and to Blackwall, on the other side of the Thames, to eat it: perhaps its being rather costly is one reason it is so highly praised; the white-bait tasted to me like a delicate pancake; it is certainly very palatable.

I stoutly resisted returning by an omnibus, and although it was rather a chilly evening, we re-embarked in a steamboat and landed at London Bridge, where we engaged a hackney-coach. As my lodgings were the most distant, I was alone when we reached Piccadilly. I asked the coachman his fare; he said three shillings and sixpence; his civility imboldened me to observe, as I paid him, "But they tell me you hackney-coachmen generally over-charge—how is that?" "Vy, you sees as how, marm, the fare's werry little to keep two 'osses and myself, and the coach and 'arness on; but I assures you, marm (and ve came a little vays out o'the road)—*I* never overcharges a lady!" I have not met such another instance of gallantry in London.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XVII.

Phrenology.—Anecdote.—British Museum.—Vastness.—Erudition of some of the Visiters.—National Gallery.—Royal Academy.—The Exhibition.—Portraits.—Advertisements.—Dulwich.—The Polytechnic Exhibition.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I have received your letters, and again rejoice to learn that all is well. Perhaps our next greeting may not be through posts distantly, but face to face. Is it not Tom Coffin who declared he never could see the use of land, unless to build and refit as well as to victual and water ships? and so I cannot see the use—the great benefit of travelling and absence, which many extol so highly, except *in the return*; parting is not sweet, but bitter sorrow in my eyes. Dr. C——, who seems to have a lurking belief in phrenology, once told me that the mania for travelling was decidedly organic; some men could no more help being wanderers than could Cain; they *must* roam; he called this organ "locality," a name better adapted, I thought, for a bump of a stay-at-home quality; it is located at the corner of the eyebrows, the inner corner, and was so fully developed in Captain Cook that it gave him a perennial frown. Dr. C—— told me, moreover, that he had once a servant with this organ very large, a clever and active, but passionate man, always longing for travel and novelty; always anxious, in a double sense, for a change of *place*; this man left the doctor's service, who heard nothing of him for some time; at last he found that in a street squabble his former servant (who had been wandering in Scotland in the interim) had, by a sudden blow, caused death to a drunken fellow, whose head struck the pavement as he fell, his hat being off, and who died shortly after; the homicide was tried, convicted of manslaughter,

and sentenced to seven years' transportation; the convict heard his sentence with ill-dissembled glee—a voyage and a long one—change of scene—it seemed to matter little under what circumstances. But how fallacious are human hopes! The case was not an aggravated one, so the authorities sent the poor fellow to the hulks, instead of a distant penal colony; the confinement was so irksome that the man fretted, and fumed, and pined, until he became so ill that he would have died had not his term of confinement expired when it did—"had not that expired," said Dr. C——, "he would!" Whether all this was to be attributed to an elevation above the eyebrow, you, lady fair, can judge as well as I.

> "I cannot say how the truth may be,
> I but tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Dr. C—— also told me that he knew several persons who used to pronounce phrenology silly sooth, alter their opinions considerably when told their heads presented a fine development—excellent organs—both of intellect and feeling! A gentleman who had argued closely against the truth of phrenology, treating the subject skilfully as well as scientifically, might be rather startled, if complimented in reply on the prominence of the organ of "causality" (I believe it is called), which his forehead evinced, while of the possession of the quality he had just given as prominent a proof.

And so the rumour that reached me is untrue, after the manner of rumours, and Miss Julia—is still fancy-free. But what a craving girl you are—is not this a pretty passage in your letter? "Do tell me, there's a kind creature, more about London, and send newspapers, and see all you can before you leave, to lay up stores for long English talks in New-York. Give up your readings for your writings, for you've already read so much that you may give your library a respite—you were always such a *bold* reader, too." Upon my word! As I state my opinion freely of these people, I suppose you'll tell me next I am a bold letter writer. Well, I must abide it.

And of what shall this letter treat? nmmm

> "Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
> The choice perplexes;"

but as you are indifferent on the subject, I will write of the first "lion" that comes into my head, whether I have seen it recently, or long ago—which shall it be—the British Museum? That will do. I have visited it a few times. It fills a large mansion in Great Russell-street, once the residence of the Dukes of Montagu, but great additions have been built to it of late. As to what it contains—it contains everything. Charles Sausse accompanied me on my first visit; he is, or was, studying ornithology, and was so full of his tales of his "accipitres" and "passeres," that I was glad to fly away from the birds. No fee is demanded as you enter, and the Museum is open three days in the week nearly the whole year. It is incumbent upon all persons to leave their parasols, umbrellas, or walking-sticks, with a proper officer before they can gain admittance: the English poke objects with them, and cannot, therefore, where there is valuable property, be allowed the uncontrolled management of these dangerous weapons; the gentlemen would strike the ancient statues to see if they were marble or only composition: many a man in these places seems to institute himself a commission of inquiry, and to think that the tombs, statuary, bas-so-relievos, bronzes, animals, and all else, should be subjected "to feeling as to sight."

The collection is *vast*; I think that is the proper word. Ancient and modern times have yielded their spoils to form it, so have barbarism and refinement—the savages of the South Sea Islands, and the sculptors of ancient Greece. Really it is something to leave the turmoil of London, and find yourself amid the relics of Ancient Egypt. I am told, and can readily believe, that these places are principally attended by visiters to the metropolis, with whom it is a sort of duty to see all they can. What cares the purse-proud Londoner for the birds of Guiana, the animals of Southern Africa, or the Elgin marbles? He finds himself nobody among them; there is nothing to sooth his self-love, and much to rebuke his ignorance, and so he feels dissatisfied, and calls a study among the remains and productions of other ages and other countries a waste of time. Some expatiate on the cost of the objects—£500 for this! £500! Ridiculous! Why five hundred people might have dined together for it, and well! You say I dwell much on this theme of selfishness; the fact is forced upon one so continually that it cannot but be continually mentioned.

The ruined cities in Guatamala do not appear to have any representatives in the British Museum, but most other places have: mummies and sphinxes are plenty, and—but I might as well copy the synopsis as attempt to tell you what I saw; indeed, I could not, for the collection is

> "So various, that it seems to be
> Not one, but all the world's epitome."

I have been amused with the remarks I have heard. There are Roman characters appended to a bust, M. AVRELIVS: it requires no great learning to see it is Roman, and I find it is no less a person than Marcus Antoninus, before he was emperor known as Marcus Aurelius. "Ay," said a well-dressed gentleman, putting his glass to his eye, and then removing it, that he might see more clearly, "ay, very good, very fine, there's Monsieur Aurelius." "And who *was* Monsieur Aurelius?" asked a lady with him.—"Why, why—I don't exactly remember" (that is true, at any rate, thought I, and here came a short pause); "but I believe he was somebody" (true again, and another pause); "somebody—somebody—in the French Revolution." Monsieur Aurelius! The zealots of the French Revolution often adopted classical names; but they were of republican, not imperial, Rome. I do not believe that

> "Marble can
> On some occasions feel as much as man,"

or assuredly a frown would have corrugated the Roman's brow at the misnomer. Some bronze vessels from Herculaneum, I saw closely observed; and then the chief spokesman of the party mused, and said, "I believe they are what people used to drink their tea and coffee out of, in the old ignorant times, before they made such fine work in china and delf." The old and ignorant times! O, much-abused antiquity! But the *fine work in China* may be admitted. Then I once heard an oracular-looking person sagely and truly say of some lava from Vesuvius, "We have no quarries of that sort in England." I was amused to see in an old "Picture of London" I sometimes look into, that in the eighth room at the Museum, "the principal productions are very valuable, consisting of minerals from Derbyshire, Siberia, and the South Seas." So

cool a classification—Derbyshire and the South Seas!

The library and reading-room are not open to visiters; but any lady or gentleman may become a reader gratuitously, by obtaining a proper recommendation to the authorities: the rooms are generally full of readers; the shelves containing the books would, they say, extend eight miles in a direct line, and those of the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, twenty miles. It is incumbent upon the author or publisher of every book in Great Britain to present a copy to the Museum library, as well as to other institutions. Some of the English critics complain that the facility of collating, of reading, and of making extracts from the books and manuscripts in this great public library, tends to the increase of book-making; people compile rather than compose; write less out of the fulness of their minds than that of these book-shelves. Mr. N., who occasionally reads here, told me, and I was glad to learn the fact, which forms the exception to the rule—glad of it, too, for the honour of *polite* letters, that the assistants in the Museum reading-rooms were uniformly civil; literature has softened and refined them. What is impossible to learning? The English admit that you very rarely find civility among the servants of public bodies; why, they never clearly explain. I know this official incivility is very disagreeable to private bodies—to simple individuals like myself, for instance.

There are always persons in the Museum making drawings or casts from the antiquities. Many of the visiters look quite bewildered; if admiration be expressed in gaping, their admiration never flags. Mercutio tells us how a soldier "swears a prayer or two," and so these spectators may yawn a panegyric. Provisions are *not* sold in the Museum, as they are in the Tower, and other public places—a grievance upon which, somewhat to my surprise, I have seen no letters in the newspapers. The Museum can no more be properly seen in a day than Rome was built in one.

The National Gallery is another of the places gratuitously open to the people every day in the week except Friday and Saturday, when only students and artists are admitted. The paintings are in separate rooms, none of which seemed to me larger than a well-sized drawing-room with us. I like this subdivision of paintings better than to view them all in a long, long gallery. The ceremony of parasol and stick delivery is gone through here as elsewhere. The collection does not oppress you with its vastness; indeed, it is pronounced still in its infancy, and certainly is a very thriving child. The paintings are chiefly of the Italian schools—Sebastiano del Piombo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, the Caracci, Titian, Claude, Guido, as well as some of the Spanish, Flemish, and English masters. There is a picture by "Both," and I heard a lady ask her esquire, "both who?" She appeared to think it the work of *both* the artists between whose paintings it was hung! If ignorance *be* bliss, there is great happiness in England.

In different rooms in the same building is annually opened the Exhibition of the works of living artists—called the Exhibition. If you pass from the National Gallery into the Exhibition, the colours of the moderns look so new and bright in comparison. The pictures are very numerous, and of all kinds: historical, imaginative, architectural, and portraits; sculpture also, and some medallions and models. The great majority are portraits; and busts, too, in the sculpture-room, although there are several figures and models. A great many paintings also are refused a place in the Exhibition. I cannot understand how ladies, be they ever so young and fair, I mean unmarried ladies, can allow their portraits to be in the Exhibition. I heard a gentleman say before the portrait of Miss ——, "Humph! it's one way of advertising;" this was rather a coarse remark, and perhaps the man was a cynic; but why, gentle ladies, why subject yourselves to such a remark? Why let it be even insinuated that—

"Ce vulgaire dessein vous peut monter en tête?"

Portraits should be for family affection, for the domestic gaze, and not the public eyeglass. Would *you* consent to submit to the criticism of rude and unidead spectators? Ladies should not *give their countenances* to such a fashion. The case is different as regards the portraits of public characters, as they are in some sort public property. I was surprised to see so few paintings of ordinary life or of humour. A shilling is the charge for admission, and the catalogue costs another shilling—a very necessary expense, as this is not a national property. Perhaps of all I saw, I was the most interested with Landseer's animals—one expects his dogs to jump barking out of the frames.

There are, besides these, a great many collections of paintings in and about London. One, the Dulwich Gallery, is a very interesting exhibition—rich in Murillos and Cuyps; it adjoins or forms part of an hospital and college, founded by the liberality of Alleyn, the player and contemporary of Shakspeare. I do not offer to describe paintings to you, for it requires an artist, and a clever artist, to describe them so as to interest. I know nothing more disagreeable than the jargon of light and shade, breadth and tone, keeping and chiaro oscuro, from unskilled pens.

Among a people who think so highly of themselves as the English, be sure portrait-painting is in great request, and at all costs, from a shilling to three or four hundred guineas. In very many places a case of small portraits is exhibited, with an announcement, "In this style, five shillings." This is another example of the elliptical mode of expression; it should be, "In this absence of style." I have been amused to observe how alike all the portraits are, and by no means intended for a family party; a mustached warrior with sword by his side, and a schoolboy with satchel in his hand, presenting the same unmeaning, harmless look.

Then there are the Daguerreotype portraits, taken—but you know the process—they do show so wondrous grim; these are taken principally at the Polytechnic Exhibition, in Regent-street; a place full of models, and engines, and wheels, and fountains, and galvanic batteries, and whirrings, and buzzings, and headaches. You may receive a shock from an electrical machine, and be certain of several from the crowd; and you may get into a diving bell and go down into a pool of real water (I wonder they don't advertise it as rose-water, it would be so attractive), that is, if you choose, and pay. Then there is the magic-lantern improved—a series of "dissolving views," one fading away into another until you see the coming event cast its shadow before the faint outline of its predecessor has disappeared.

In short, this institution is philosophy made easy; but it is not so easy to be philosophical in such a crush as I have experienced there: they probably call it a royal road to science—so let them call it—but the only right road to science, learning, or philosophy, is a very republican path.

I heard one youth say to his party, and one or two of the ladies with him had been babbling of chemical affinities most learnedly, "Let's cut our sticks," and they departed. Such a speech in some parts of America might be considered an invitation to "whittle;" here it is a phraseology the young gentleman adopted to intimate his desire for the exeunt of his party. Mr. N. told me the wittier persons (!) in this country improved upon the saying, and talked of "shortening their switch," "making an incision in their cane," or "amputating their timber." Lord Brougham long ago declared that "the schoolmaster was *abroad*" in England—in my opinion he is lost. *Apropos* of a lord, and such a lord. I will send you in the next parcel the very latest "Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain" (Burke's, I believe), and in it your aristocracy-loving friend will find all the information she wishes for. It is curious to observe that in modern peerage books, though the births of the fair daughters of their "Graces" and their "Lordships" are carefully recorded, no dates are given. What *can* be the meaning of so strange an omission? Ever, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Rain.—Advertisements on Wheels.—Puffs and Sandwiches.—Boz keeps himself very close.—Boz an Antagonist of the Pretending.—Faultlessness of Money.—Omnibuses.—Provisions for Christmas Enjoyment.—Boxing-day.—May Sports.—Streets at Night.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—It rains—not a downright honest, windy, noisy shower, but sly, persevering, and little-seen, which wets you far more thoroughly; just as a smooth, sedate, "respectable" rogue is more dangerous than a free-spoken one: an European flatterer worse than an American. I sometimes like a rainy day, that I may stay within to write to you, and feel I sacrifice nothing. Are you not gratified that I appear to address you as a *dernier ressort!* But then, if I prefer you to Saunders and Otley's library, that *is* a compliment.

To gaze out of the window is a great resource in many parts of London to ward off the attacks of the fiend *ennui*, which oddly enough assails the wealthy here more than the people of any other country, while the language has no word to express it. The variety in the form and shape of the private carriages struck my eye when I first saw the streets; some of them were quite new to me—one of the latest seems called after Lord Brougham; but look at those lumbering things, they are advertisements, advertisements on wheels, cupola or caravan shaped, drawn by one horse, and with announcements on the sides: some to inform the nobility, gentry, and public in general, that there will be a volcanic eruption or an illumination of the Castle of St. Angelo, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens (the hackney-coachmen call these places the 'Logical Gardens). One conveys a disinterested piece of advice to "reform your tailors' bills," by employing a particular tailor; another an equally disinterested hint about furniture, if you marry. Then another tailor has a revolving body on his carriage-wheels, and dressed headless figures in it, as if it were a parade of the victims of the guillotine. Then comes one which vaunts the excellence (of all things) of some wonderful man's wigs! Don't you think the old poet foresaw this? What else do these lines describe?

> "And headless figures danced before their eyes,
> While tardy flames and strange revealings roll'd
> Right through men's fullest haunts."

In addition to vehicular puffs, are puffs stationary and peripatetic—I must write learnedly, you know, when I write of national characteristics. The puffs stationary or stationery, (perhaps it may be spelt either way,) are delivered in the form of handbills in busy thoroughfares and at the corners of streets; the men employed give a peculiar and evidently long-practised flourish or jerk of the wrist, as they proffer the often-rejected paper. Of course ladies always decline those offers if any impudent fellow holds them forth—always in silence. I never was offered one; but then I walk little in the streets. I should not have known the nature of those documents, had I not heard Mrs. Guy complain of the annoyance: it seems Mr. Guy regularly accepts every bill presented to him (I believe there is a double meaning in my phraseology, derogatory to Mr. Guy's smartness—well, I did not mean it); but I was telling you I heard Mrs. Guy complain that sometimes Walter, for she calls him Walter, and playfully (what profanation!) Sir Walter, brought home so many recommendations of quack medicines, and cheap dining-rooms, and low-priced Chesterfields and Taglionis, that it was shameful; as if Mr. Guy looked like a man who would dine for seven pence half-penny, or seemed ill, or as if he wanted a twenty-shilling greatcoat.

By-the-way, Mrs. Mortimer told me (*entre nous*) that Mr. Guy had consulted Dr. R., her physician, to be advised of any means of smoking tobacco, which he believed essential to his health, and not retaining the unmistakeable odour on his garments. Dr. R. advised him to smoke in a bath!

The puffs peripatetic are announcements printed in large type and pasted on boards, sometimes carried on men's shoulders, sometimes two of the boards are slung on a peripatetic, one forming his waistcoat, the other the back of his coat; this Boz calls an animated sandwich. I think Mr. Dickens must be fond of sandwiches, for he calls the deck of a small steamboat a warm sandwich. We have heard that a twice-told tale is tedious; but the impression produced depends not so much (mind, this is not my own remark) on what is said as upon who says it. The other day I pointed out one of those wheeling advertisements to Lady ——, and said I thought such things strange. "O!" she remarked, in a tone no underlinings or notes of admiration can do justice to, "they are from the City." So I believe they are "Down Easters," as Mr Dickens's friend from the brown forests of the Mississippi might call them—things of Cockney raising.

If one may judge (I ought to have made this remark before), and it is not an unfair criterion, of the predilections of the English by the bills Mrs. Guy told me her husband received, what do they indicate? That the things most likely to experience a favourable reception with the many, are quack-medicines, cheap dinners when

display is unnecessary, and low-priced coats, called after noblemen and opera-dancers, and made to ape high-priced ones. Neither books, schools, nor charities are thus recommended; and why? Perhaps any poor man, having the hardihood to tender a bill requesting a mite from the crammed pockets of an Englishman for any purpose altogether unselfish, would run great risk of being caned.

There are some not very trifling peculiarities to be observed in our New-York streets, of which I thought Mr. Dickens would have told; but he has not. "Boz keeps himself very close," said a fellow-traveller in the steamboat from Sandusky to Buffalo; "which," says Mr. Dickens, "was true enough, for I was not very well, and was lying down with a book;" and which I think in another sense was true enough, for Boz has certainly kept himself "very close" as regards any novel information about America.

I am so sorry Boz crossed the Atlantic—how I did admire his works, and so, indeed, I do still. He is in his own land the great antagonist of the pretending, the false; if he chose to adopt the monarchical "*we*," or "*us*," he might truly quote a couplet in one of Scott's dramas, applying it to himself:

> "For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
> Of the make-believe world, are still forfeit to *us*."

Why did he write at all about America? The worst of it is, it cannot be forgotten; it is idle to say, "Let bygones be bygones," when they are in print. As Kathleen, who has just left the room, might exclaim, "Indeed, ma'am, and worse luck."

I cannot conceive how a man of Mr. Dickens's acuteness could to be led to think, as, from the spirit rather than the letter of his work, one must conclude he does think, that Mammon is as much a God in America as in Britain. "The golden calf they worship at Boston," says he, "is a pigmy compared with the giant effigies set up in other parts of that vast counting-house which lies beyond the Atlantic;" he might have added, and less than a *babe-pigmy* compared with that before which London bows the knee—bows the knee? It is far more than that, it is a prostration of the entire man. "Mammon" is the "Love" of the English, and to his worship in this his capital, Campbell's lines may be truly applied:

> "*Here* is the empire of his perfect bliss,
> And HERE he is a God indeed divine."

The mere possession of unused and useless money calls forth the adoration of the Englishman: I am grieved to add, too often of the Englishwoman. Even very young ladies will prefer a rich husband, be he fool or braggart, to an amiable and intelligent one with little more than a competency. How often have I heard it said, "Miss —— is a fortunate girl: she's going to be married to Mr. ——, and he is very rich, while her fortune is a small one." "Yes, but is he not a passionate, quarrelsome sot, and more than twice her age?" "All that may be, but then—thirty thousand pounds." There is nothing more to be said. Thirty thousand pounds! Mr. Buckingham gives an account of marriages in America, which shows that even he is not unhoaxable—a silly practice of our people.

The omnibuses are continually passing along this street; how they are all filled is amazing; but the very clerks and warehousemen scorn to walk morning and evening—they must ride to and from their snug country boxes, as they call them. Nothing shows the riches of London more than its suburbs in every direction: miles of small, neat houses, without shops or any appearance of trade; these are tenanted by persons of small, independent means, by the less wealthy tradesmen, and the clerks and assistants in the public offices, the great merchants' counting-houses, the wholesale warehouses, etc. The most formidable-looking omnibuses, which are seen in some of the streets, are those that convey persons in custody to and from the police offices and the prisons; they look like prison-carriages, the sides built up; a policeman, jailer-like, at the closed door; the light and ventilation can only be admitted through the roof, very imperfectly, in all probability; but what matters it? These conveyances are for the poor offenders; if a rich man be accused of any misdeed, he can be accommodated with a hackney-coach, and a policeman in special attendance. Magistrates, as a matter of course, express the sorrow they feel, the pain that it causes them, to see so "respectable" a man charged with any offence; "a person filling the station in life of the accused" is, I believe, the formula which prefaces the commiseration. Riches, we are told, make unto themselves wings and flee away; here they appear to make unto themselves shields as well, against which the strong lance of justice and the light shaft of ridicule are alike broken or blunted. Money is not only virtue, but intellect and grace.

I am told people may live very cheaply in London, but I do not find it to be the case. The supply of provisions of all kinds never fails. The markets where the butchers have their shops and stalls are places to which ladies cannot go, but there are occasional butchers' shops in the best streets. There is seldom much display in the provision warehouses (I mean in the windows), though some of the cheese and butter shops are handsome. The fishmongers' places, with their cool, well-watered marble slabs, always look pleasing to the eye, but they are inferior to those in New-York. The display of provisions at Christmas is wonderful: such overfed monstrosities of turkeys, geese, and chickens; the poor birds are confined and fattened perforce for the London market—"crammed" is the technical word; rabbits like little pigs, and pigs like Will Waddle, inasmuch as they look like three rolled into one. The houses of some of the poulterers and game-dealers are literally fronted with fowls; the bright or dingy bricks are covered with feathered creatures hung from roof to basement, the windows excepted.

Then such exhibitions of prize-meat! here hangs the ox that won the gold medal—here the sheep that acquired the silver one—and here the joints of various animals that gained prizes or praises, they came so fat upon the mart. Yes, there they hang, and the pursy citizen (*pursy* in any sense you will) gazes, and still turns to gaze upon them, and sighs thickly in anticipation of his smoking Christmas repast,

> "And still with every sigh he stole
> The food enthusiast sent his soul."

I told you before why eating was so popular—so prolonged a pleasure in this country. The English may pretend as they will that they are not a selfish, sensual people—at least, that they are unconscious of it; so M. Jourdain spoke prose all his life without knowing it, but it is selfishness, and was prose, notwithstanding.

The observances of Christmas in London appear to extend little beyond dinner parties on Christmas-day. In some parts of the North, sword dances and customs peculiar to the season still linger. Yule-candles burn on Christmas-eve by stanch Protestant hearths, while the cheese is cut, being first duly crossed, and eaten with the yule-cake and frumenty; something is left of the habits of the past. In the metropolis, beyond the dinnerings and parties I have mentioned, there is hardly anything to indicate the season; to be sure the day after Christmas-day is called boxing-day, that is, people go round for their Christmas boxes (or gifts), and housekeepers are in evil humour. The day is injudiciously chosen, for the gentleman of the house may be bilious from his yesterday's carouse; a state of body or mind, or both, which the experience of one of the British essayists pronounces the most unamiable of all the moods of man; but the men of police and scavengery, parish clerks, bell-ringers, beadles, and all their tribe are on the wing for Christmas-boxes; frequent were the knocks at our hall-door, and not very brief the colloquies in the hall. I thought I could distinguish the knockings and mutterings of the box-people from other callers, that

> "I knew
> The voice ill-boding and the solemn sound."

I fancy their claims were not too generously allowed. Of all these parties, only they of constabular authority requested a *douceur* from the lady on the first floor, as soon as they ascertained there was a lady; when Kathleen gave my half-crown to the officer who acted as treasurer, and who had the somewhat professional badge of a blackened eye, she told him it did not appear by any means the first Christmas-*box* which had been dealt to him.

Pity the old Christmas observances have been so abrogated: they were enjoyed alike by young and old, rich and poor, and savoured of a kindly Christian spirit; age forgot its cough, and poverty its privations; these customs caused a *neighbourly* feeling throughout the land, and therefore is it, I suppose, that they have been discontinued. I do believe that not a single Bracebridge Hall, with its true old Christmas wassail, can now be found in England.

The Whitsun gambols also seem unknown, and the May-pole sports are completely defunct. The Queen of the May exists no longer, except in poetry, ballads, or ballets; a few bare May-poles still remain, as if to mourn their unhonoured, ungarlanded condition, for they may be regarded as monuments of dead enjoyments.

I must now cease writing, to go forth and execute some of your commissions. I would walk in the streets much more frequently, for I delight to observe their ever-varying scenes, but one really cannot go any distance alone; I, at least, cannot, for I am American enough to consider the stares of strangers disagreeable (your compliment notwithstanding; you can flatter, Julia, when you please)—indeed, unbearable—so that greatly as I may be interested in the busy haunts of London, I do not care to snatch such a fearful joy.

The other night, or rather morning, for it was past one o'clock, as I returned from a party, I told the man to drive through some little-frequented streets. It was most impressive; the close gas-lights made it more so, because they showed the solitude distinctly. All was very still, and yet, though all seemed at rest, how many might those houses contain that could know no repose, or but the repose that more imbitters awakening; a mother's wearied eyes might be surprised by slumber as she watched by her dying daughter's bed, and she might dream that her child, in health and beauty unimpaired, was the pride of a brilliant assembly; the man of desperate fortunes might be the lord of visionary thousands; or the widow happy with him, lost to her forever. Adieu, etc.

LETTER XIX.

London Sights.—The Colosseum.—Panorama of London.—New Squares and Streets.—A City of Opulence.—"Distance lends Enchantment to the View."—Zoological Gardens.—Raising of a Water-rat.—Public Gardens.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I suppose no city in the world, not even in proportion to its population, can boast so many "sights," or "exhibitions," or public haunts generally, as London, and of every description. The lively have their theatres, the studious their libraries, the scientific their lectures, the serious their missionary museums, the morose their hospitals, prisons, police-offices, and criminal courts, the idlers their trifles. These varied exhibitions do not appear to "palliate dulness," for the English, unless in crowds, *are* dull, but they certainly "give time a shove." Many places where business is carried on, and which are strictly private property, rank deservedly high as "sights." The *Times* newspaper establishment, for instance; Barclay and Perkins's brewery, the site of the Globe theatre (Shakspeare's) being within their premises, to say nothing of the brewery having been Thrale's in the Boswellian days; and some of the jewellery and drapery stores.

One of the most undisappointing exhibitions is the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park. I mean the part which contains the Panorama of London, although I think many of the visiters prefer some miniature Swiss scenery which is shown there, and a Swiss cottage; but then it looks foreign, and the other is only London, and London about twenty years ago.

The Panorama is viewed from a series of galleries in the upper part of the building called the Colosseum; it occupies the whole of a large dome. You look through openings, and glasses are affixed to each, through which you can look at any object, and it is magnified, as it would be from the gallery round the cupola of St. Paul's, whence the view was taken. You walk round, and before you lies wide-extended London; the world's greatest city is immediately within your ken, with its thousands of spires and halls, its crowded river, and mighty maze of streets. The distance seemed to me admirably given; you can read the signs in the streets close to the Cathedral, and can only dimly descry the public buildings a few miles off. The artist was many years employed on his great work, and, were I an Englishwoman, I should wish it to be preserved in its present state; it would be so interesting a hundred years hence. It already shows decay; there are chinks and crevices (it sounds oddly) in the sky, and, on one of my visits, I saw a large broom protruded to sweep the heavens; no arm or hand was visible, and this dusting of the o'erhanging firmament had a startling effect. The other galleries present you London,

as viewed from the higher parts of the Cathedral; in the highest of them all I felt quite giddy. I knew that it was merely painted canvass before me; I knew that I was in a show-place in the Regent's Park, admission one shilling each; but still the illusion of height was so complete that I was giddy, and had to sit down.

From the topmost gallery you ascend to the roof—I mean the veritable roof of the Colosseum—and look upon the real prospect around; it is quite bewildering. You have been so occupied in gazing on the streets and parks inside that you at first feel as if the Panorama were continued, and this was another of the phases. The fresh air, coming gratefully under your bonnet, undeceives you speedily, while you perceive that the carriages and people in the park and the adjacent streets *move*. I think it is an error in judgment to have introduced so many vehicles and pedestrians in the Panorama, for they must be necessarily motionless; the same with the boats and barges on the river. Why not have still London, sleeping London, as it is beheld in earliest morning from St. Paul's? All the reality of the picture would thus be retained, and this incongruity got rid of; the city then has no appearance of busy life, nor can the artist give it a noonday aspect by filling the scene with figures as unmoving as if they were in the petrified city of the Arabian Tales.

Even in twenty years what a change! Not a single omnibus or cabriolet is visible, but some four-horse stage-coaches, which the railways have now rendered rare. Mr. Dickens describes the coachman from Potomac Creek as a negro, very black indeed, dressed so as to faintly shadow forth an insane imitation of an English coachman! Mr. Dickens's fondness for such characters should have led him to rejoice that any imitation was offered of a being for which the next age in England may ask in vain, while our negro Jehus, progressing from insane to rational and perfect imitation, may afford to posterity a tolerable specimen of the nineteenth century coachmen of Great Britain. Washington Irving's sketch of one, I heard the Rev. Dr. —— (no mean authority) pronounce perfection.

When in the Colosseum I heard several ask, "But where's St. Paul's?" An odd inquiry, I thought, for the view could be taken from no place but St. Paul's, and a part of the outworks of the Cathedral is under the very eyes of the spectator; the question itself showed that the askers were not complete strangers to London. London has increased very much since the era of the Panorama. Old London Bridge is on the canvass, but not a vestige of it now remains; then there is a city of new squares and streets westward—Belgrave, Eaton, and others—all full of mansions that can only be inhabited by the very rich, for to pay the rent is to possess a fortune. I think the space occupied by the mansions of the rich, and the very rich alone, in and about London, must be greater than that of the greatest of our cities. The English sometimes say, "Oh, but these houses are often occupied by mere visiters to London, by people who wish to cut a dash for a time; they change their tenants continually." It may be so; but *there* are the houses, the furniture, the equipages, and these things by themselves are riches, valuable property.

There cannot be much health in the prosperity of London, or, rather, of England, or there would not be such incessant squabbling about education and poor-laws. Existed *the disposition* to amend or relieve the poor, did "I will" wait upon "I can," anything is possible to such ampleness of means. If unoffending hundreds are pining for bare subsistence—for bread, literal bread—how is it to be justified that the classes possessed of such dammed-up wealth do not cause it to flow wisely and freely over the land? If the aristocracy used their money as well in aiding as they use their tongues unprofitably in talking about the poor, in or out of Parliament, what a happy nation would England be! As it is, look into its hospitals, its prisons, its workhouses, into its suffocating courts and alleys, where, in every room, a family struggles to breathe; read official reports of its squalid manufacturers, its pallid children working hard taskwork in factories when they should be in the school or the play-ground, and then talk of its happiness. I know no right a rich man has to complain of the poverty around him, unless he has personally laboured to diminish the sum; if he have not, "the poor cat i' the adage" (whatever it be) is not a more pitiable animal. That few do so endeavour, the prevalent poverty sufficiently proves.

I cannot account for this supineness, unless by supposing an opulent Englishman would rather see his brethren want than sacrifice any of his selfish and senseless pride in his unused wealth, or abate a single luxury if he do use it; there are exceptions, no doubt, and the proverb tells us the strength of exceptions. That "property has its duties as well as its rights" is what the English are fond of saying, while they act a negative. A quibbler might assert that when the taxes upon incomes, wines, servants, and carriages are duly paid, all is accomplished; these being the *duties* to which it is admitted property *is* subject! You say I dwell much upon this; it is so glaring that I cannot but write of the monstrous anomaly.

The liberals here form a party. "Liberal" is a party-gathering word; they are the Whigs of old, more liberal than the Tories, it is contended, in granting popular rights, but nearly the whole aristocracy, it appears to me, "to party give up what was meant for mankind;" they hoard their thousands among themselves, or squander them in their own personal pleasures, and care less for the labouring poor of England than for the lazy poor of the Western or Eastern Indies; it is, indeed, distance that lends enchantment to *their* views of charity or munificence.

Well, from the Colosseum to the Indies is a wide digression; let me return. You can ascend to the galleries of the Panorama, if you prefer it and pay for it, in an ascending room, where you sit snugly, and are drawn up quietly by machinery; you are duly informed that you are thus saved the fatigue of so many stairs; to those who are neither lame nor weary this must be very gratifying! I always found foreigners at the Colosseum, French or Germans generally, when I have visited it; indeed, in most of the public exhibitions, but they seldom seem at home in England.

From the Colosseum we proceeded to the Zoological Gardens, which occupy a corner of the same Regent's Park. Our shillings paid, we find ourselves in a large flower-garden, amid birds, beasts, and reptiles from all parts of the world. Here you stroll around at your pleasure, and observe the bears climb up poles for bread from the visiters, or mark the restless pacings

of the panthers, or the cumbrous movements of the elephants, or the unusual gait of the giraffes. They say ladies are generally fond of watching the gambolling of the apes; there is something disgusting in it to me, it looks so like a caricature upon humanity. The animals are kept in separate cells, cages, ponds, or stables, with small enclosures adjoining them, just as suits their habits. I am always sorry for the birds of prey I see confined, they look so moped: what enjoyment of his existence can an American eagle have in such scant space? Not always, it is evident, does "the prisoned eagle die for rage," for here they are in tolerable feather, but looking dull and dismal; if they glance upward at the sun, it is despondingly: the vultures, which look like the scavengers they are, appear to brook confinement as badly.

The animals are numerous, and must be better here as regards health than in the close caravans of travelling menageries, or, as the English express it, "they must be so much more comfortable." Lions, hyenas, and wolves comfortable! Well, be it so. The giraffes interested me most of all, such original-looking creatures, with their spotted bodies and long necks, towering so above you that a feeling of littleness might come over Freeman the Giant. I was told a giraffe cropped the flowers out of a lady's bonnet on one occasion, and ladies have since been counselled to admire at respectful distance; these animals walk out when they please in a piece of ground enclosed by lofty palings; they look very tame and quiet, and do not seem to pine for their African homes. A remarkably fine rhinoceros stands in a stall alongside a huge elephant, who occasionally has the luxury of a bath in the ground attached to his abode. And there are wild boars, and wild asses, and squirrels, and dogs, and foxes, and raccoons (how I thought of Colonel Crocket!), and ichneumons, and kangaroos, and antelopes, a gazelle also (which, when the more sentimental cockneys see, they quote Moore's lines), and an elk, and many fine, lively deer.

The noise or chatter in the room where the parrots, macaws, and cockatoos are is sometimes deafening. Nature has reversed the characteristics which those scandalizing creatures, men, say prevail in humanity, for among birds, whether of song, scream, or mimicry, the males are most proficient in noise. The colours of many of the parroquets, toucans, etc., were most brightly vivid. There is in a box a boa-constrictor, swathed in flannels; one morning he was found to have broken his fast upon another and a smaller boa—to have consumed his fellow—a rare occurrence, I hope, among brutes, or even serpents—as to men, they—but we will not enter upon that question now. The gardens boast no crocodiles, the ugliest, the most hideous of created things; the Mississippi settlers would be very glad if the English zoologists would import a few free-trade cargoes of them from the shores of the river.

These grounds occupy a considerable space; and an archway is formed under the carriage-road of the park, through which you pass to their northern extremity, skirted by a muddy-looking canal, called the Regent's. A little way on the other side of this canal is a round, squab hillock, called Primrose Hill, which some have ill-naturedly styled the Cockney Parnassus. Three or four adventurous persons were at the top, indulging their organ of locality, I suppose.

On Sundays these grounds are only open to subscribers, or their orders, I believe it is; at any rate, to some privileged class; and, as there is privilege and exclusiveness, the Zoological Gardens then form a fashionable promenade, just as if the poor prisoners, like the better sort of poor people at large, showed best on Sundays! I heartily wished, as we came away, we had gardens like these in New-York. Patience—patience, "*le bon temps viendra.*"

Mr. Guy (who was not of our party) the other day puzzled, and in reaction was puzzled by, one of the attendants in the Zoological Gardens; these attendants do not show the animals, but walk about to tend them, and to see that no mischiefs are perpetrated, and that all is orderly and secure. It seems there is an animal like a very large water-rat in the collection, which I do not remember to have noticed; perhaps it was diving at the time. Mr. Guy was interested by this amphibious creature. "Where was the animal raised?" he asked the man. "He's never *raised* at all, sir," was the answer; "we always keep him down there in the water, or in his cave." "Do you mean to say he was raised in this country, then?" But here Mrs. Guy came to the rescue, and explained that her husband wished to know where was the native land, or, rather, water of the animal, and he was informed accordingly.

The names and addresses of the birds and beasts are painted on small boards, hung by each den or place of confinement. I suppose one may call the mention of "China," "New Holland," "Southern Africa," "North America," etc., etc., their *addresses*. I heard a most lovely little girl, whom her parents called by the rather unusual name of Bunny, term them so. An address is a place where the party is, or should be, at home; and in this sense, the names and addresses of the involuntary sojourners in the Gardens of Zoology may be said to be presented to the visiters.

There are also the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where, I am told, for I have not visited them, are a good many animals, and nocturnal concerts, and spectacles to boot. The Vauxhall Gardens, something like Niblo's, so well known to all readers of sixty-year-old novels, seem now no more, or showing but a suspended animation.

Then there are a great many places called Tea Gardens, where, Mr. Griffiths says, tea is never thought about, but people go thither on hot Sundays to smoke and drink beer. I notice, however, that he is often severe on the recreations of the poor; to drink beer in a garden must be as harmless as to sip Maraschino, or quaff Champagne in a club-house; that is, in my estimation—the English think otherwise.

At Kew are pleasure-grounds and a Botanical Garden open at certain hours and seasons; and you see a tall pagoda, and a place they call the Temple of Victory, and a ruined archway—a *made* ruin—but man cannot work against time; it is a patchwork place, and I was told was a favourite promenade of George III. And there are Botanical Gardens also at Chelsea, for the use of medical students; and very delightful gardens at Chiswick, where the Horticultural Society are lords and masters, while at their summer exhibitions you see the most beautiful flowers, and experience the most ardent crushes. Loddidge's nursery gardens at Hackney are very interesting: so many tropical productions blooming in Northern Europe; the palm-trees are very lofty, eighty feet, we were told, but the green-

houses are constructed so as to contain them. This is private property. I think we were told the pipes, used to warm the greenhouses, would extend three miles at least, if placed in a direct line. A breath of cool air when we emerged from the world of glass was very grateful—and so will a rest be to my fingers now.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XX.

Mr. W. C.—Oysters and Wickedness.—Public Statues.—There's Honour for you!—Soot usurping the Divinity that should hedge a King.—The Monument.—Modern Eastcheap.—Goldsmith's Hall.—Postoffice.—Penny-post-age Boon.—Lion-hunting.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I am delighted to find (curiosity, in spite of your grave animadversions, is, I contend, sometimes its own reward), delighted to have ascertained, beyond doubt, that Mr. W. C. is an Englishman, born in Lincolnshire, and proud of being an Englishman. While in this, his native country, he allows himself to be regarded as the Rev. W. C.; he has not the "Rev." on his card—but that's his modesty! Reverend! It *is* something new; but he has precedent, all-powerful precedent, for this addition to his baptismal and sponsorial appellations; the *Rev.* W. C.! a novel distinction;

"An' if his name be George, let's call him Peter,
For new-made honour doth forget men's names."

I once heard the Dean of —— say, that anything ancient or modern, natural or impossible, might be illustrated or mottoed by quotations from Shakspeare; a farther evidence in proof that William Shakspeare possessed the greatest genius God ever gave to man.

Never was such a digression as from Mr. C. to Shakspeare. America has the unhappiness to be the country of Mr. C.'s adoption, as it is that of many Englishmen who could well be spared. Cooper has shown that if the English complain, as they do, that their rogues run off to America, the Americans may much more reasonably complain that *their* rogues come from England. Of course you will understand that I do not mean to attribute any moral or immoral culpability to the Rev. W. C. (*reverend!* save the mark! for I must draw a mark underneath it); the Rev. W. C. is *only* disagreeable, not disreputable. I have again had the misfortune to meet him in society, and he entertained Dr. C. with a detail, a circumstantial detail of his recent illness, which he attributed to his disgust at witnessing the wickedness of London, and to having eaten too many dozen oysters! Sam Weller traced a connexion between oysters and poverty. I have heard of some profane person recommending rum and true religion; but of illness resulting from excessive oysters or virtuous disgust, I have not heard before. Dr. C. is very quiet mannered, and in proportion to his patience was the prolixity of the narrator—not a symptom, I was afterward told, was spared the learned physician—

"He thought he must have died, he was so bad—
His peevish hearer almost wish'd he had."

When you hear of so many dozen oysters, remember that the English oysters are small, in accordance with the seas of the island. A well-grown American oyster would frighten a cockney.

I am always glad when I can obtain Mr. Wilderton for a cicerone, with either Mrs. Wilderton, his married daughter, Mrs. Mortimer, or his only unmarried daughter Emma. Mr. Wilderton is so quaint a humorist; but to walk he likes passing little, often pleading incipient gout to justify both to himself and his family the use of his carriage, if only for a few streets—his is that charm which is *ever* a charm, age or infirmity notwithstanding; I mean perfect good-nature. His family resemble him; and he always judges so kindly, so leniently. "Ah! well," the old gentleman will say, "we must not judge too harshly, poor John—had we been so situated we might have fallen lower." How poor is the pride of philosophy after this!

I love to walk abroad with Mr. W., for he often asks such odd questions of the passers-by; to use an English phrase, "he draws them out:" if we happen to be in one of the squares containing a statue, "whose statue is that?" is the constant query, and very rarely indeed can we learn. One morning, as we loitered in Hanover Square, he inquired of several "who that great creature was?" This is a rather colossal statue of William Pitt; and he, Mr. W., made the dirty crossing from the corner of the square a plea for not going nearer to peruse the inscription—he could not be informed; livery servants, postmen, policemen, and street-sweepers were asked in vain. One postman he recognised as the functionary who performed the double knock at his own door, and he stopped the limping official to tell him that his servant, by mistake, gave him a shilling short at Christmas, and he now begged to rectify the omission—and then he proffered the inquiry; the postman was perfect in ignorance—he knew nothing, public or private, of the statue.

"Well, but if you should have a posthumous letter for him, you would then learn his name!"

"Letter, sir! what, *him*, sir?" (but seeing Mr. Wilderton look grave), "yes, sir—certainly, sir, in that case—I—"

And, like Shylock, he would stay no farther question. Then came by a very spruce person.

"We are sure to learn now," said Mr. Wilderton; "behold the man who takes me by the nose when the gout takes me by the knuckle"—his barber.

"Statue-r, sir? Bless me, yes, sir, statue-r? Well, it's either Pitt or Fox—Fox or Pitt, one or other, sir, you *may* depend; good-morning, sir," and away went the man, sharp in razors if not in statues. And yet this statue was erected in honour of a powerful minister, and the persons we questioned must see it daily. O, rare old Sir John, though thy valour was discretion's self, full bravely didst thou moralize! "What is honour? A word." An empty name, in sooth; but here it seemed hardly that.

Mr. Wilderton says he never could learn more of the figure in Leicester Square than that it was one of the Georges; and of the one in Golden Square (Ralph Nickelby lived near), he could never learn anything; but was once told by a lamp-lighter "it was periccler like a master-sweep, what lived near, and what had feathered his nest—unkimmon!" One circumstance may be pleaded in excuse for this ignorance; the elder among those statues look so black and grim that they may pass for anybody. Kings should not be represented as such dirty characters to a monarchical people. The king in Hamlet—a murderer and a villain—declares that "a divinity does hedge a king;" in the regal statues here,

the hedge is not divinity—but, soot; soot, the offspring of smoke, encases the statuary monarchies of England.

Mr. Wilderton once had to call at some bank in Lombard-street in the city, and Emma and I accompanied him. After putting us down in Lombard-street, he ordered his coachman to drive about while we walked, and we walked to "The Monument." It was built, I need hardly tell you, to commemorate the restoration of London after the great fire of 1666; there is a Latin inscription at the base of the noble column. Mr. Wilderton ventured to ask one or two of the passers to have the goodness to translate it for him (he took high honours at Oxford), but they looked so very glum he was obliged to desist. *They* read Latin, indeed—he must mean to insult them! I am told that part of the inscription which attributed the great fire to incendiary papists, has been erased; very probably the corporation persons never heard of pope or his couplet, which was keen enough to have induced them to remove it long ago—

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and—*lies*."

This is still called "The Monument," and until the last few years was the only one in London. We did not ascend it; the toil would be extreme, Mr. Wilderton felt sure, and it would all end in smoke. The gallery near the top of the Monument, to which the sixpenny spectators ascend, is now caged in, to prevent young women in this Christian and highly-civilized country flinging themselves over the railings. Even in their suicides these people have a selfish wish for distinction more than the French—at any rate, as much; but unobtrusive suicides are frightfully frequent.

We then walked into Eastcheap. Let no Shaksperian lover visit it now, if he do not wish a change to come o'er the spirit of his dream; the spot now more particularly pointed out in Eastcheap is a public-house where there was foul murder done awhile back. Goldsmith and Washington Irving, as well as the mighty master, have made Eastcheap familiar to us, but not *this* Eastcheap. If I remember aright, it pleased the two moderns to forget that the old Boar's Head, as well as all the region round about, was burned in that calamitous fire in 1666, and their genius makes us forget it. We did see *the site*, and had only to ask for it twice! Mr. Wilderton first asked a venerable-looking gentleman we saw get out of his carriage at what I suppose was his place of business, if he could point out to us the site of the famous Boar's Head; the gentleman did not know, and asked if it was an old inn? "Oh," said Mr. Wilderton, "I mean where Sir John Falstaff took his ease."

"Oh really, humph! I beg your pardon, but the sign of the Sir John Falstaff is—" I forget where he said: more bliss, if Gray be correct. We next asked a man who was painting a door there, and luckily he knew.

We then re-entered the carriage, and called upon a city acquaintance of Mr. Wilderton, who was to show us Goldsmiths' Hall; this is a magnificent hall, situate in a confined place behind the General Postoffice. It is the property of one of the Trade Companies of London, and I believe the richest; it might be the residence (in a better situation) of any dignitary in the world, and his dignity would not be outraged. We were shown a large room with portraits of William the Fourth and the present Queen Dowager, where the company's dinners were eaten—the most important business they appear to transact. We were told the cost of carpets and furniture in other rooms—their beauty was not mentioned, only their price; that includes, as I said before, all other excellence. What eloquence can be so panegyrical as, "It cost five hundred pounds?" Tasteful people! Of course you will not agree with what Mynheer —— said of the English, "Dey am ridch in every ding but dasde, and dasdeful mosd in deir dinners." This from a Dutchman!

There are a great many of those halls in the city belonging to different companies—Fishmongers, Drapers, Salters, Ironmongers, Stationers, etc., etc.: I could never clearly understand the purpose of these companies. They admit persons to their freedom and their livery, whatever that may mean, but their chief vocation seems to dine.

From Goldsmiths' Hall we passed through the General Postoffice. It was close upon the hour when the boxes are closed, and a farther postage must be paid; numbers were jostling each other, to get their letters posted in time. I saw two boys who bore between them a large bag filled with evening newspapers, fling it, just as the clock began to strike, into the recess where papers are received; somehow the bag became untied, and the papers rolled in unadmired disorder upon the ground. The two boy bag-bearers, without a word spoken or a gesture of defiance, began to fight, and hard honest blows they dealt each other, until the postoffice people separated them. They then gathered up the papers, handed them to the proper officer, and departed in apparent amity. From their business-like way of proceeding, this was evidently the mode the young gentlemen adopted to rectify any mishap, or adjust any little difference of sentiment.

The penny-postage is undoubtedly a great boon, liberally and handsomely accorded, to the people of the three Queendoms; it is the redeeming measure of the age. Oh! why should an aristocracy, with such possessions and such power, let this be almost a solitary measure of disinterestedness—why *only*, instead of *ever* thus? I fancy we in America might learn something from the management of the London Postoffice.

Heigho! I shall soon have finished telling you of London's sights, not that a tithe of them has been described; but really, if you carry it too far, sight-seeing, lion-hunting, becomes the most wearisome of all pursuits Let what you view be never so interesting, crowd too many sights into too little time, and you will be greatly fatigued, and not delighted at all—confounded only.

"The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite."

Pleasure soon becomes more wearisome than business, if you extravagantly follow it—it is quite unlike learning: one may not say "drink deep or taste not." Many poets show this, and as I am in rather a quoting vein, not a very unusual occurrence, perhaps, I will cite chronologically, Shakspeare, then Pope, now Cowper:

"Business is labour, and man's weakness such,
Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much;
The very sense of it forgoes its use,
By repetition pall'd;"

and to conclude with an anonymous American poet,

"Pleasure too much pursued is aye unblest,
The pleasure's sickness when it sighs for rest;"

and so do I—for my head and my fingers ache alike. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXI.

Palaces.—Twickenham.—Pope's Grotto.—Among Things that were.—Strawberry Hill.—Hampton Court Palace.—Cartoons and Paintings.—Cardinal Wolsey.—Mr. Charles Kean.—Monmouth-street.—Foreigners.—Unrazored.—Cowper.—Bazars.—Much-offending Cincinnati.—The English "Impossible."

London, ——, 1843.

MY DEAREST JULIA—"Man," says Dr. Paley, in his strong way—which written now might be called coarse—"Man is a bundle of habits;" and so I suppose is woman, for I have so habituated myself to describing to you a round of sight-seeing that I must even carry you a little farther on. You know I like to see the streets, and when I find myself under exemplary guidance—when I am satisfied no harm or insult can possibly befall me—I am courageous enough to venture where ladies seldom venture. Indeed, it is rather fashionable to affect ignorance of all places in London not considered within the varying and ill-defined fence of fashion. Russell and Bloomsbury Squares, two of the largest in London—and occupied chiefly by judges, lawyers, and professional gentlemen—are considered a proper butt for the satire of those who dwell nearer the parks—not the Regent's Park, though, for that is not of the fashion, fashionable. The Parks of London, the lungs of the metropolis, are so well known from various works, that I need not particularly describe them to you, though perhaps I may some day. I cannot follow the example of the methodical Captain Jabez R——, who, in a letter to his sister at Albany, describing an excursion he made from London to Hampton Court Palace, begins with the sun's rising—then his own—then his early breakfast—and he dwells principally on that alloy to pleasure, the tolls of the respective turnpike-gates he and his friend passed through in a gig!

And I have been to Hampton Court, next to Windsor the most interesting of the regal residences of England. The queen is certainly well palaced—Buckingham, St. James's, Kensington, Hampton Court, Claremont, Windsor, Brighton, and others, to say nothing of distant Holyrood. We proceeded to Hampton Court in an open carriage, the way we came from Richmond, through Kensington, Hammersmith, Knew, etc. We turned off short when we reached Richmond, and stopped first at Twickenham, three miles farther. Pope's Villa and Grotto are no more: a not very

"Distant age asks where the fabric stood,"

and is obligingly shown the site. It is so common a saying in England, "This is the site of so-and-so's house;" and if you inquire why the house itself was not there, the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, "Oh, the ground was wanted for something else;" and as all reverence for the holy and the classical is wanting also, down comes the house of the man of genius, and perhaps some barber cuts and curls hair for sixpence, and sells authentic bear's-grease, in its stead! We in America are accused, and not always unjustly, of giving too fine names to our towns and villages—the English seem to reserve them for the shaving-soaps and other things indispensable, as every advertiser will make affidavit, to a well-ordered toilet—no English gentleman can shave nowadays unless in Greek!

We saw the monument in Twickenham Church, which Bishop Warburton erected to Pope—it is above a side-gallery; also the spot where lies the feared and flattered of princes and nobles, a scourge of dunces, and a magnificent egotist. Some lines of the poet breathe a strain of prophecy (I have been told that the same word in Latin signifies both poet and prophet); they warn thence his countrymen; and so intimate the gradual decay and destruction of his grotto.

"Approach; but awful! lo! th' Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

As not one in ten thousand of modern Englishmen could enter the grotto if the poet's injunction were at all regarded, perhaps its demolition was a proper measure: better than its continuous desecration.

On our way to Twickenham we passed Strawberry Hill, a nondescript-looking, and therefore characteristic, house. Here Horace Walpole collected his paintings, and antiques, and furniture, and china, and nondescripts; the which he hoped, maybe, would long be retained in his mansion, his family, or his country; Apollo, or whatever classic deity he invoked,

"Heard but half his prayer,
The rest he bade the winds disperse in empty air;"

and my Lord Waldegrave dispersed the collection to all parts of the world. From Twickenham we proceeded through Bushy Park, where resides that truly Christian and charitable lady, the Queen Dowager; and we pass through a magnificent avenue of chestnut-trees, and we are soon at Hampton Court Palace. What a noble front! What noble quadrangles! There it stands—a bribe for the Eighth Harry—a prison for the First Charles! Not in its ancient state, however, for considerable editions were made to it by Sir Christopher Wren. And you may stroll at leisure along the grounds, or into the Palace, unquestioned and unobstructed. This is as it should be; and as no injury accrues to any part of the property, why close other places on the plea of apprehended mutilation?

The paintings are a long list, and a long summer's day is all too short to see them. Here are the far-famed Cartoons of Raphael. I cannot describe or criticise, only feel them—feel their tranquillizing influence, and wish to feel it and muse alone. Lord Byron gazed around him in the gallery at Florence, until he was "dazzled and drunk with beauty." Mr. Dickens, when he gazed upon that wonder of two worlds (the old as the new), the Falls of Niagara, felt his mood swayed very differently, for he tells of no mental or visual dazzlement or drunkenness, but of peace and soberness. But Hampton Court—here also are fine paintings in distemper, by Andrea Mantegna, a name unfamiliar to English ears; and speaking-looking portraits, by Titian; and proofs how Sir Peter Lely stole sleepy eyes and wrought on animated canvass. King Charles's Beauties, so they are called, are here; very beautiful they may be, and I fear their praise ends there. A lady can have little pleasure in looking upon them; but I could not help whispering to Mrs. Mortimer, that handsome as they might be, I

would say of them as Lear of Mad Tom, "Only, I do not like the fashion of their garments."

I wonder the late British sovereigns have not resided here, for here is everything to render an abode a pleasant one. It was a favourite dwelling-place with that glum person William the Third, and of his successor "great Anna," and her successor, George the First, who certainly had one of the oddest qualifications for a ruler—he spoke no English—did not understand the language of the people he was called upon to govern! To monarchise must be so very easy. I believe George the Second was the last of the sovereigns who resided here for any continuance.

The ponds are very fine, and the gold and silver fish swim to the water's edge, expecting contributions from the public, and who can refuse it to such innocent sinecurists? Then we saw the immense vine—a whole vintage in itself—the grapes are sent to her majesty's table; the gardens are extensive; and there are two short rows of trees curiously interlaced and matted together in their upper branches, so as to fling a deep gloom on the path below; this was a favourite walk, we were told, of Queen Mary—the Mary of William the Third. I apprehend she had not feeling enough to walk there musing sadly on her dethroned parent. And there is the Maze, nearly similar to that in the private garden of Mr. —— at ——; any one may purchase sixpenny-worth of puzzlement in the Maze. I would have liked well enough an attempt to overcome its difficulties, had only our party observed us, but there were others; and as the English were sure to have laughed loudly and rudely to testify the delight they experienced in a lady failing to attain the goal of this clever labyrinth, who, under such circumstances, could make the experiment? Not I—nor I am sure would you.

There were many visiters in the palace, and the wearisomeness several manifested was remarkable; their watches were consulted far more eagerly than their catalogues. Why go they if they are so easily fatigued? I suppose for the reason which induced some one to go down into a coal-pit, to *say* he had been there! It was with regret I walked on our return through the lofty gates of Hampton Court.

Cardinal Wolsey! What romance, what *poetry*, there is in his character and career! It was objected on his behalf, that

> "Man's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
> We write in water;"

and this is too often true; but his taste and munificence are written in enduring characters in this majestic structure. If the cardinal did write "I, and the king," he was veracious though impolitic, for he was the far greater man of the two. What witchery, what command, there is in genius! I have quoted you a sentence from Shakspeare, as if it were a *reality;* so, indeed, it is—a reality in its unchanging truthfulness to human nature. The cardinal's scarlet hat was among the curiosities of Strawberry Hill, and sold to Mr. Charles Kean—I forget for how many guineas. I hope he does not mean to play in it—but no, he must be above such trickery; it would attract some, and some would go to show how witty they could be on their favourite quotation of "all round my hat."

On the following day we were in a very different scene. I told you Mr. Wilderton would walk almost anywhere, or I meant to tell you so, if his carriage could be kept in view. Well, on this occasion, we got out of it a little below St. Giles's Church. St. Giles's being, I am told, the Faubourg, if I may use the word, the most resembling, but surpassing, the while, the Five Points of New-York. We walked along Monmouth-street, *the* Monmouth-street which has become proverbial for second-hand finery—

> "Where tarnished lace and ruffles black,
> And velvet coat from gallant's back,"

used no doubt to be exposed of old; but now, though there are second-hand articles of attire to redundancy; of finery, first, second, or third hand, there is none at all; dirty-looking are the garments, and keen-looking the Jews who vend them. All seemed unhealthy; but I am told some of these old-clothes people realize rather considerable fortunes in this way—health and decency are customary and every-day sacrifices to the darling deity of the English.

We strolled on until we came to a place called Seven Dials, seven streets opening out of a small seven-cornered space; of course, there are no dials, or, in all probability, it would not have been so called. I had heard and read of this place, and expected to have found it far worse; all appeared decorous enough, but I was unfavourably impressed with the manners or want of manners of the locality, from the great number of gin palaces. We walked about some of the adjacent streets, and saw swarthy-looking foreigners lounging about, or gazing from their opened windows; they *were* so rich in mustache and beard. Emma Wilderton said, when she saw so many of these unrazored persons (I wonder if they ever venture to Sheffield), she "always wished to be a fairy, and in the very witching time of night she would send a flock of hares to the sleeping and unsuspicious foreigners, each like one of Cowper's tame hares, which, he says, used to bite the hair from his temples!" The wish for fairy power is natural; but the purpose for which it was desired, and the means to be used, are odd enough!

Poor Cowper! How his poetry helped him, as it did Pope, through that long disease, his life. I believe the men of modern England—to-day's England (of course I mean the major part of them)—would as soon eat Cowper's tame pets of hares as any wild ones; and after their slow repast would merely remark upon the flavour, knowing the while that it was a Cowperian hare. One never palls on Cowper's poetry—"no crude surfeit reigns" in his pleasant pages; his blank verse is so full of matter and truth—blank only in its name; the Task is an evergreen one. In Cowper's pages the reader is never lost in sweets, like a fly in molasses (there's a simile which would gladden the understanding spirit of Mr. Walter Guy); and one cannot say so much of some very popular works.

Well, my digressiveness (I know it's a fault, and perhaps, poor human nature, like it better on that very account) is ingenious, to flee to Cowper and criticism from the Seven Dials! This part is called Soho, which appears a district name; and we walked on until we found ourselves in Soho Square, where are many music-sellers and a famed bazar, in which very many young women sell very many things; much might be said in praise thereof, but it might require Mrs. Trollope's pen to do it sufficient justice. Bazars are better adapted to the East of

the Old, than the West of the New World; at least, they do not always prosper in Cincinnati, and an unsuccessful speculator in one of those multifarious establishments has been known to take very *broad* revenge, for the United States of North America through their length and width have been misrepresented in consequence; it was bravely done, too, and with no allaying dash of woman's timidity. O much-offending Cincinnati! Hath it yet repented?

From Soho Square you may walk into long, and straight, and diversely-paved Oxford-street; we called at a place called the Pantheon, once a theatre, now a bazar, but much inferior to the one in Soho Square. There were a great many people sauntering about, and many pictures were hung up for sale, and continued to hang, being seldom sold. There are many similar places in London, but they present little to interest. In the better ones, there are as many aspirants to a stall, that may be vacant by death or removal, as there are from clergymen under similar circumstances.

In no country in the world, so wretchedly as in England, can a young woman, reared so as to be unfitted for domestic service, support herself safely or honourably; if she have not accomplishments, many and *showy* enough to obtain her the situation of a governess, I do not know what she can do to earn bread and water. The English profess to regret this, and "selon leurs règles," see no means of altering it, and so pronounce it *impossible;* they make not a single effort to amend the matter, and cry, "Impossible," "impossible!" An Englishman would pronounce it "impossible" to relieve his starving foster-mother, as he was on his way to purchase a pipe of port of some curious vintage to be bottled for the revelry of after years—"impossible!" How is it known to be "impossible?" Gaslights and steam-vessels were at first pronounced "impossible." Nay, the establishment of Christianity itself was declared "impossible" by the misbelievers, the evil-doers, the credulous, in many gods and goddesses of old. Impossible! How English adjectives are misused!

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Washington and Jack-the-Giant-killer.—Early Rising.—A Favourite Precept.—The late Duke of Sussex.—The Lying-in-state.—The Crowd.—Their Remarks.—The Funeral.—Royalty.—Chronicle of Royal Drivings and Dinings.—Meager and unsatisfactory.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—There are very many things in London worthy of remark, and calculated to interest you, that I must pass over unnoticed, or notice as cursorily as Mr. Dickens does Mount Vernon. "We are passing Mount Vernon," says he, "where Washington lies buried." Could not the English author pay even a *passing* tribute of respect to departed greatness, and such greatness? To be sure, in his American Notes he gives us a sketch of Jack-the-Giant-killer; but Washington—the patriot, the conqueror, the lawgiver, the ruler—is not so honoured; and yet the giants *he* overcame were formidable enough—how are they named? Prejudice, Pride, Obstinacy, Oppression, Bigotry. John Bunyan's Pope and Pagan were far less fearful to his Protestant Pilgrim.

I have been induced to overcome two of my dislikes—those of rising early, and encountering a crowd. I know, I can at this distance appreciate all you will say about the advantages of early rising; and Milton's description of morn, "with charm of earliest birds," is very fine, as well as true, and so are the lines Thomson composed in his noonday bed, indignantly rebuketul of the slothful backwardness of that falsely-luxurious man, who slumbers when he should arise and enjoy

> "The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
> To meditation due, and sacred song."

I do not clearly understand how, if the hour be due to sacred song, it can be epitheted as *silent;* but let that pass. Were there early birds (that is, in Milton's sense), or sacred song in London, one might be induced to go forth to nature's matins. As it is—don't chide, I seldom rise before nine (now don't exclaim so). I admit the force of Thomson's precepts; but then, Julia, his example! Byron, also, exquisitely describes the morn, "the dewy morn"—he generally rose about two in the afternoon.

Well, I arose early to witness a spectacle that can never be witnessed in America—a royal "lying-in-state." The Duke of Sussex, the uncle of the Queen, died at Kensington Palace, and there was the ceremony to be holden—open to all persons (and without a fee!) in decent mourning—that is, not in actual grief, but in "customary suit of solemn black." The wearing of mourning for the Duke of Sussex was common throughout England by royal command; and I think, though I can hardly tell why, the English ladies look best in black. They seem to dress more tastefully in it than in colours; indeed, it is less easy, "in the sable garb of wo," to offend against good taste. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer accompanied me. We breakfasted in my apartments at half past eight, and, as the morning was fine, we walked to the Palace, a mile, perhaps, and found ourselves in a motley crowd—may I say motley? At any rate, motley was not their only wear exteriorly, for black was; but they were motley in mien and character. We faced the crowd, Mr. Mortimer said, manfully—I felt it was womanly—however, there was no retreating, and we waited with what patience we might until we could be admitted into the chamber of death.

The observations which we could not but hear in the crowd were by no means of a lugubrious character; still the crowd was what in England is called decorous. I heard one youth tell his companion that he had come up from Cambridge on purpose to see the old Duke *planted;* and the commentaries on the deceased prince's life and character were quite as free as an American crowd could have uttered. The Duke was to be buried, his own desire, at Kensal Green Cemetery, instead of the royal vault at Windsor. "O!" said the young collegian, in explanation, "he would have been a nonentity at Windsor; but at Kensal Green he'll be an important personage, a truly *great body.*" As he emphasized the last two words, there was a laugh at this gross allusion to the late prince's stature and corpulency. In America, we consider the English attached to monarchical institutions and to the royal family, and the Duke of Sussex is represented as having been popular—then why these remarks? He dared in his youth (and in his mature age also) to marry like the people,

despite the Royal Marriage Act, which George the Third, when he was accounted sane, too, caused his obsequious parliament to pass, and had endeared himself—I mean the Duke—in many respects to the people—and yet they talked thus! Jested, and made holyday! One venerable-looking man rebuked a youth near him: "Don't talk so," said he, "but pay respect to the memory of the Duke, if for nothing but his gray hairs!" "Didn't he wear a wig?" returned the lad, and the few who heard it laughed merrily! One reads in the papers that the crowd was orderly, and that no accidents occurred; but unless eye and ear witness, how little one knows of the by-play—of the real feelings of the multitude.

The police were very numerous, and barriers and stoppages were so arranged that no great confusion could ensue. The gates were opened at ten o'clock, and how tardily we advanced. Every now and then a slow movement was performed, and a gentleman near me—I could not see him—warbled on each occasion "Hey, Jim along, get along Josey," the burden of one of those unintelligible songs so beloved of very many Englishmen; for the no-meaning of such canticles is grateful to them. But "time and the hour run through the roughest day," as well as the thickest crowd, though it was more than two hours before we emerged. However, we at last found ourselves on the grand staircase, and at the top stood his late Royal Highness's Highland piper,

"All plaided and plumed in his tartan array."

He was solacing himself (for I saw it) with some colourless beverage (whisky, or water, by possibility), which a domestic poured from a decanter concealed in a recess, and which the piper drained from a wine-glass having the foot knocked off—a fine-looking Highlander he was. We then entered an antechamber, where stood two persons, described as a Burmese page and a Hanoverian jäger (how this was appropriate to the obsequies of a British prince I never learned), and then we stood in the Presence Chamber: I suppose I may call it so, for there was the coffin, and the room was hung with fluted black cloth, as were the staircase and anteroom; and waxen tapers in silver sconces diffused dim light, and royal emblazonments hung around, and a coronet rested on the coffin, which was covered with rich crimson velvet, while chief mourners, not by right of consanguinity, but of custom, sat at its head—and in the chamber of death were thus gathered the vanities of life.

All this may be to enforce upon plebeians the greatness of royalty. A prince of the blood, a peer of Great Britain, has passed away; but let it not be impressed upon men's minds that he is now nothing:

"To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey."

No. Let heraldry and gorgeousness yield their aid, and show that a prince is mighty even in death!

When we entered the palace the crowd was silent, and the sound of the slowly-moving feet on the matted flooring was solemn and strange. From the coffin-room we passed into another apartment, also hung with black, and then regained the open air, a temporary staircase having been erected from one of the palace-windows into the gardens. The air was such a relief, for within it had become rather stifling. It was stated in the papers that twenty-five thousand persons witnessed this lying-in-state.

The following day was the funeral. I saw the procession from a window in Kensington; we repaired thither too soon, and had to wait. Mr. Mortimer recognised a city acquaintance in the room, and they spoke of some approaching election. "I should have talked it over with Alderman —— yesterday," said the gentleman, "but he was detained so long disposing of persons charged with destitution." The very words, *charged with destitution*, and to be punished for it! Could not, if no other offence were imputed, some fund be charged with *restitution* to those culprits, as they are held in London, of the means of subsistence and employment? "Pray," asked Mr. Mortimer, "do you know if Mr. —— was in the House of Commons on Monday night?" "I really cannot tell," was the answer: "perhaps not; but he might, indeed, be unnoticed—might be there, and no one be the wiser for it." I fancy as much might be said of very many honourable members.

But the funeral procession—it was most pompous—plumes, robes, paraphernalia, music, royal carriages with their six horses—you will see the detail in the public prints. The crowd underneath the window where we sat were merry enough, but were quieter when the procession appeared in the street, along which it wound, though not in toilsome march, its long array.

Royalty needs many adjuncts, many adventitious aids to give it due weight, to make it appear a mighty thing—a visibly powerful thing—standing aloof and above the every-day world—above aristocracy itself; but subject, the while, to the vulgar passions and bodily sufferings, hunger and cold excepted, of the many. The simplicity of a republic prefers to appeal directly to the public mind; but royalty will rather dazzle the public eye, while its high-sounding titles fill the ear. It is surely no small testimony to the excellence of republican institutions that outward show may be dispensed with. "The stone," says Lord Bacon, "had need to be rich that is set without foil."

The very walkings, and drivings, and luncheons, and dinners of royalty must be chronicled, as if they were attributes of superior beings, or as if it were greatly daring of princes to walk, or ride, or eat. Why do not these courtly scribes go farther, and, if it be so essential to the satisfaction of the queendoms to chronicle the dinner and the guests, why not detail the dishes also? Or tell if the appetite, like the rank of royalty, soars beyond the reach of ordinary humanity? And why hear we not of the sportive raillery—the well-natured *badinage*—the flashing wit, or the eloquent discussion that, doubtless, ever render the gracefully-arranged dinner and dessert tables in royal halls scenes of intellectual repast, as of delicious viands? Why are these things kept from loving subjects? Surely the courtly chroniclers do but half their duty; telling of dinners, isolated dinners, and nothing more, save the names of the honoured guests; not a dress is described to make ladies admire—and sigh; not the composition of a single dish vouchsafed to pleasure the also sighing gourmand; and, from all that prodigality of wit, not a single witticism to enchant the sprightly; not a reflection to interest the grave. Oh, fy! fy!

I find there were booths erected to sell provisions on the line of his royal highness's funeral, and other means taken to ensure the people their

favourite enjoyments. Congratulations on the fine morning passed frequently from mouth to mouth. "Ah! you here to see the poor old duke's procession; so fortunate in the weather; so distressing if it had rained." And for what occasion gathered this crowd? What pageantry was in store? A coronation pomp? A queen's marriage? A conqueror's triumphal entry? No —an old man's funeral—the restoring earth to earth—and "so fortunate in the weather!"

We escape such anomalies in the United States. The newspapers, which in general speak respectfully of royalty, and properly so in a monarchical government, admit that there was no manifestation of grief—show occupied the place of sorrow. It was said Prince Albert manifested more sadness than any of the other attendants at the deceased prince's obsequies. I can readily believe it; his royal highness, not in his nature, but in his naturalization, is an Englishman; callousness in feeling, selfishness in affection, are not characteristic of him. I felt grave and thoughtful—I, a stranger and a republican; for I remembered a death in a far-distant land, and how it was mourned with real anguish. Grief has not yet laid its blighting hand on you, dear Julia, and long—long be its touch averted. I should bitterly lament if your bright eyes, "young Peri of the West," were to be dimmed from sleepless sadness—your spirits crushed beneath the weight of suffering; but you are too joyous a thing for these gloomy forebodings. Adieu; I long to add, "*au revoir*."

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

Slavery.—Police Station House.—Officer.—Severe and Stern to view.—Irish Oratory.—Aldermen.—Small Legislation.—Beggars.—Hospitals.—Exeter-Hall Oratory.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I always avoid arguments upon slavery, but sometimes they are forced upon me; and those English ladies who know just the least of the matter, are the most energetic in their abolition advocacy. Why can't America emancipate her slaves as England did? is a common query, as coolly advanced as if the occurrence took place some time last century. Why, the British government, out of its enormous resources, *purchased* the freedom of the slaves; and if all America had the same desire, has she the means? Philanthropic as the English are, especially when the object is afar off, and even while their wealth is greater than their philanthropy, no one can expect that they will ever offer to pay to another country a full and fair price for their bondsmen, that slavery may be no more. Then how *is* the manumission to be accomplished? But more of this, perhaps, some other time.

And I have been engaged in such a vexatious adventure. I have been to a police station-house—I—and personally—not accused, don't fear—only interested. I dined yesterday at Dr. C.'s, and, leaving early, returned to Piccadilly about nine. I had given Kathleen leave to pay a visit to some acquaintance in the city; she had not returned, but an old Irish woman appeared as her ambassadress, had been waiting for me, and would wait until she saw me. It was some time before I could understand what had really happened.

"And shure, marm, she was not at all to blame—the cratur, because she was permiscus as well as innocent; and if the boys did fight, it wasn't the bad feelin', but the dhrink that did it; and the poor young woman, which is little to me, for sign's on it, I don't remember the name of her, and—whisper, my lady, God bless you—it's broken-hearted she is—"

"Broken-hearted! Why, what has happened?"

"Indeed, then, and she's locked down."

"Down! down where!"

"Musha, marm, she's in throuble."

"Well, but what the nature of the trouble?"

"Natur, my lady? Arrah, and it's ill-natur'd they are, and black-hearted to the boot of that, to think of sarvin' her so, and she not able to spake for the tears that choked her."

"But where is she?"

"In the station-house, my lady."

"The station-house!"

"Off of Smithfield, my lady."

It seems that before Kathleen reached the abode of her friend—who was her mother's half-brother, an elderly man—a quarrel had taken place among some visitants, and a skirmish and a broken head. "The current of the *heady* fight" had ceased to flow ere she entered the room, but an alarm of "police" was given, and the party, disliking the publicity that might be extended to their disagreement in opinion, fairly rushed forth and got clear away, broken head and all, leaving Kathleen bewildered, and waiting for explanation; her bonnet had been accidentally crushed by one of the party as he hurried out. She was about to depart, when a policeman arrived, seized Kathleen, and in spite of all her explanations, would take her to prison. "There was blood upon the floor," he said, "and murder might take place there some day." So with provident sagacity he apprehended a person perfectly innocent, to subject her to the degradation, and perhaps ruin, of imprisonment; for the poor girl might have been deprived of her situation in consequence, and flung, without a friend or a character, upon the hard world that had so wronged her—a common occurrence in London.

As the policeman and his prey, securely clutched, gained the street, they passed an apple-stall, where sat the old woman who came to me; and as Kathleen had asked her some questions, and loitered a moment to do it, in going to the scene of contest, and as not five minutes had since elapsed, time alone showed that the poor girl could not be a guilty combatant. The apple-seller stated this: the policeman listened, and then, after the manner and language of such men, said, "Both Irish—Walker! I see through the dodge—walk along with me."

The poor old woman, indignant at this injustice, consigned her fruit to some vicarial saleswoman, proceeded to the station-house, where she learned from Kathleen who she was, and it was agreed, upon consultation, that I was to be visited. The ever-smiling and obliging lady of the house was told all this before I returned, but replied *à l'Anglaise*, she made a rule never to interfere when any one she knew was in a difficulty of this sort, and she could not think (conscientious person!) of breaking a rule. For a moment I was puzzled how to proceed, but

determined to drive to Mr. N.'s, and obtain his professional assistance, taking the old woman with me: luckily, I had kept the carriage waiting. I had some difficulty in persuading my new acquaintance to be my carriage companion.

"And shure, marm, as to a rale lady's carriage, I never was in it afore; but's seen betther days, God help me! and I'll walk, yer ladyship, for I don't know how to demane myself in the carriage."

In what signification she spoke of "demeaning" herself, whether as to behaviour or humility, I do not know; perhaps we must understand it in a double sense. Unluckily, I found Mr. N. was dining at some distant tavern, for the benefit of some hospital, and the hour of his return was uncertain, so I at once ordered the surprised coachman; for I had to bid him twice, to drive to this station-house.

I thought, foolish creature, that the authorities there would regard the truth, for I could prove from the hour Kathleen left me, that only an excellent walker could have attained the locality of the fight by the time she was taken into custody; while the said fight, with its preliminary quarrelsomeness, had been of considerable duration. We stopped at a rather large house in Smithfield: before we alighted, I requested my companion to be silent unless spoken to; for she was so excitable, I feared her volubility might prejudice Kathleen. We entered a railed, barriered, and benched room, and advancing, accosted two police-officers, who sat doing nothing in very English silence; and, as they were in a sort of boxed-off recess, they could only be spoken to over a barricade. One man was fat and quiet-looking, bloated, but not unhealthily, as if his colour were attributable to much cold weather as well as hot gin; the other man was gaunt, and looked, O! the crossest of the cross, as if vinegar were his ordinary drink, or, rather, an agreeable relaxation from the greater acidity of his diet; a smile was impossible to the coarse ruggedness of his feature: like the brute the poet writes of, if he was pleased, he would growl his horrid joy. I asked if one Kathleen O'Reilly was confined there. The man so austere in ugliness, after a pause, and without ever looking up, answered, "Yes." The tone was like what a drunken man in a pet might blow out of a bassoon, only hoarser and sharper.

"Pray what is her offence?"

"Who the devil are you?" still without looking up. I gave my name and address.

"What do I care who you are? do you think I have nothing to do but sit here to answer idle questions?"

As the official man was sitting there doing nothing, I could not see the peculiar hardship of his answering questions.

"But—but is there no legal way of accomplishing her liberation for to-night? I will deposite a sum of money to ensure her appearance to-morrow. Will that do?"

"No; and I'll not answer another question."

Here he gave a stamp with a look of ferocity that might have frightened Van Amburgh, or that tiger-tamer to the Nabob. Had I seen anything like this on the stage, I should have said the part was sadly over-acted. I was utterly at a loss what next to do, and was thinking of addressing myself to the fat man, and asking *him* if I could see Kathleen, when my Hibernian attendant broke in, her rage being beyond controlment.

"Arrah, then, and the curse o' Crummell upon you, you shaved hyæna, you; is it for the likes o' you to talk that way to a lady? Is it because you are so used to spake to thieves and the likes of your ugly self, that you cannot answer a lady in her own carriage without showing you're a falsehearted blackguard, and a disgrace to the mother that rared you, God pity her and forgive her for it! What d'you sit there for, if not to say your say 'bout the pris'ners, what may all be your betthers, you unnat'ral savage! Sorrow to the tribe of yez, that eats such idle bread, and can't eat it civilly. What are you paid for? Tell me that—what are you there for? And tell the lady what she wants to know, or I'll fling my patten at the head of yez to get before the lord-mayor, and tell his honour the rights of it."

The officer listened coolly enough, and the good woman had gathered breath for another volley, and had just commenced, "Bad sessions to you!"—and how all would have ended I cannot tell, for I was at my wit's end, when Mr. N. appeared. He returned home soon after I called, was told what the business was, and followed me directly. Without preface, like one used to such scenes, he tendered bail, which the officer positively refused; he was deaf alike to Mr. N.'s expostulations and threats, and we could only leave poor Kathleen to stay all night in her horrid lodgings; luckily, I had my large cloak with me, which I left her, for there was neither bed nor couch. Mr. N. told her he would attend before the alderman on her behalf to-morrow, and we came away. Early on the following morning Kathleen was called, and briefly told the charge against her was abandoned, and she might go, and be sure not to come there again.

Thus the matter ended; for Mr. N. advised us that it was useless to proceed farther, or complain to an alderman of the misconduct of the subordinate officials; really, he was less complimentary to the aldermen than was Lord Brougham in the House of Peers, and Kathleen was imprisoned and I insulted without a remedy, or a remedy that was not to be resorted to. Happily, the poor girl was the only prisoner; no blame whatever was attributable to her, for she arrived, as Wamba recommends, "at the end of the fray," and the only one she knew of the party was her uncle, who is a sober, well-conducted man generally; but this day there had been some national festival, and then a fight.

I had the curiosity to inquire how the aldermen were qualified for the important office of magistrate in a great city, and find that a shopkeeper or merchant, whose knowledge of law may be derived from reading police reports alone, may be elected alderman, and becomes a magistrate at the moment. A very odd, if very ready way of creating a justice of peace! But then they practise principally upon the poor, and can experiment upon them until some little legal knowledge has been gained; and they are rich, and give excellent dinners, and if the scales of justice are not nicely adjusted, doubtless the literal scales in the warehouses of such

"respectable" gentlemen are, and all must be magisterially as commercially correct. The poor should not get into scrapes—and why have they the audacity to allow themselves to be charged with destitution—can't they hunger, and thirst, and suffer, and die in peace! Many of these civic dispensers of law (from the accounts in the papers) think it fitting to reason and argue with the accused, nay, even to jest with them! If merriment be proper or desirable in the police courts of the Mansion House or Guildhall, why not engage a professional jester, as of old, with proper salary and perquisites? and the gentlemen of the press might *then* have sayings quaint, apposite, or witty enough to be worth reporting. Of all things, save me from the ponderous in jocularity.

No doubt the Irish get into very many scrapes here, and often give a practical negation to a favourite quotation of their popular orator:

"Hereditary bondsmen—know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

Here, those who strike the blow are themselves deprived of freedom; properly enough, no doubt, in many instances. I could hardly induce the poor old applewoman to accept a few shillings; she hadn't earned them, she said: but she was really *Oriental* in her thanks and benedictions. I hope that in America an almost magisterial authority is never delegated or continued to such a man as I met at the station-house.

Some travellers have blamed the Americans for too great fondness for legislation. I do not mean in Congress, but in small matters; the same may be said of the English—such long speeches at vestries, and corporations, and all kinds of meetings for all manner of purposes, possible or impossible. In many book-clubs there is such a code of laws, rules, and regulations, that one is afraid of offending; happily, they are often unintelligible, and then ignorance is bliss. Even social and convivial societies, I am told, have their restrictive laws—not only the tune, but the rule must regulate the harmony of the members. Debating societies seem rare, and of no high character; rising orators now can practise sufficiently in other places; there is no difficulty in obtaining public speakers for any purpose in London, but there may not be the same facilities in obtaining attentive hearers.

Open-air preachers are or were not uncommon in the parks on Sundays; sometimes the police interfere, and sometimes not. Hawkers of songs, three yards for a penny, are frequent enough, and so are itinerant venders of any lie likely to sell. There are street beggars, but not very many—how free New-York is! London's poverty is not to be seen in the streets, nor are the habitual beggars the fit objects of charity. The Mendicity Society, as it is generally called, that is, the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, have rooted out several long-established corporations of mendicants—reformed them altogether. You remember Charles Lamb's pleasant essay, a complaint of the decay of beggars in the metropolis. The English people like to dwell upon the exposure of begging impostors, and would draw the inference that all who crave alms are similarly bad. Alas, for the sick and suffering thousands who do *not* crave alms!

During one season, I was told, the fever wards in the hospitals were insufficient for the number of patients, and the unhappy wretches might spread the infection through their close-pent neighbourhoods. There *is* a talk of new hospitals: were the deprivation told of Jamaica, how soon would London be called upon to wipe off the stigma on humanity—again would Exeter Hall resound.

"What!" an orator would exclaim, "is our benevolence to be bounded by the salt waters of ocean! Is it to be a thing of latitude and longitude! Of *degrees!* No—let it glow in the tropics—let it flourish at the poles—heat may not dissolve, nor everlasting frost congeal it; as it is of subtlest essence, let it be of all-pervading space. Owe we atonement to Jamaica! Let us now pay the debt. Owe we health, moral, physical, and religious, to the long-benighted blacks! Let us give it. In sickness let us tend them. Let blessings upon Englishmen, and redoubled blessings upon English women, be heard in the far Antilles. Let us fling not only bread, but healing medicaments upon the waters, and after many days let them be found in the Islands of the Caribbees. This is not a doctrinal question; beneficence is of no sect, of no colour. Let us give a refuge to the fevered wretch, whose parched tongue and burning eye plead for it more eloquently than words; and what we do, let us do quickly."

And why not! London can wait for help—the poor of London are used to it.

Ever, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Behaviour in American and English Theatres.—London Audiences little Intelligent.—Opera.—Its Absurdity.—Heroine Swanlike in her Death.—Injudicious Applause.—Improvement in the Drama.—The Ballet.—A coarse Taste.—Singing.—Wild Beasts.—Private Theatricals.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I cannot conceive how any lady, excepting, of course, Mrs. Trollope, can pronounce the behaviour of the Americans in their public theatres ruder than that of the English! In an English theatre no provision is made for the superior accommodation of ladies; they do not sit, as of right, in the front row of the boxes, nor do they either of right or courtesy experience the attentions they do in an American theatre.

From the little I have seen of the theatres, I mean to speak of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, as well as of the Haymarket, which ranks as high for good acting; the audiences are very indifferent judges of power in dramatic composition, or skill in histrionic impersonation. I have known the finest touches of nature and poetry in one of Sheridan Knowles's plays pass perfectly unnoticed. The judicious few who can appreciate them may not give their pleasure publicity, for the very limited demonstration of applause would instantly be checked by the indignant audience. "Silence," they would cry. "Order!" "Shame!" Even the causticity, the point in the comedies of that very clever Douglas Jerrold, could not in several instances penetrate through the thick dulness of the audience; while an allusion to some of the vile popular vulgarisms of the day,

with an appropriate grimace to set it off, "stealing and giving odour," was sure to be rapturously greeted. It was understood, and it is so grateful to a dull people to feel they understand anything. The same with respect to acting—the exquisite by-play—the quiet, subdued expression of emotion is hardly recognised. I remember once in a very thin house seeing Farren act most admirably as well as tranquilly; no applause ensued; Mr. Wilderton offered to clap his hands once or twice, but desisted, saying, cynically, "he liked not to monopolize *all* the well-timed applause:" just after, a little man, whose name I do not remember, appeared on the stage, made faces and acted coarsely, and the commendation was loud and general. Were it not for the discriminating and often learned criticisms in the journals, daily or weekly—for, oddly enough, weekly publications are often called *journals*—the better authors and actors would have small meed of proper and judicious praise.

Of late, opera has been the most attractive in the two great theatres. Their *prima donnas*, with very few exceptions, the English admit, exquisitely as they may sing, intonate so indistinctly—it is common to hear gentlemen say, "I cannot distinguish a word she utters." Even Miss Adelaide Kemble was not free from this fault; but her tragic powers were so great that she was sure to interest, and more than interest, in spite of it. I have smiled at Mr. Wilderton's critiques on operas. "The rule in all difficulties or dilemmas," said he, "is, simply, to sing a song: when the heroine is going to be married, jilted, betrayed, executed, or excruciated, she sings, sometimes sings her song twice over; any executioners that may be in attendance blandly waiting while

> 'She plays the swan,
> And dies in music.'

Then, when a tyrant has schemed a direful murder—how he warbles! When a conspiracy is resolved upon, how harmonious the conspirators are! and often a number of gentlemen suddenly appear, although not admitted to the deliberations of the traitors, and sing the praises of this most melodious plot—most probably the only plot in the opera."

Once, at the Italian Opera, I heard Mr. Wilderton very happily, as I thought, quote Christopher Sly, of the Slys that "came in with Richard Conquerer," and will continue known while the language is known; for—but what was I going to tell you? O! Mr. Wilderton's quotation. "Pray, my dear," said Mrs. Wilderton, "how do you like it?" "'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady," was the answer: "would 'twere done."

Injudicious applause must always have been characteristic of an English audience; an admiration of, or rather relish for, what may not be stamped with genius, quaintness, or humour—what is merely *obvious:*

> "Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
> At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat."

I have been struck with the excellence of the Shaksperian performances at Drury Lane, and how wonderfully the mighty master knew when to bring even mechanical means to his aid: the knocking at the door in the murder scenes of Othello and Macbeth knocks at one's very heart. How the English public can crowd to unmeaning operas, I mean in the national theatres, and let Shakspeare be played, as is often the case, to empty benches, I cannot understand, except it be that fashion, however paltry, will carry them anywhere. It may be, also, that "true no-meaning" not "puzzles," but pleases them "more than wit."

I have heard very intelligent critics say that the drama, the tragic or classical drama, was now superior to what it had been since Otway, or at any rate, since Rowe. I think there can be no doubt upon the subject. Sheridan Knowles, Sergeant Talfourd, and Sir Lytton Bulwer being no common men—no managers' playwrights—no dramatists to order. I think, too, that many of the comedies of the day must be pronounced *far* better than those of the sentimental school, where broad grin is alternated with the small whine of sensibility—comedy of this school always seems to me so *slow*—it never "shoots folly as it flies," only as it crawls.

I need hardly describe the English actors to you, for they very generally visit America. *Apropos* of visiting America. Mrs. Richard Davis told me that one clothier in the cloth-market at Leeds said to another, "So, Lord Morpeth is going to America."

"And what is he going there for?"

"O! just for an *out-ing*;" which is the word the West Riding Yorkshiremen give to their Sunday excursions. Across the Atlantic for an *outing!*

To return to the London play-houses, and theatrical property, or, to quote Mr. Dickens, "what is facetiously called by that name," is not productive of great profit here. I was going to tell you how I had been pleased with some comedies that were so *equally* and *evenly* well performed—servants and all—this, I understand, is a great and modern improvement. I am told that in some minor theatres, where the audience are regaled with frequent fire-arms, much blue light, stamps, roars, grins, and Jack Sheppardism, fortunes are made.

The Italian Opera House is generally well filled, the boxes being rented by subscribers; the Italian Opera is so *refined* a pleasure—I suppose it is my want of refinement that causes me to prefer Othello to Otello (murder set to music)—nay, to think the acting of a scholar and a gentleman like Macready more enjoyable than the capering of any active French girl, even though she can not only stand on her toe, but whirl about on it! "The greater the fool," says Hook, "the better the dancer." I cannot describe to you what the ballet is; but I think the taste of those who delight in it is a *coarse* taste, a superficial taste also, which admires tinsel because it always glitters, and gold only sometimes; it is but an eye-pleasure; and as to delicacy—if the ballet be refinement, delicacy and refinement have little in common.

The prices of admission to the Opera House close the doors upon all but the rich. It is an exclusive place; only those in full dress, or what the checktaker pleases to consider such, can be admitted to the pit. Sometimes there are letters in the papers from gentlemen gravely complaining that they were turned back by the mere caprice of the official, as they had the authority of their tailors for contending that

they *were* in full dress—unhappy man! As her majesty's theatre is thus the resort of fashion, finery, and wealth, its amusements are of course *called* refinement; it seems to me refinement in a disease — craving, unhealthy refinement. Mamselle. Fanny Ellsler was certainly very successful in the United States; but a single dancer, graceful and confident in herself and her skill, is not a ballet. Then there was the very great charm of novelty. Jim Crow, when a novelty, was very popular in England.

The great theatres resemble ours in form, only they are larger, the Opera House the largest. Concerts are frequent among a people with whom music is a passion, when it happens to be a fashion, but who do not *feel* the eloquence of music like the Italians or Germans. I have often heard very clever musical performances, as well as pleasant singing by young ladies, pretty ones, too, and at private parties, and the conversation has hardly been interrupted, or if the lady of the house, by her own intent listening, or by her inviting the attention of her visiters to the beauty of the melody, does gain an unwilling silence, the moment the harp or piano ceases to sound the argument is resumed, and carried on until the next performance may or may not interrupt it; it

"Fills each pause the nightingale has made."

The hearty school of singing, if I may call it so —that in which Incledon, I presume, and certainly Braham, excelled—is little cared for now. This is not an age when heartiness is a recommendation.

Then there are societies, and schools, and systems to teach singing to the million, and to teach schoolmasters to sing (who, I suppose, will make schoolboys sing in reaction); what practical good all this is intended to accomplish I have not been informed. It may be contended that to know how to sing ill or well is better than to know perhaps nothing at all. Many a boy who would weary over Robinson Crusoe, and even slumber over John Gilpin, may be taught to sing passably, warblingly, to implore a man not to do as his employer bid him in felling some tree, or to detail how firmly Mr. O'More believed in the surpassing good fortune of uneven numbers! Why may not foolish little boys and girls sing to their own hearts' contentment (if to none other)! the smaller sort of birds sing most. When great skill, both in acting and singing, are found in the same person, as in Madame Vestris, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Keeley, and others, it is delightful.

The rage for wild beasts—that is for tamed, and drilled, and beaten wild beasts, stage wild beasts, inured to the smell of the lamps—seems to have abated. I cannot understand what pleasure people had in seeing lions and tigers—aliens strangely naturalized, on the stage of a theatre, when they could see as fine animals, and note them closely, in their Zoological Gardens. Is it the *absence* of the natural that is the attraction? a gaslight tiger is a rare creature certainly, and so is a horsewhipped lion. If a bear or a sloth could be taught to hum or whine "Rule Britannia," it would be a very inviting exhibition.

Did you ever hear of the remark made by a theatrical machinist, skilful in the construction of camels and elephants, when a real live elephant came out, and,

"To make them mirth, exerted all his *might*, and wreathed His lithe proboscis!"

"Do you call *that* an elephant?" said the man; "I should be ashamed of myself if I couldn't make a better." Had this professor of animals been asked "Who can work like nature?" he would have answered, "I can, *and better*."

You are not to understand by what I said of the unintelligence of an English audience that the best pieces do not succeed the best: they generally do; the people are, they must be, impressed with the power or beauty of the whole, in spite of themselves almost, though the brilliancy of minute parts may have throughout escaped them. Still, there is an art to hit the taste of an audience without much wit or humour, and some pieces have been immensely successful because they presented very old jokes in very new guise. The English hailed their old acquaintances, and thoroughly understanding the matter, as no great demand was made upon the intellect, were delighted. I must admit that the good acting forced you to laugh whether you would or no; but you soon smiled at yourself that you could be moved to smile at those antiquated absurdities, modernly and newly tricked out.

I for one pay little attention to the complaints of the dearth of histrionic excellence—the complaint is so perennial. In the days of the Kembles, alas for Garrick! was the cry—now, alas for the Kemble and the Kean, for Emery and Liston! and so will the changes be rung, until the curtain falls upon the last drama in England.

Private theatricals are sometimes the amusement of the great in their country mansions, and no nation can boast such country mansions as Great Britain. At Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford's, and elsewhere, sometimes a series of tableaux has been given; an expensive amusement, from the costliness of the dresses, but rather a tiresome one, I should think, because *only* the eye is gratified. Masquerades are in no repute, and they are not suited to the genius, or rather the character, of the people, the English not liking to step out of their own dearly beloved selves even for a night. Fancy balls are an approach to a masquerade, for elegant dresses may be worn, and no farther characteristic presented. Lady Jane Grey may be passing silly; Charles the First a jovial fellow; Oliver Cromwell an admirable dancer; Benedict be really duller than a great thaw; and Mercutio worse than Benedict.

I once accepted an invitation to Mrs. K.'s to witness the performance of a few children, whom their friends indulged by allowing them to play some scenes from Richard the Third; the ambitious Gloucester was enacted by a most lovely boy, with long curly hair and intelligent eyes—his name was Rilly, and after the tragedy, to aid us, I suppose, to wipe away our tears, he gave us an excellent imitation of Punch—his elbows appearing jointless, and his voice an unstrained squeak. Costume was not historically observed, although the dresses were all of the same era—the present: a sofa stood upon the place of performance—a part of the drawing-room enclosed by folding doors, which were the cur-

tain—and remained there throughout the play, whether the scene was the Tower or the plain of Bosworth. When Henry the Sixth was stabbed, the young gentleman who represented the meek usurper, afraid, perhaps, that he might hurt his holy head if he fell upon the floor, staggered trottingly to the sofa, kicked, and expired there. Gloucester, or rather Rilly, favoured us with a new reading, whether out of humour, or whether he thought it a judicious amendment under the circumstances, I do not know, but thus he exulted over his victim:

"What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink on the sofa? I thought it would have mounted."

Adieu—I am really tired—I can no more, be the offering ever so poor. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXV.

Southampton.—English Jocularity.—The next best Thing.—Abbeys.—Isle of Wight.—Charles the First.—Pier Dues.—Smuggling.—Portsmouth.—The Victory.—Nelson.—Jersey becoming a London Suburb.—American and English Steamers.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I intimated, at the close of one of my letters, that it might be necessary I should visit Portsmouth, one of my solicitors accompanying me. It was arranged that Mr. N. was to do so, and, as the weather was fine, Mrs. N. would bear him company, and he would thus combine the pleasure of a few days' tour with the duties of his profession. We went by a circuitous route to Portsmouth, taking the railway to Southampton in the first instance. By some mistake or mismanagement, my place was not in the same carriage as Mr. and Mrs. N., so I was and felt alone all the seventy miles, or whatever it be, to Southampton. There was hardly any conversation: to be sure when the train stopped at the stations there was an attempt to talk, as if the passengers thought that words were expected of them, and it might be improper to adhere too rigidly to their rule of taciturnity. Is it not De la Rochefoucault who says that men never find it so hard to speak *well* as when they are ashamed of their silence? I never was more convinced of this truth than on this journey. Were a knowledge of French very general in England, how popular the maxims of the selfish and clever Frenchman would be! more so than Lord Chesterfield's Letters were. What conversation there was as we journeyed to Southampton could not much exhaust the intellect of the speakers; it was principally criticism and conjecture on the weather; and there was a repetition of what, I suppose, the English consider a joke; when, during a stoppage, water was pumped into the engine, it was said, "Ay, now they're watering the horses." Has it not been remarked that the *next best thing* to a very good pun is a very bad one? I suppose the same may be said of any witticism as well as a pun, and the English are proficients in this "next best thing."

We passed Winchester, but could see little or nothing of it. I should like to have spent a few hours there, for it is one of the not very numerous towns in England distinguished in the history of the country, along with Oxford, St. Alban's, Canterbury, Warwick, as well as the Northern towns, York, Durham, Newcastle, Carlisle, etc., etc. It was the birthplace of the weak and irresolute Henry the Third, surnamed of Winchester. His worse and weaker father John resided there, and it boasts of the bones of Saxon kings and queens, and the college founded by the famous William of Wykeham.

Southampton is a large and handsome town; and, at the head of the principal street, is a very fine, well-preserved bar. It looks, as nearly all English towns do where there are no manufactures, clean, orderly, and rich: it stands on an inlet of the sea, called Southampton Water. Had London stood here, what a view from the water! What a forest of proud spires and halls! Well, things must be as they may, and cities too, I suppose. Southampton was, I believe, the birthplace of Dr. Watts; but we were not more than an hour in it before we had to embark for Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. The steam vessel was not very full, it being too early in the year for Cockney migration to the small island. The sail was delightful: on our right was the New Forest, whence the Conqueror drove men, and women, and babes, to make room for beasts of chase, for he seems to have gone beyond Nimrod, and was a mighty hunter, *his* prey being *both* man and beast; and where his son seemed to expiate, as the age might believe, by a violent and early death, his father's sins and his own. Lord Byron was evidently proud of *his* sins and his forefathers, or, rather, proud of calling attention to them in his verses—an odd subject for pride: but he was not as other men. I find, and was rather surprised to learn it, that the English have been at the trouble of erecting a stone to mark the sitew here the red king fell, and where his inanimate body lay until it was *carted* off.

To the left, about three miles from Southampton, were the picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey. I heard a gentleman on board complain that no *use* was made of these ruins, and such like! And why not? By all means let the utilitarian English make them useful—here were stones, if piled one upon another and called an abbey, what matters it? They are but idle stones, and here is a road requiring repair; the *use* to which they might be profitably put is obvious.

Perhaps no other people, possessed of the wealth of the English, would not, long before this era, have converted many of the noble abbeys that lie ruined over the island into cathedrals or churches, or have repaired them for some purpose not foreign to their pristine character, and thus the beauty of their architecture would have been preserved, and Christianity have possessed more and grander temples; it is now, perhaps, too late, and all such ruins are very touching and beautiful. What a memento of human uncertainty it is to read how some warlike baron, who repented him of his slaughters when he could no longer slay, bequeathed a broad domain to a neighbouring abbey that his soul might know repose, masses being sung for it by the holy fathers daily, and—forever! How short an ever!

The water was perfectly smooth, and we sailed pleasantly to Ryde, the town of Cowes and the banks of the island looking beautiful from the water. And off the Isle of Wight

were moored a great many pleasure yachts, kept by wealthy gentlemen (they form a club, too) for their maritime excursions, regattas, etc.; a manly pastime, and well suited to an insular people. Some of the yachts, I was told, were magnificently fitted up, cabins like London apartments gone out to sea. We landed at the pier at Ryde. Some one, I believe Mr. N., called attention to the beauty of the water as it rippled against the pillars of the pier and the shore at Ryde. "Why, yes," said the gentleman who advocated *uses* for Netley Abbey, "but it washes no extent of business." O patience, patience, thou art indeed a difficult goddess to worship!

A thunder-storm prevented our leaving our hotel in the evening at Ryde. On the following day we rose early, and, engaging a conveyance, proceeded to Carisbrook Castle, where Charles the First was confined: it is in the interior of the island. In a few months after Charles left Carisbrook, he realized the truth of the saying, that the distance is not long from a king's prison to his grave; the castle is now one of many similar places in England "where ruin greenly dwells." The English do not yet agree, and never will, I fancy, upon the character of Charles the First: "a martyr," say some, "a blessed martyr." "A tyrant," cry others. Can they not compromise the matter, and call him a martyr-tyrant or tyrant-martyr? Assuredly he was hardly dealt with; for, if Charles Stuart deserved the scaffold, what should have been the doom of many of his predecessors? But so it is. The same might be said with even greater truth of Louis the Sixteenth. When there has been revolutionary thunder in the political atmosphere of Europe, there have been always victims, and

> "Not always on the *guilty* head
> Descends the fated flash."

America knew how to revolutionize without her hecatombs of the vanquished. She did not like Republican France,

> "Get drunk with blood to vomit crime—"

certainly the most disgusting image a poet could boldly venture upon, and, *therefore*, the fittest. We returned to Ryde just in time to embark in a small steamer for a pleasure-sail round the Isle of Wight. We passed mansions and grounds, and kept gazing upon a pretty little island, though tame and English in its prettiness; in some parts the coast was bolder, and there were caverns, and *land-slips*, as they are called, the earth giving way and falling in a mass into the water; and we came to the Needles; these are rocks standing out from the land in striking and fantastic forms at the western corner of the island, very fine and picturesque, but far less bold than the rocky coasts of Northumberland and Berwickshire; than St. Abb's Head, with its myriads of sea fowl, or the insular Bass Rock, a giant among giants, whitened with its solan geese; it once boasted a tower, which was the prison of the enthusiast Covenanters. How the howling of the winds and the dash of the waves would, to their heated imaginations during the watches of the night, sound like voices from on high; but really, I am writing of Scotland, instead of the southern extremity of the island of Great Britain.

There was a party of smart youths, evidently pleasure tourists, on board the steamer: we at first heard them, *en passant*, prate gravely of Peel, and politics, and trade, and the anti-corn-law league; their adjournments to the cabin for refreshments were frequent, and so were their reappearances on deck to breathe the fresh air, and—faugh! At last they stationed themselves about the stern, and sat there enjoying their politics, philosophy, and potations. Mr. N. told me they conversed sententiously and philosophically in their cups, and were very severe upon the Puseyites. One of them, but not altogether aloud, sang "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea;" and when we returned to Ryde, they had to be assisted out of the vessel and along the pier. I thought they might have joined in part of a song in one of Moliere's comedies—

> "Laissons raisonner les sots
> Sur le vrai bonheur de la vie;
> Notre philosophie
> Le met parmi les pots."

Such were these tourists; but do not suppose that the English drink strong drinks more than the Americans: to be sure I have small means of judging, but I fancy one people drinks nor more nor less than the other, and both too much. The tax upon wines and spirits in England is immense in amount; but one is lost in figures when the revenues or resources of Great Britain are spoken of. There were some other gentlemen on board, with whom Mr. N. entered into conversation: one and all agreed in condemning the system of pier fees, at Dover, Southampton, Ryde, etc.; they are a ceaseless vexation; the charges are so *ill*, and the extortion so *well* regulated. The demand for pence, and the change for sixpences, spoil a lady's bag with heavy unpapered copper, and her enjoyment with the paltry and often impudent annoyance. These pier-due collectors, with the whole craving tribe of English porters, waiters, and so on, following, are like field-flies in hot weather; they inflict no great injury, but are noisome and unclean, and one is continually pestered with having to get rid of them.

Smuggling, which used to flourish in the Isle of Wight, from what I hear, is little practised now in England, except among wealthy wholesale dealers in French goods, who—it is every now and then made public—have contrived to defraud the Customs, but seem to lose no character in consequence; the matter is often compromised quietly, and the smuggler merely considered, what displeased Mr. Dickens so much with us, "smart." But, if a *poor* man or woman smuggles a few pounds of tobacco, or, in a small still manufactures a few gallons of illicit gin, the law puts on all its terrors, and heavy is the punishment; fine, imprisonment, ruin; the rich smuggler counts his gains the while. The law is not called a glorious uncertainty for nothing; the penalties on smuggling present a curious sliding scale, the heaviest penalty falling on the lightest offender. Just and generous England!

We were a few hours sailing round the island, and in the evening purchased a promenade on the pier, and walked in the neighbourhood of Ryde. On the following morning we crossed over to Portsmouth; a narrow water, as the map will show you, separating it from

the Isle of Wight. A large seaport cannot but interest, and Portsmouth is fortified too; strong bastions are erected to protect it seaward, and they bristle with cannon. I wish we had been at Portsmouth on one of the days when the Royal George was charged with so much gunpowder, and its explosion at the bottom of the sea showed perfect engineering skill. Both at Ryde and Portsmouth, indeed in London too, were chess-boards and men, and other ornamental or useful articles, made out of the timber blown from the sunken ship. I thought of Addison's Will Wimble, and how pleased he had been to have made tobacco-stoppers out of pieces of the wreck—a step certainly from the sublime to the trivial; from being familiar with the smoke and fire of death-dealing cannon to the fire and smoke of an idle pipe! There's a fine moral for you!

We engaged a boat and two men to row us round the harbour, full of ships of war—their trim cordage showing so symmetrically. We went on board the Victory—Nelson's death-ship; on the quarter-deck is a small plate, "Here Nelson fell;" and we were shown the place where the hero ("when shall such hero live again?") breathed his last, and were conducted over all parts of the vessel. It is said of Wolfe, that he,

> "Where'er he fought,
> Put so much of his heart into his act,
> That his example had a magnet's force."

And the same, I am sure, may be said of Nelson. The Victory is now used for a naval school of some kind. We went on board two other men-of-war, and drank good water from tanks where it had been fifteen months; and saw the gunners' rooms, with the deadly implements of war *ornamentally* arranged; cutlasses and pistols in glittering stars, and crowns, and V. R.'s. War without such adventitious appliances would appear too horrible to be contemplated; the grim-visaged monster must smooth his wrinkled front to be first tolerated, and then extolled.

Portsmouth harbour is simply a bay, running up between the island, Portsea, where stands Portsmouth, and the opposite continent, if I may call it continent: it is commanded by forts and guns, and we heard wonders of the dockyards adjoining it, with their steam machinery, and anchor-founding, and rope twisting (yarn-twisting too, I suppose). This was but one of the naval stations of England. What a force must they all present!

It appears that the right of impressment still exists; and in case of war, and a want of seamen, would no doubt be acted upon; of course, so hard, so unjust, and tyrannical a law, affecting directly Englishmen themselves, enslaving them, if it be but for a term, is never alluded to in Exeter Hall. "Be to their faults a little blind," says the rhyme, and the English are stone blind to the faults in the manners, laws, and ignorances that are within them and around them; at least, they very rarely offer to amend *them*.

You see more naval uniforms in the streets of Portsmouth, else they do not differ from other towns. Now as to my business in Portsmouth—

* * * * * * *

All this being satisfactorily arranged, and time not pressing, we determined to sail to Jersey, nothing less; and so we sailed, and passed the Needles, and Hurst Castle, in Dorsetshire, another of King Charles's prisons, and the Caskets, which are dangerous rocks, and the islands of Sark and Alderney—Alderney is famous for its cows, but Sark is famous for nothing that I heard of—and Guernsey, a smaller Jersey; and in due time we steam along the bold and rocky coast of Jersey. The sea was smooth enough the whole way.

Jersey is an interesting island. St. Helier's, where we landed, is the principal town. The Channel Islands have been attached to the English crown, I suppose, since the conquest, sharing not in the French annexation of Normandy, though they still preserve their Norman laws and language. They are untaxed, and crowds of envious Englishmen hasten to Guernsey and Jersey to drink brandy and wine, merely because they only cost so much, I mean so little. And the natives, I speak of Jersey, preserve their *patois*, and the peasant women their characteristic attire, and it is such a change from London. But now, so great is the metropolitan irruption, since railways and steam-vessels have made the island easily accessible, that its distinguishing peculiarities in dialect and manner may not long exist.

The Rhine is now pronounced a pleasant river for cockney airings, and one hears of the English quarters in several European cities. Moore's prophecy seems near fulfilment, that we shall soon have

> "Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea
> And toast upon the wall of China."

How, then, can Jersey hope to escape and retain its primitiveness? No, it must be another of London's suburbs. The Channel Islanders must not have undutied spirits, wines, and tobacco to themselves. Forbid it Whitechapel and Wapping! I had no difficulty in making the natives understand my French, especially if I wished to purchase anything; understanding them was another matter. When you can throw your gaze extendedly over the island, it looks one orchard, but its cider is very bad.

Although only eighteen miles from their coast, the French were never able to make themselves masters of the Isle of Jersey; the few attempts they made were always repulsed, and when Major Pearson—but for all this see the History of England. To be sure the possession of so small an island is worth little to any country, but that is a circumstance slightly regarded in warfare; to injure is the aim, and if a bitter enemy cannot decapitate a foe, he will strive to sever a joint from his little finger rather than leave him unscathed. If Great Britain could not be invaded, Jersey could. There was a good deal of shipping in the port, and St. Helier's is a large, handsome town, but I should not like to reside in such a miniature of an island; I should feel so "cabined, cribbed, confined," and should often murmur *à la* Sterne's starling.

Jersey is very strongly fortified, and I was told at an astonishingly great outlay, that is, for any country but England. Fruit is cheap and plentiful in the isle; the mildness of its comparatively southern clime permitting grapes and figs to ripen in the open air, but not well, I

was told. I was informed, also, that a capitalist was attempting the manufacture of wines there, and with some probability of success. Cheap French reprints of modern English works are common, but the copy-right law very properly forbids their introduction into England, even as private individual property.

It was rough weather as we returned, and I remained below all the rocking, that is, water-rocking voyage. Those Channel steamers, as well as those which sail to France, Belgium, etc., are much inferior to ours; indeed, any transatlantic traveller must admit ours are *palaces* in comparison; here are no spacious saloons, nor, indeed, spaciousness of any kind. I suppose one reason is, that the American steamers are built for river, and not sea navigation. I wish there were not so many accidents in the West, that those Mississippi navigators were less reckless; but they have such a wild, headlong love of danger; such as the poet rather praises; for if there be

> "No lure, except the danger known,
> The danger's self is lure alone."

I might with great ease, though no great wit, tell, after the manner of Boz, of "surgical plasters spread on inaccessible shelves" in this Jersey boat, and so forth. Boz was singularly unlucky in steamers. The berths *shelved* to the water ever and anon as the vessel dipped, for the English Channel is a vile chopping sea, and though the waves have not the prolonged roll of those in the broad Atlantic, they are quite as disagreeable and *sickening*. We landed at Southampton, and thence railwayed to London. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXVI.

The Duke.—Lablache.—Extremes meet.—St. James's Park.—Duke of York's Column.—Hyde Park.—Achilles.—Fame and its Moral.—Kensington Gardens.—Regent's Park.—"Dagger of Lath."—Flute-playing.—Coleridge.—Opium-eating.—Mrs. Dwyer.

London, ——, 1843.

YESTERDAY, dearest Julia, was I your grateful debtor for letters and compliments. *You* are no votary of the "not to admire" school, which I think, with great deference to the poet, neither makes nor keeps men happy; indeed, I suppose the writers who advocate non-admiring do it to draw admiration to their statements. Men, far more than women, in my opinion, have strong cravings for this food for their vanity; the merest dullard seeks to be admired were it only for his dulness, which he considers becoming gravity. Even Matthias Doow used to be pleased when called "miser," it indicated the English virtue, wealth; and when he was told, though in very undignified prose,

> "That never yet with shilling could he part,
> But when it left his hand it struck his heart,"

he felt flattered.

And I am compelled to stay here a while longer. Sancho Panza was right in declaring that he was a great man who first invented sleep; but "be *his* tomb as lead to lead" who first invented the law's delay—a lady's malison is written. The reason why I *must* remain longer is * * * * *

I have just returned from walking with Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer and Emma Wilderton in St. James's Park—my love of walking renders my "job" more a sinecure than it might be—and we saw the Duke on horseback; men pointed to him, and looked after him; and, at a little distance, we saw some one else who was an object of remark, and when we had walked forward found it was Lablache, the famous and wonderfully fine bass singer. Emma told me her father often hummed when he saw him,

> "And if right I can judge by the size of his calf,
> He may weigh about twenty-two stone and a half."

Another gentleman was with him, I was told his son; and this bulky hero of the opera divided the regards of the lieges, at any rate their observances, with the hero of Waterloo! Extremes meet more frequently in England than in other countries.

I said in one of my letters that the English were little tolerant of foreigners: I should have said the lower classes were so—the London crowd. But I was making the original remark that extremes meet, perhaps, in no place more than the parks. Here strolls the listless epicure, to exercise himself gently into appetite; and there sits a man in every mental quality his superior, and *he* also is cogitating about dinner, but it is how to obtain one. "O! he dines pretty regularly in the parks," is a remark I have heard made to intimate the contempt, the disgust the English feel at hungry, dinnerless poverty; whether the poverty be the child of misfortune or crime does not at all affect the feeling. If not in rags, the worse.

On fine Sundays, in the season especially, so many are the carriages of every hue and form in the parks, that one might conclude coach building was the principal trade in London. Fortunately for the people, the parks are royal property, and may not be built over; besides, the aristocracy want them: they are all delightful places; St. James's the most so, I think, with its ponds and aquatic fowl, and its views of Buckingham Palace, which does not look so very palacelike after all, but then it cost hundreds of thousands, which is highly satisfactory; and it has peeps of the towers of Westminster Abbey, and a round, lofty, but not *very* lofty pillar, called the Duke of York's Column, surmounting a sweep of steps, up which you can emerge from the park into Carlton Gardens and Waterloo Place. A figure of the prince crowns the column; it may be ascended in the same way and terms as the Monument, but it has not yet been used for suicidal purposes. Really, it is frightful to speak of such a thing with levity, but it is another proof how extremes meet. I was told that a simple French Canadian, who, when he was in the park for the first time, and saw his royal highness's figure in its proud eminence, asked if that was the statute of St. James, to whom the park was dedicated!

On the Westminster side of the park are two large ornamental pieces of ordnance, curious and well enclosed, that the English may not touch and scratch them; and you can walk to Whitehall through the Horse Guards, where two equestrian sentinels occupy separate archways in a most approved and statuelike manner. Here stood the old Palace of Whitehall. Marlborough House, the town residence of the queen dowager—originally built by the govern-

ment for the victor of Blenheim, I can't call him the *hero*—adjoins this park, but in the Pall Mall direction (you must read my letters according to *the plan* you have), and so does the Palace of St. James, which in truth looks more like what it was originally—a lazar-house—than a queen's dwelling-place, but it is now only used for state purposes—drawing-rooms, and so forth. The dingy brick street-front, with its old clock, occupies the corner of the angle formed by Pall Mall and St. James's-street; both very fine streets, club-houses costing their many thousands in each.

You walk up St. James's-street from the Palace, and at the top is Piccadilly; turn to the left, walk forward, and you pass Miss Burdett Coutts's, Lord Ashburton's, the Duke of Cambridge's, and many other splendid mansions, the Green Park (an enclosed portion of St. James's Park) being on the opposite side of the street, to the left as we advance towards Hyde Park. The last house in Piccadilly is Apsley House, where dwells the Duke; the windows at one time were barricaded, that the mob might not break them. Immediately beyond is the fine entrance into Hyde Park, almost opposite to which is a colossal statue of Achilles on a stone pedestal. The figure was cast from cannon captured in the duke's various victories, and caused to be erected to his honour by his admiring countrywomen. Nearly in a direct line with the statue, but on the opposite side of the road from Piccadilly, is St. George's Hospital. Were this a military hospital, its site were most appropriate—here stands the statue, a tribute to the glory of a great conqueror, and there the hospital, that glory's moral!

Achilles certainly looks very wild and truculent, like a man who could drag a slain foeman at his chariot-wheels—almost as bad, though many think differently, as to send a living one to die an imprisoned exile on a distant rock. Mr. N. told me that a very matter-of-fact young Quaker, who came to town from Yorkshire on some law business (his errand was a pitiable one if he were *personally* concerned in the law), was sometime ago with him in Hyde Park. Mr. N. pointed out this statue of Achilles, cast from weapons of whose destructiveness Achilles, in his most sanguinary moods, could not so much as dream.

"Dost thou think, friend John," asked the Quaker, "that this Achilles really existed in the flesh?"

"Why, I don't know," replied Mr. N.: "there may be no legal proof of it; but we have the authority of a writer of repute, one Homer, that there was an Achilles."

"Was he confined?"

"Who—Homer! Very much so in his circumstances, if all tales be true."

"Nay, but I spake of Achilles; and liking not to say anything disrespectful of the man's character, I so expressed myself. I mean to say, was he allowed to be at large, and accounted sane?"

There's another moral on fame for you—was he accounted sane!

A fine carriage-road, and footpaths well fenced off, lead you up the park to the top of Oxford-street. To the right is Park Lane, with the Marquis of Londonderry's house, and the Marquis of Westminster's picture-gallery seen in the opening, and the large mansion the very wealthy and eccentric Earl Dudley built, and numbers of others. I have had no little enjoyment in the parks with an intelligent cicerone.

"There, look at that graceful lady—*her* name will be long remembered."

"That young lady in the carriage and pair—why, who can she be?"

"The sole daughter of the noble bard's house and heart, Ada, countess of Lovelace. And that pleasant-looking (he's not tall, you see) recommendation-letter-faced gentleman (one must coin a compound epithet for such a man) is Thomas Moore. And that old gentleman, upon whom ladies smile in a way no younger man can hope for, is Rogers; you will not readily forget his countenance; *his* use of wealth is a good example to the rich, very badly followed. And here comes one of Peninsular fame—that old gentleman who has numbered more than *four*-score years and ten—Lord Lynedoch. And that soldierlike man, without an arm, is another hero of the same campaigns—Sir Henry Hardinge. And, lo, a third, whose air is as the former, and whose loss of limb art has wonderfully well concealed, the Marquis of Anglesea."

At the western extremity of Hyde Park are Kensington Gardens, which are open to the public—a delightful promenade, and possessing that attraction so grateful to the dweller in a great city, fine trees. Here in the mornings are ladies with their books, and gentlemen with their eye-glasses and sillinesses. The English, of all people, have least the gift to see themselves as others see them. The poets and essayists who have told them plain truths of the national character are considered satirists, and the Englishman continues to believe, and to believe firmly, that he is liberal, humane, and wise!

I ought to have told you, that to whatever public exhibition you go in London, you must have a guide-book or catalogue. This looks like a tacit admission, a presumption, at any rate, that the English know nothing beforehand, and must be informed upon any topic at the spur of the moment—ignorance is accounted the rule, intelligence the exception. In a very nice little guide-book, distinguished generally by excellent taste, is mention of Kensington Gardens, Knightsbridge, etc.

"This," says the author, "is the spot of all others to see the finest women in the world (as English women are), as well as horses in great numbers, and in the greatest perfection."

English women, as well as horses! How the English *man* peeps out! Another line amused me, it is so English: in describing a day's excursion to Greenwich—"Go over Blackheath," says the author, "through Lee to Eltham; see the ruins of the old palace, now a barn," etc., etc.

Now a barn! O bravely done, wealthiest monarchy in the world! Eltham, where the Third Edward, with all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of chivalry, feasted his prisoner-guest—King John of France—*now a barn!* Well, palaces are not in America, so we cannot degrade them into base uses, and would not deal so with any buildings of historical fame.

The Regent's Park is new compared with the others, laid out, indeed, in the regency of George the Fourth. It is a mile or so north of Oxford-

street. It is less parky, and more plantationly-looking (one must, you know, have new words for new places). The houses are the everlasting, if not long-enduring, stucco, outward show, as beseems London. This park is under the control of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. I think a "dagger of lath," as the most appropriate crest, should head their orders and notices about this property. The Royal Parks (I suppose I may so term Hyde and St. James's) are under the control of rangers, generally some member of the Royal Family; the annual emoluments are very great, so it is evident the duties are not onerous.

In the city—I mean London proper—are neither parks nor promenades; but as the wealthier traders and their families live a few miles in one direction or other from the city, the want is only felt by the poor, and therefore is of no consequence. Some late medical writer has said that no class of men fare so sumptuously every day as the London citizens. Do you remember how old Mr. ——, at ——, used to tell us of Cobbett's remarks, printed or spoken, upon them? Cobbett's mantle, and it certainly was peculiar in its *style*, seems to have fallen upon no successor.

Yesterday evening I called upon Mrs. B——, and gave her the remittance you forwarded to me; she begged me to express her gratitude to Mr. L. A.; her daughter is married to a tide-waiter in the customs, and her son is clerk to a corn-factor—he seems silly and sentimental, for he regretted that with his salary he could not afford himself a piano and the opera. Sad privation! but he plays the flute. How could a man of genius like Coleridge ask for a second tune on a flute!

> "Again, dear Harmonist! again
> Through the hollow of thy flute
> Breathe that passion-warbled strain."

Passion through the hollow of a flute! Sense must indeed be lost in sound when that is said.

I have heard that opium-eating is becoming more common in England, and wine-bibbing less so. Of course I have no means of judging: it is lamentable to find a man like Lord Clive die at forty-five an opium-eater and a suicide; it is sad, too, to find a man like Coleridge having recourse to this magic drug, to escape from the annoyances of the hard, dull world of England. I have heard great names mentioned here as opium-eaters; but I do not think the habit likely to become general; it is unsuited, not to the genius, but to the want of genius in the people; they are too matter-of-fact and commonplace to be fond of the reveries and imaginings opium inspires; they love their own dear selves too much to leave the sober contemplation of their many excellencies for the fanciful world of opium—a few may indulge in it, but the many will not; that is, Miss Julia, in my sage, disinterested judgment. It is clear, very many of them could not be duller than they are, were they dosed with laudanum most periodically.

The Hon. Mrs. —— has just left town; before her departure she presented me, as a souvenir, with a curious Indian fan, and—of all things to one about to cross the Atlantic—Falconer's Shipwreck, with autograph remarks of her own! Boz, in what some of the critics are rude enough to call his caricature vein, talks of "going up St. Paul's in an omnibus:" the feat were as practicable as to induce Mrs. —— to walk in the path of good-humour and contentment.

And widow Honor Dwyer, the Irish applewoman, has brought me a present (you will laugh) of a young, but well-grown—cat—of some choice stock, too. What could I do? It would have pained the poor woman to have refused or appeared to disparage her gift; doubtless, like the tear Gray gave to misery, it was all she had to give; and I do believe Mrs. Dwyer had heard something of Whittington and *his* cat, and hearing I was going to far foreign parts, thought, in her simplicity, a cat might be a valuable possession.

"And shure, my lady, then it's the pussheen that I hope will be a credit to your fireside, long life to it, and remind you of the station-house, and how we gave him a taste of our minds (!) And its myself that often wishes to tell him what he is, the thief o' the world, but's afeared of the thrubble, God help me; and the rheumatiz that would be sartin shure if I couldn't be in the fresh air the day and see after my own turns, and that's the truths of it, my lady."

A shawl I gave her would see her through all the Sundays and holydays she had to live, she said, "gintalely!" But a cat, to remind me of a London station-house, and how *we*, being moved, did speak! It does remind me (for it closely resembles it) of that cat, a Cupid is cutting her claws, in the Taming of the Shrew, in that illustrated edition of the mighty master. The artist has so fine an imagination, that he is worthy to illustrate Shakspeare.

Adieu—I must now leave you, to dress for an evening party. Blessings on the inventors of pens, inks, papers, and posts! But what a desultory scrawl I send you. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXVII.

Packing.—Covent Garden Market.—The Unnatural preferred.—A Fog.—Foundling Hospital.—American Vaunting-ness.—English Self-laudation.—Churches.—Cathedral Service.—Great Want of Churches.—"Impossible."

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—My delay in returning to America has relieved me by the adjournment of—packing—oh! the horrors of packing. It is so hateful, that when any one of the many here who resembles Dogberry in his general intelligence, and in his being "a rich fellow enough," turns a poor servant or relative out of doors, the vulgar formula is, "Come, pack up your traps and be off;" the packing, you see, is flung in by way of aggravation; the indignity and suffering were incomplete without it; it is an additional smart to the blister—a *tenth* thong to the cat! My trust in Kathleen's ingenuity is great, for she is as neat-handed as any Phyllis of them all; otherwise what *will* become of all my purchases for presents and reminiscences! the accumulation almost frightens me; they will present so formidable an array when duly parcelled out. I shall be most amply luggaged. Well, I must be patient: "La patience est amère, mais le fruit en est doux." Somehow, people like not waiting to gather this pleasant fruit.

I enjoy a visit to Covent Garden Market; an

enclosed market, smaller than Fulton; such beautiful displays of fruit and flowers, winter and summer; for London wealth "bids December yield the fruits of June;" the gardener must force fruits and flowers for the rich, when Nature denies them—that Nature does withhold them, is the reason why they *must* be supplied. What matters it that strawberries, peas, or potatoes, have a better flavour in summer than in winter? they have been ripened naturally, by the free and common sunshine, rains, and dews; they are cheap; any one with but vulgar pence may procure them. Faugh! they smack of poverty.

The price of pineapples, grapes, peaches, indeed all fruits, when least seasonable, is enormous in American estimation. I do not mention this as blame; on the contrary, employment is thus given to ingenious industry; the gardener's innocent and most ancient calling is encouraged. I mention it to show you the wealth and tastes of the English. Even the wives of the inferior shopkeepers will scoff at lamb or salmon, when "it's so cheap any one can have it." Aristocratic race! Pity that such things as intellect, health, and sunshine, cannot be forced for your behoof. There would be a very considerable demand for the first; at any rate, there ought to be in the high quarters of—but I will not name names.

I remember having been in Covent Garden Market one day during the winter, and had afterward to call at a shop in Cornhill. It was rather foggy when we started, but I had confidence in the skill and steadiness of my coachman. When Temple Bar was reached on my return, the fog had gained its culminating point of denseness. You cannot conceive what it is. It may be cut with a knife, the English say; it is like molasses in vapour, the consistency being fully preserved. One's eyes ache in vain attempts to penetrate the gloom. The foot-passengers go warily along, guiding themselves by the dimly-descried gas-lights in the shop-windows. All hope of day seems forbidden. The city reminds one of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. These fogs are healthy, some say; probably one of those assurances invented to make people tolerant of what is unavoidable. I felt rather alarmed as I thus sat in the carriage be-misted; there was a long delay. I had put the side-windows down, fearing they might be broken. Dire was the vehicular confusion and the blasphemous recrimination. The English armies, it was said, "swore terribly in Flanders;" they were outsworn that day at Temple Bar.

In the wintery months, when the air is often rarefied, the vapours fall and mix themselves intimately with the congenial dulness of the people of London. The fogs are more or less dense; sometimes the darkness is literally a darkness visible: one can *see* it, as it were; can distinguish it from the houses and objects in the streets.

Child-murder (it does not sound so horrible a thing when called infanticide) has become more frequent, the New Poor Law opponents say, in England, and is not very heavily punished. This remark came into my head, and therefore into my letter (the pen being moved by the brain as well as the hand), from remembering (now will I raise your curiosity) where I was on Sunday. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Guy in their *very* new carriage, which its owner says "takes the shine out of all Long Acre;" it certainly glitters as if all the varnish in that coach-building region had been exhausted on its panels; between ourselves, it is far yellower than Mr. Guy himself—but I will not keep you longer in suspense. We went to the chapel of the Foundling Hospital—the name shows the nature of the charity. The hospital is a large building, with extensive grounds about it. The institution possesses estates of its own; it is, indeed, very wealthy, for much of the ground belonging to the Corporation of the Foundling Hospital, formerly unproductive, is now covered with fine streets; indeed, its revenue is counted by thousands—but whence the foundlings? To expose their children is not an English vice; on the contrary, the poor will starve and struggle on—themselves ill-clad and worse dieted—to afford scant food and clothing as scant to their helpless families. If one reads in the papers of some unhappy infant having been found exposed in the street, an investigation takes place before a magistrate, and the child, in all probability, is sent to the workhouse.

I could not very well persevere in my questions on this subject; but if destitute children are taken from the workhouses or other charitable institutions and placed in this hospital, why is not so creditable a fact made known—why call it the *Foundling* Hospital? The English generally love "to hear their nothings monstered;" but they seem to think it no honour that it should be known London does not *want* a foundling hospital. I cannot understand the matter. I could have derived any information from Mrs. —— about foreign charities, but in home charities she only takes interest when they are under distinguished patronage. The charity that vaunteth not itself is very oldfashioned among very many charitables here.

But the chapel. As we were proceeding to it we were stopped by gentlemen with plates in their hands, demanding the price of admission—a silver coin. Having purchased the right to worship, we entered the chapel. It is very handsomely embellished; the service is, of course, that of the Established Church. It is rendered attractive by the engagement of popular preachers and professional singers. There was nothing of the simplicity that characterizes American worship; the display of accomplishment in song was far too obtrusive. I almost thought the congregation (ought I rather to say the *audience?*) would have hummed applause, during the vocal and instrumental performance, it looked so like a theatre-chapel. Pope's comparison of those "tuneful fools" who love

> "To please their ear,
> Not mend their minds,"

is shown to be just in places like these:

> "As some to church repair,
> Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

The remarks we overheard in coming out showed this. "Miss Birch was in capital voice today." "Pyne was excellent." The preacher dwelt calmly and eloquently upon his sacred theme, but we heard no observations upon *that;* and certainly during the sermon there was no-

thing felt of the theatre-chapel. The foundlings—I suppose I must call them so by courtesy, if nothing else—occupy their own galleries, and join in the responses. When of proper age they are apprenticed out, or placed in service.

In the hospital are paintings by Hogarth, West, and others. Mr. Guy said, as we came away, he would like to have had some talk with the officers about Mr. Thomas Jones. I paid little attention to this, but soon found the remark was an example of his literary knowledge. He had heard of the History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, and it was about *him* he would inquire! The equivoque might have been curious if any interview with an hospital gentleman had taken place. Mr. Guy affects intelligence in all things, and is a tolerable specimen of the *ignorant* American braggadocio.

I think the boastfulness imputed to Americans generally is a trick of manner more than anything else. They so love their country, that to speak exultingly of the rapid progress of their great republic is common as the daylight. They are so proud of what they have done, or could do, that they must needs talk of and amplify the matters. Their boastfulness is not so much an *individual* feeling or quality; it is more of their country and their fellows; but something too much of it unquestionably exists.

Englishmen, on the other hand, think very much of themselves individually, and very little of their fellows generally. They cannot boast aloud of their perfections, as they would find no listeners, so they sulkily muse their own praise. Did they generally proclaim by speech, rather than by actions, manner, and sullenness, their opinions of themselves, what a ceaseless sound of self-laudation would be in the land! Coriolanus would be far outdone in his "Alone I did it!" So would Louis Quatorze in his "*L'état? C'est moi.*" Wisdom, the Englishman would say, intelligence, soul—*C'est moi!* Sir Godfrey Kneller believed (profane coxcomb) that if he had been consulted at the creation, the world had been the better for it; the feeling is thoroughly English, if Kneller was not.

In the same way as at the Foundling—by payment of fees—*public* worship is accorded you at the Magdalen and Philanthropic Hospitals; in others too, no doubt. The English say the payment of these weekly sixpences is merely another way of paying pew-rent. But the circumstance which chiefly renders those places attractive is, that the intrusion of poverty is not permitted. The English hear plenty about those tiresome poor on the weekdays, and when serene in their Sunday finery, think it too bad to be troubled with the sight of the wretches. The charges for admission render these chapels select, and the visiters feel it is so, and are pleased to feel it as they sit to hear the preacher tell of mankind's sinfulness, and how *equal* all are in the eyes of Him who cannot err. Is this a proper Christian worship? The argument that the admission fees go to benefit the charity might tell for something in a poor country; it is another stain upon the English character, if in any meritorious institution such fees are *needed*.

Fees are expected in many of the churches by the pew-openers, to give a stranger a seat, if any popular preacher occupies the pulpit. If a fee be offered under similar circumstances to an American, he feels insulted; if it be not given to an Englishman, he feels aggrieved, perhaps defrauded! Not long ago I heard the Rev. Robert Montgomery preach (they call him, very shamefully, Satan Montgomery, from the name of his poem). I wish I had not gone. There could be no doubt of Mr. Montgomery's earnestness and zeal; but really—such a rhapsody! One or two remarks I remember: "What man says, God stereotypes." "What is Sunday railway-travelling, but atmospherical blasphemy?" But, indeed, I have no pleasure in telling more. Where among the old English divines are there instances of this inflated style of preaching—this eloquence on stilts!

The cathedral service is performed only in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. I think the musical performances in the Foundling Hospital may not be commendable; but very different is the effect of music and chanting in lofty and venerable cathedrals; the sacred melody rolls through the aisles, and seems to rise heavenward, as if it bore on its wings of sound the aspirations of the devout. It is not so in the small chapels; if the harmony there be so ecstatic as to take the prisoned soul, it assuredly laps it in the remembered Elysium of the Sacred Concerts or the last Musical Festival. I envy England her cathedrals.

Churches are frequent in the city—sometimes two in the same street: these are old establishments, erected when the metropolitans were much poorer, and founded more churches; but there are complaints that *many* new churches are wanted in the populous districts of Bethnal Green and elsewhere. And if it be so, why do not the wealthy at once build and endow them? Every complaint of want of churches is a deep, an indelible disgrace to England. The rich people count their riches by hundreds of thousands, and churches are *begged for*—begged for of the many, the poor—begged by due notice on placards, duly pasted "rubric on the walls!" The poor Irish can build their chapels and support their ministers. Scotland, in its poverty, did not complain that churches were too few. A young country like America affords means of religious worship to all; while England—the stain *is* indelible!

When I have said, "But if these churches are required, why are they not built without delay?" the answer is, of course, "Oh! it's very easy to ask, but to build them so readily is impossible." Their way of excusing all deficiencies—IMPOSSIBLE! Ever, etc.

LETTER XXVIII.

Alison's History of Europe.—Strange Misstatement.—Duellers.—Farther Misstatement.—Miss Martineau.—History Writing made Easy.—Pronunciation.—Newspapers.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I meant to have written to you yesterday, but somehow I was not i' the vein. I was idle, and so I read the last volume of Alison's History of Europe. I had read the greater part of the work before, and remember talking about it with Dr. C——; he pronounced Mr. Alison a Tory of the *oldest* school, beyond modern conservatism, and thought his deduc-

tions and reasonings were like Touchstone's ill-roasted egg, "all on one side." Not that Mr. Alison intended this, quite the contrary; but his writings seem a means to an end—most openly and honestly, the while—and the end the discouragement of Democracy. I read his American chapter with unmitigated surprise—his prepossessions may be father to the assertion that Democracy is dangerous, but he should support it with facts fairly stated. He makes this startling announcement: "Murders and assassinations in open day are not unfrequent among the members of Congress themselves, and the guilty parties, if strong in the majority, openly walk about and set all attempts to prosecute them at defiance." "So common have these acts of savage violence grown in America."

Here is no tarrying to give particulars, nor to cite authority.

"Mark you,
His absolute *are*?"

That little verb shows that the historian advances it, as an essential and permanent characteristic of the American Congress to "murder and assassinate!" Perhaps the Senate is expressly excepted? No. Both houses, with their Adamses and Websters, their Clays and Calhouns, are included—are alike to be presumed guilty of these summary "acts of savage violence!" Perhaps there is a note to qualify or narrow the positiveness and breadth of the charge? Not so. Then of course the author is correct; he could not—he would not—he dared not bring so serious a charge against the legislative assembly of a great country, unless it were true "au pied de la lettre." Surely one would suppose not; yet I will venture to say that, so far from its being true that such murders and assassinations are not unfrequent, not a solitary instance, from the foundation of the government to the present time, can be cited in proof of the assertion!

Mr. Alison *may* be better informed on this subject than we are in the United States, for I am quite unable to discover that there has been the shadow of a justification for the stain which the historian has thus attempted to fix upon the character of the American Congress, unless, indeed, an almost isolated case of a duel is to be taken as his evidence; and duelling, however deeply to be reprobated, is not without precedent (the English plea to justify anything) among the statesmen of older communities. Witness Pitt and Tierney, Burdett and Paul, Canning and Castlereagh, to say nothing of the half-public duels among Irish members. Why did not Mr. Alison say, when narrating the history of these periods, that no man who became a member of Parliament, or aspired to be one, could hold his life safe at a day's purchase, and must of necessity be skilful in pistols? In later days we have known a duel between the Duke himself and the anti-Catholic advocate, Lord Winchelsea—to say nothing of Sir Robert Peel, and a host of *challengers*.

Mr. Alison asks, "Is life secure in the United States?" and he answers, "No: experience, terrible experience, proves the reverse."

Why, what stuff is this? I may reciprocate the question. "Is life secure in the British dominions? No: experience, terrible experience, proves the reverse."

Landlords have been shot in Ireland in broad day; the hero of Waterloo, as well as of many a well-fought field beside, was himself, to quote Mr. Alison, "reviled by a majority of his countrymen, execrated by the mob, narrowly escaping death from their infuriated hands:" there were savage riots in Birmingham; Bristol was burned—these, and other enormities, give terrible demonstration that life is insecure.

If we adopt Mr. Alison's inference, that in America "these acts of savage violence" show the weakness and intolerable evils of Democracy, what do those murders and riots show in Great Britain, with all its venerable and powerful aristocracies? The *fairness* of such inferences needs no illustration; their admirable logic it requires no deep reflection to appreciate.

Mr. Alison says in another place,

"The atrocities of the French Revolution, cruel and heart-rending as they were, have been exceeded (!) on the other side of the Atlantic; for there the terrible spectacle has been frequently exhibited, of late years, of persons obnoxious to the majority being publicly burned alive by the people."

Worse and worse! Out of the smoke into the smother! Not only the legislators, but the whole nation are assimilated to Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and the rest; while the scale of atrocity is rather in favour of the Americans. Let the Frenchman have been never so criminal, some rising American genius has sinned up to the example—and beyond it!

Persons "obnoxious to the majority," according to this comfortable historian, are quite as summarily disposed of by American republicans as they were by French revolutionists; they are "obnoxious," and—burned! This is certainly a serious, a dreadful charge: *is it true?* To say that a person is "obnoxious to the majority," is to intimate, at least, that he is so on the score of opinion; and the impression, the inference from the wording of Mr. Alison's paragraph, must inevitably be, that people have been frequently burned in the United States for being politically unpopular! If Mr. Alison did *not* mean this, he certainly was very careless in his phraseology. What, then, are his proofs? Two paragraphs from Miss Martineau—this the principal one:

"Just before I reached Mobile, two men were burned alive there in a slow fire in the open air, in presence of the gentlemen of the city generally."

How circumstantial—a *slow* fire! One would really think this was an authorized *auto da fé*. I agree with the lady and Mr. Alison, this *was* a dreadful occurrence. But even if strictly true, and if three or four similar cases could be quoted, would that be sufficient to justify the historian's deliberate and wholesale condemnation? And *were* men thus burned for *unpopularity*? [Worse this than the French crime of *incivism*.] Had the case anything to do with opinion or government? Any analogy to the French tragedies of 1789? I happen to know the facts, and they are these:

Two negroes, not at the city of Mobile, but at a country town twenty miles distant, had been tried and sentenced to be hung. They were obnoxious to the majority certainly, and why? For the crimes of murder, and worse

than murder, with circumstances of peculiar aggravation, on two lovely children twelve and fourteen years of age. The details were horrible in the extreme—the little brother of the poor girls was beheaded with them, and shared the same bloody grave. The case itself was so rare in that region, and the particulars of so shocking a nature, that a great sensation was produced throughout the state. As the murderers were conducted to the gallows, the mob (composed, not of the gentlemen of Mobile, as Miss Martineau avers, but of the lowest classes of the neighbourhood) seized the convicted culprits, and, despite the efforts of the sheriff, executed their more dreadful purpose. No one can offer a word of apology for this breach of law and humanity—it is worthy of all detestation. But does it warrant or support the express declaration that "life is not secure," because "obnoxious" persons are "frequently burned alive!" Is not such a misrepresentation culpable and inexcusable in such a work as the History of Europe?

Mr. Alison has added another name to the distinguished historians to whom Scotland has given birth. What would he *now* think of a French historian, who, writing in 1736, thus spoke of the Porteous execution?

"In the *kingdom* of Scotland the terrible spectacle has been frequently exhibited of late years of persons obnoxious to the majority being publicly hanged from dyers' poles by the people."

Miss Martineau remained some time at Mobile, and must have known the material part of this case, but she disingenuously conceals it; and a philosophic historian, intrenched in his own views of Democracy, hesitates not to quote such paragraphs as sufficient authority for a long series of dogmatic dissertations on the evils of republican institutions!

"O shame! where is thy blush?"

I am tempted to think that Miss Martineau, during her tour in the United States, was not unfrequently mystified, *à la* Sam Slick—a practice in which many Americans are clever. Could not any one (you, dear Julia, with all your timidity, if you choose to try) do into history such premises and conclusions as these: History made Easy, thus—or, to speak after the fashion of the day, "History for the Million," thus:

"The evils and insecurity of monarchy are palpably evident, and the disloyalty and disaffection of the people of England cannot be doubted. Witness the frequently recurring attempts on the life of the queen; farther comment is needless." Or thus:

"The appalling progress of crime and violence in this kingdom is but too apparent. We need scarcely allude to the names of Greenacre, Courvoisier, and Good, to show that no one can rest secure from midnight murder and disgusting mutilation."

Are the English disloyal? No.

Are they a nation of murderers? *is* life so unsafe there, that every individual, ere he or she retires to repose, must

"See that the polished arms be primed with care,
And drop the night-bolt; ruffians are abroad?"

Is this so? Any American child would lisp, No; yet these inferences and conclusions are just as natural and right as those of Mr. Alison.

It requires no ghost to tell us that outrages have occurred in America, and will again, particularly in those outskirts of civilization in the far West and South, where so many of the refuse of Europe, and of England especially, are congregated. These remote settlers become wild and rude as the beasts with whom they contend. Frontiers have been ever more or less lawless, and will be so, yet a while, in Republican America, and would be so were the government on the model of any European state whatever. What then? Is there any *fear* for America? You are a great admirer of Wordsworth: let *him* reply, and bid the trembler

"Dive through the stormy surface of the flood,
To the great current flowing underneath;
Think on the countless springs of silent good:
So shall the truth be known and understood,
And thy grieved spirit brighten, strong in faith!"

O spirit of poesy, thou art indeed divine!

I know, though Mr. Alison in his extreme simplicity may not, that such reckless and cruel misstatements work much evil; they tend to destroy all healthful reverence and affection among Americans for their fatherland, kindling, instead, irritation and dislike. The historian in question could have no *motive* for promoting these ill-feelings; the greater shame, then, to his culpable carelessness. Would his valuable work have been less valuable if he had occasionally, while polishing his periods and marshalling his seven-leagued words, called to mind an antiquated saying, touching clearness of vision for the mote in a brother's eye; or had he not forgotten that there is such a commandment as the ninth, and from the Most High?

Really, I have written twice as much about this gentleman as I intended, and yet have much to say. Well, *n'importe;* happily, America, confident in her resources, can afford to be evil-spoken of, and is pretty well inured to it into the bargain.

From an historical writer of the language—though, I believe, the English do not consider him very *correct*, I mean in his style, as many Scotticisms may be detected, and we know he is not *correct* in his statements—but, I was going to observe, from the inditing to the pronouncing of the English tongue is a natural transition. The Americans contend that English is spoken in the United States with greater purity than in the fatherland, and the fatherland laughs at this as "a Yankee brag;" among the lower orders in the two countries, I think it is so, undoubtedly, that America speaks best; for in several of the British provinces the dialects are so uncouth as to be often unintelligible. A peasant boy from Yorkshire and an unschooled lad reared in the London St. Giles would not understand each other; they must communicate in a great measure by signs, which, if they quarrelled, would be intelligible enough. Among the educated classes the difference in phraseology or emphasis is not so great as I expected to have found it. The Americans intonate more deliberately, and pronounce more in accordance with the etymology of the words: the English would say that we were too pedantic; we, that the English were too slovenly in speech; and they do clip their words very short, bite some of them in two, as it were. What a writer in the Encyclopédie says of his native tongue, may be applied to the language of Great

Britain more fitly than to that of the United States: "On prononce une langue, on écrit une autre." This slovenliness is most unpleasant, I think, in the utterance of proper names: here, Saint John is Sin-jin (recollect, I write of the refined in speech). How do Pope's invocations to Bolingbroke sound with this pronunciation?

"Singin, whose love indulged my labours past,"

or,

"Awake my Sinjin—"

The present noble family of the name call themselves, I am assured, and are called by their friends, Sinjin. Then Saint Leger is Sellenger—Warwick, Warick—Cheltenham, Cheltn'm—Holborn, Hoben — Gray's-inn-lane, Graz'n-lane—Marylebone, Mariben—Campbell, Camel—Cholmondeley, Chumly; and in a great many more instances which I cannot call to mind at the moment. Some hapless letters, you perceive, make their appearance in these words, for no better purpose than that of the painted and highly-decorated cakes we heard of at a certain stiff party—to be looked at—for show. A punster might be tempted to say such letters were more like our nice Johnny or hoe-cakes; introduced to be *cut*.

Our friend C., from Boston, was more than once asked in England, "What language is usually spoken in the United States?" and I have often been complimented for the excellence of my English!

You have heard of that article in the Foreign Quarterly Review? Really, a letter in its course somewhat resembles a country-dance, one is so often "back again." I began with reading, then writing, then speaking, and now writing again; no doubt, I was saying, you have heard of the American newspaper article. The interest some English gentlemen take in such matters is not acknowledged with a sufficiency of gratitude by the thoughtless Yankees. Here is this critic now can coolly overlook the abuses of the British press, to expose the lesser fiend of the American! Why cannot the popular author grapple with those ills his country has, rather than fly to others at a distance? I remember a couplet, but cannot remember where I saw it,

"For foreign pleasures, foreign joys, I roam,
No hope of pleasure or of joy at home."

Our censor goes beyond this, for *he* roams not for foreign pleasures, but foreign grievances, and that when he has plenty of the sort at home. This subject was brought to my recollection from seeing, in what I believe to be a respectable paper, "Bell's New Weekly Messenger," an assertion that, of the two surviving sons of George the Third, "one was a villain, the other a fool!" Honour to the vaunted respectability of the British Press—how personality is avoided! I have no doubt a person whose vocation it might be, could select similar passages to fill a snug volume. I heard a Scotch gentleman, who had resided some time in Washington, and who was angry with the American press, say that there were "every now and then strong remarks in the English papers." Very!

I was told, by the Hon. Mrs. ——, that there were newspapers in London of extensive circulation and considerable influence, of whose very existence a lady *must* be ignorant. This seems to involve a paradox, but *so it is*. Can the same —can anything so bad be said of the Press of the United States? I weary. Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

An Englishman in Love.—Colleges.—Puseyism.—Luther.—French Protestants.—Church Livings.—Preachers.—Robert Owen.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I am so glad that our Cousin Frederic has distinguished himself at Yale College—a worthy son of a worthy sire. Going to marry, too? Well, he is younger than English gentlemen generally are when they marry; but that matters not. No one can say Frederic worships a *mercenary* Hymen; he is too good and well-principled for that.

"Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine."

That scandal-monger, man, accuses English ladies of being inveterate husband hunters; but the same is commonly said of the ladies of other countries, though the unique gallantry of the French forms an honourable exception. But no one, even the most proficient in the scandal school, could say so of you. In my opinion, any young lady here, no matter how plain, may readily win an English husband, if she can and will, adroitly and continuously, flatter his self-love. He cannot resist such evidence of sound judgment, acute observation, and power of discourse; he lends his pleased ear, and then offers his most precious self. I can hardly conceive a true wealthy Englishman in love, that is, honestly, disinterestedly, and passionately. An Englishman in love! Was a monumental statue ever in a fever?

I suppose the young lady who is to be our cousin-in-law is the lovely girl with whom we took that long walk by the sea-side (you remember), when "day's amiable sister," as Young calls the moon, diffused her tranquil and holy light.

Were you not amused with the way in which Mr. Dickens describes American universities—not what they are, but what they are *not*, and by inference what others are? "In their whole course of study and instruction," says he, "they recognise a world, and a broad one, too, lying beyond the college walls."

We need not go far to fix upon colleges which recognise no world beyond their walls. Aristocracies are things of sections, and then, as was said of Coriolanus, they are "vengeance-proud, and hate the common people;" and colleges here are things of aristocracies. Self again! If an Englishman cannot be exclusive and intolerant in his single self, he will be so in his section—his clique. The climate of England is not very favourable for ripening many things, but the manners and institutions of the realm do ripen selfishness to a strength and luxuriance unknown in other countries.

I am told that at Oxford they know little of what is doing at Cambridge, and *vice versa*. Of course the older aristocracies of Oxford and Cambridge despise the modern colleges of the

metropolis, King's College and the London University. Why ingenuous youth may not be as well instructed on the banks of the Thames as on those of the Isis or the Cam, neither Oxford nor Cambridge has vouchsafed to inform the world.

I understand that Puseyism, as it is called—that is, the discipline and doctrine inculcated by many influential divines at Oxford—has made little progress in America. It is very difficult to define what Puseyism is; you may best understand it by being told that it is a step, and a long one, towards the Church of Rome. I, as an Episcopalian Protestant, feel amazed at the proceedings of the clergy here in respect to Puseyism. Some hail it as a regeneration of the Anglican Church; others condemn it as a deadly blow to Protestantism. Some ministers preach in their surplices; some do not. The Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) recommended the *morning* sermon only to be preached in the surplice. If the learned prelate deemed it incumbent upon him to recommend such a practice, it must have been from what he accounted sufficient authority; but why only recommend? why not enforce it? Enforce it if the custom be important and the authority sufficient; if such importance and sufficiency be not, why the recommendation? I hope that in the bishop to recommend is not to *trim*.

Then the Puseyites advocate the abolition of the present system of pews in the bodies of the churches—and so far would I be a Puseyite; they would unlock and unbarrier them; they would not permit the slumbering in an upper pew to the English magnates; they would make public worship in this respect more catholic, and less aristocratic. The English disregard of the poor is evinced in their churches, for when there *are* free sittings they are apart, and ruder than the purchased seats; there must be no confusion of ranks: let the poor know their places. Sometimes an opulent gentleman, conspicuous from his *very* audible responses and richly-gilded prayer-book, occupies a free seat, to show that even he can condescend to worship God there! This, Mr. Wilderton says, according to Southey (how lamentable *his* lot, while the rich dulness of the land preserves to the last what is courteously called its faculties), this is a sight beloved of one to whom, perhaps, a lady should not allude; *he*, however,

> "Did grin,
> For his favourite sin
> Is the pride that apes humility."

I was told by a clergyman that he wished to introduce the Puseyite plan of benches into his church, and mentioned it to some ladies of the congregation; one and all, though fond of Puseyism generally, demurred. How could anything else be expected? A lady of quality might find herself elbowed by an humble worshipper, whose devotion might shame her lukewarmness. Can people touch pitch or poverty and not be defiled?

The Puseyites profess a doctrine very like transubstantiation: they observe the Saint days, the vigils, the festivals of the Church, advocate more frequent fastings, and confession of sins in private to a priest; prefer celibacy to marriage in the clergy; would have more prayers and fewer preachings in the churches; desire a more stringent control over the church-wardens and lay-officers connected with the establishment; would introduce alterations into the offertory, and, if possible, hold it weekly; and, finally, as *most* important, would refer all things to the authority of The Church The Bishop of London, moreover, recommends or allows candles at the altar, but they must not be lighted. If everything must be yielded to the decision and authority of The Church, is it not an admission, direct or indirect matters little, that The Church will not err, and therefore is infallible? Does that tend to popery? There may still be a *narrowing* gulf between Puseyism and popery; but if much of the Roman Church doctrine and discipline is still objected to by the English Tractarians, very much has been conceded to them; be the steps of difference from one creed to the other few or many, difficult or easy, some of the Puseyites have taken them.

The Rev. Mr. Sibthorpe and others have *openly* become members of the Church of Rome. Dr. Pusey himself has recently preached a sermon in his church at Oxford decidedly in advocacy of some important Romanist doctrines, though he did not call them by their Romanist names; in consequence of this, the university authorities have suspended him from preaching for two years. The reverend dignitary seems now to stand halting midway between the churches of Rome and England, holding out the right hand to one and the left hand to the other, and wholly embracing neither.

On one occasion I heard a leading Tractarian, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Perceval, one of the queen's chaplains, preach a sermon, in which he declared that one of the crying sins of the age was, that people imagined they had a right in matters of religion to think for themselves! This, he said, was the same sin as worshipping the golden calf in the wilderness! The inference to be drawn is obvious: if people may not think for themselves, The Church must think for them; and her dictature is not to be criticised, but obeyed. Had this doctrine been acted upon by Henry the Eighth, the *then* established Church, and a non-judging, non-thinking people, it is clear that the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Perceval would never have been a Protestant chaplain (if I may call him so) to a Protestant queen.

I have noticed that when a minister of the Church is also a son of a peer, and has the privilege of attaching "Honourable" to his name, that designation precedes the one to which he is entitled by right of his sacerdotal character: "Hon." has the priority of "Rev." This may be a matter of little consequence; but is it not rather an elevation of an earthly vanity? Is the accident of birth to be more reverenced than the ministry of Christ? The fashion is the same if the highest offices of the Church, even those conferring baronial rank, have been attained, to wit, the *Hon.* and Right *Rev.* Dr. Percy, bishop of Carlisle. The appellation of the mere man ought not to have preference of that of the minister.

Authority, Church authority, seems all in all with the Puseyites, who are the Highest High-Church; they may not expressly inculcate pas-

sive obedience in temporal matters, but it seems to follow as the night the day. If obedience must be unhesitatingly yielded to the spiritual authority of the true Church, on what plea is it to be at any time refused to temporal authority, lawfully constituted? Or, if resistance to it be sometimes lawful (as I suppose they might admit it was to James Stuart), who is to judge of the lawfulness? THE CHURCH? These doctrines *legitimately* carried out might make the English exclaim, "What have the Reformation or the Revolution availed us?" Many of the Puseyites, which is hardly fair, profess great horror of popery, and call it unhandsome names, and idolatrous.

When authority is so much talked about, what, you may ask, what of Scripture the while, what of reason? Alas! they are little regarded in England. Dr. Pusey or Mr. Newman seems as absolute as St. Paul. By-the-by, I believe it was the Rev. Sydney Smith who called the Puseyites *New Maniacs*, from the name of one of the chief writers in the Tracts for the Times, which first introduced this Protestant popery, this papistical Protestantism, to the English. One remarkable circumstance in this controversy is, that the bishops seem to take no decisive part. Do they consider Puseyism right, why not uphold the right? Wrong, why not repress the wrong? If partly right and partly wrong, why not sever the noxious tares from the healthful corn? Are they non-essential things, these Tractarian innovations or restorations, why is it not so set down in episcopal print? The Puseyites fully acknowledge the authority of the bishops; but how if the right reverend bench be not of one mind? To whom, then, are the members of the Anglican Church to look for guidance and instruction? What *is* THE CHURCH? *Who represent it?*

I ought to tell you the Puseyite clergy, all admit, are exemplary in their lives: their piety would do honour to any creed; whether their doctrines will work innovation upon the Church of England or not, who can say? Puseyism has at least one symptom that has heralded great spiritual changes—it professes little at the outset. Luther began with exclaiming against the indulgences of the Church of Rome, and only that.

Martin Luther, by-the-way, has been shown by the learned historian, Mr. Hallam, to have been a Calvinist (how he would have chafed at the name!). Mr. Hallam bears out the assertion Mynheer was fond of making—of the beauty of Luther's hymns—for he says, "The hymns in use with the Lutheran Church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never probably excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poverty of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of late writers."

The English are fond of telling of the diversities of creeds with us; the same are in Great Britain, nor more nor less. Mrs. Trollope, when she wrote of the observances of the Methodists, and other classes in the United States, seems to have been in blissful ignorance that they were very similar to their observances in her own country. You will smile; but I do assure you that Mrs. Trollope's not unamusing exaggerations are believed by some of the English to represent the veritable state of religion in America! The Evangelical or Low-Church party here also complain of her exaggerations of them and their deeds, so that the good old lady appears impartial in her satire. Our Shakers are more respectable than the English Southcotians. I mean "respectable" in the proper, not the modern English sense, though it may be so in that sense likewise.

The Wesleyans of Great Britain (among them also is a schism) are numerous, influential, and wealthy; they have a noble hall in the city, handsomer than many of the club-houses. I forget how many thousand pounds were expended upon it: here they hold their public and conference meetings. Foreign churches and chapels are of course frequent in so enormous a capital as London. Among the most interesting of the foreign Christians, are the French Protestants: some of them very probably descendants of those who fled from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; their old Queen Elizabeth church, near the Royal Exchange, has been pulled down, and a nondescript-looking place with some unintelligible allegories outside it, called, I believe, the Hall of Commerce, reigns in its stead. This is English, *very*. Where there *was* a House of God there *is* a Hall of Commerce—trade has superseded religion. How happens it that in England one never hears of a church superseding a lay building?

Of course you have heard of the inequality of the Church livings in England; how in their emoluments they are small by degrees and unbeautifully less; they taper down from thousands to tens of pounds annually; to correct this by augmenting the smaller livings is of course "impossible;" it is hardly worth while to show you that this is not only possible, but easy. The Protestant dissenters in England support their own ministers, build their own chapels, and have to pay tithes and rates to the establishment beside; so out of the depths of their poverty do the Irish Roman Catholics; how, then, can the thousands of affluent churchmen in England find it "impossible" to prevent many clergymen being worse paid than paviours? "Impossible" means selfish, niggardliness; *this* "impossible" is so glaringly fallacious, that it is hardly worth a scoff. The misers, Elwes and Dancer, pronounced it impossible in their mortal sickness to purchase needful medicaments. The people here have so often pronounced things to which they are not inclined "impossible" that I fancy they believe them to be so at last! "Tell a lie," says Burke (I think it's Burke), "every day for three weeks, and at the three weeks end you will regard it as truth." The English supply continual proofs that Burke spoke truth. One hears of men declaring that they will support the Church with heart, head, and hand; perhaps they keep their words, but it is often found that all three are empty.

I have heard the Bishop of London preach, and an able preacher he is—solemn, eloquent, and impressive, with the finest intonation; he seldom preaches any but charity sermons, nor, indeed, do any of the bishops, at least in London. One Puseyite writer speaks of the *sufferings* of the bishops—the nature of the sufferings is not stated. I have seen their reverend lord-

ships go in their dark, handsome carriages, their servants in sober, becoming liveries, to the House of Peers. I have read of their being at royal levées and drawing-rooms, and at dinner parties with peers and princes; but of their *sufferings* for the last century and a half in England I never heard until now. It must be that they have suffered in silence, like the Mexican emperor of old.

I have heard Mr. Melville also, at Camberwell, near London, a preacher of rare eloquence, both imaginative and profound. Mr. Dale, poet and critic, as well as preacher, is also an eloquent man; so is Dr. Croly, at once divine, critic, biographer, historian, dramatist, novelist, and poet; he was forcible and bold in his discourse when I heard him, but perhaps too vehement in his zeal. Mr. Mortimer said he was "a Boanerges, a son of thunder." I almost thought he was the thunder itself. The *fashionable* preachers may not have the tenderness of words Pope attributes to "the soft dean;" but they are a class I admire not—who can regard a fop in piety? The Socialists, I am told, are numerous in London—and a minister of state once presented Robert Owen to the queen. Her majesty was then, or was about to become, a bride, and a man who publicly pronounces marriage *not* a holy state, was honoured with a presentation to her! Are they not an *odd* people? The number of the irreligious in England is undoubtedly many, and that of the indifferent, very, *very* many—but then there's a great feeling for the heathen! Ever, etc.

LETTER XXX.

"Wight" *v.* "White" Horse.—English Journals.—Independent.—Irish Reporters quick-witted.—Lord Canterbury.—Metaphysics of Dancing.—Madame Cerito points a Moral.—Opera Uproars.—Party Politics.—Ireland.—A Pauper Funeral.—Income-tax.—Cases of peculiar Hardship.—Elisha.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I was very much amused with your rural adventure near Trenton (quite like an incident in one of Miss Sedgwick's delightful novels), and with all your bewilderments as you speculated of your whereabout—it was fortunate, as you say, that your good horses, like Lord Dacre's, were

> "Wight,
> And bare you ably in the flight."

As *you* were the person who suggested the pleasant mode of extrication—why did you not quote Mrs. Butler, in her favourite journal exclamation—"Clever little me!" I was telling this tiny romance to Emma Wilderton. Mr. Guy was present, and could not conceive why the fact of his lordship's horse being *white* was dwelt upon—he might have fled as well or better upon a black horse, the colour being less noticeable! Mr. Guy seems to become more English every day.

I am not surprised at what you tell me about Major —— and the public press; indeed, I think I am fast outliving the faculty of surprise at anything. The notion somewhat prevalent in America, that a very great portion of the public press of this country is under aristocratic influence, not to say restraint, is quite erroneous; that there is a connexion or a communication between the aristocratic leaders of parties and certain journals may be true enough, but the journalists are the *obliging* parties. When ink, either the author's or printer's, is concerned, the aristocracy of genius or learning makes itself felt above the mere aristocracy of rank; the creation of a monarch's will—and a monarch's will, the poet notwithstanding—*has* ennobled "sots, and fools, and cowards"—that is, in English estimation; but this may not be truly said of the present day.

The newspapers are too much things of the public to be thoroughly aristocratized; besides, talent (I detest the word, but remember no synonyme) must be and is employed on the leading journals, and talent (again that word) is generally independent. It is almost a mystery to me how the thing is done; a debate is drowsily prolonged until the morning, and must be the more flat that every member knows with tolerable exactitude what will be the numbers on a division; well, the parliamentary talk is as far as possible undrowsified, and given to the early breakfast-tables of London, and a clever summary of it too, for the use of those who have not leisure or wakefulness sufficient to read the whole report, and perhaps some stringent remarks upon the speeches.

I am told most of the reporters are Irishmen, who have been liberally educated, and come to London to press their fortunes among the duller and richer English; reporters must be quick and quick-witted, and therefore Irish gentlemen are better adapted for the task than English ones.

> "Plain calf-skin binding, English wit,
> The Irish gild and letter it."

I can excuse the high salary paid the Speaker of the House of Commons (I believe nearly forty thousand dollars), for the unhappy gentleman must sit out the debate. Mr. Manners Sutton, now Lord Canterbury, was speaker many years, and, it is said, owed his ability of listening to rigid abstemiousness and the best snuff.

I am inclined to think I can trace Irish handiwork in many newspaper critiques, more especially those on the ballets at the Opera House; they are imaginative enough to be the work of a modern French philosopher, quite the metaphysics of dancing. It is not enough that the dance be commended for the flexile grace and agility displayed. O no! there must be details of its realism or idealism—of its *ethereal* qualities—its sentiment, as it develops tranquil emotion, ecstatic rapture, deep-souled passion, or deeply-rooted fear. Why only this? why (for French words are freely used), as they tell of the *esprit* or the *physique* of some *belle danseuse*, do they not inculcate the delicate *morale* of the ballet? Why not expressly say, if not in such excellent verse,

> "Thanks for that lesson, it will teach
> To opera-goers more
> Than high philosophy can preach,
> And vainly preach'd before!"

Doubtless Cerito points a moral with the tip of her slipper, though it may not be generally perceived. I expect, too, soon to hear (as this style of reviewing progresses) of the wit that plays about Terpsichorean ankles, and the *jeu-*

de-mot that may be detected in each turn of the foot; and when the opera-dancers float in mid-stage air, and people hope that the earthly ties, which are to appear severed, are yet of the strongest, we shall be told of the sublimity of the passion expressed!

Dance seems now more prized than song at her majesty's theatre—the twirling toe more valued than the tuneful throat. I am sure no young lady can see an opera-ballet for the first time without being unpleasantly startled, and even simple enough to consider what connoisseurs would call a divine *pirouette*, a womanly degradation. I am more and more convinced that the love for the "refined" amusement of the ballet is founded on a *coarse* taste, as a hot-house plant rears its fragile head from putrid leaves.

I dare not tell you Mrs. Guy's remarks on the ballet-dresses and gestures, as I one night sat next her in the box—she found duchesses, and countesses, and ladies of irreproachable character were in the house looking quietly on (use lessens marvel), or she would have been loud in her Presbyterian indignation; but people of rank were present, and therefore it must be right. The same night, I remember, a gentleman who holds some government office wished Perrot would "write a ballet on Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle—Dumilatre would be so exquisite." Poor Mary Stuart! Write a ballet! What lady was it who complained of her husband's excessive fondness for theatricals, and was propitiated, or to be propitiated, by the reading of the new pantomime some time before it was represented? Write a ballet! The reading of a pantomime is less ridiculous now than it was, for there was spoken wit and humour in Punch's pantomime last Christmas.

The subjects for opera-ballets are often unearthly; spirits appear, and the spectators, if they can, are to believe them disimbodied; even Houris have been summoned from those shocking Mohammedan paradises to please the nobility, gentry, and money-having public of Protestant England. The extravagance of the ballet makes one almost think operas rational. When favourite performers, vocal or pedal, are not engaged by the manager, or when their high operatic mightinesses, from illness or pettishness, or caprice, do not appear after announcement in the advertisements of the day, the English aristocracy are well pleased, for they can have the excitement of a pleasant, safe, and comfortable uproar. Once it appears a prince of the blood jumped along with others from a box on to the stage, royally indignant at some imputed misrule on the part of the despot manager! They are certainly the *oddest* people in Christendom. Mr. —— said, in his solemn way, "Assuredly the opera is far superior to the amusements of ancient Rome in her palmiest days." He could only mean the gladiator and wild-beast fights: high praise—it is!

I do not give you any account of the party politics advocated by the newspapers I have been writing about, and for a sufficing reason—I cannot. It is so difficult to understand the state of parties here, and what are the points or the substances on which they differ—Tories, Conservatives, Whigs, Whig-Radicals, Chartists, Agricultural, Free Trade, High Church, Higher Church, Low Church, Lower Church, Dissenting, and I know not what.

I am very reluctant now to give any opinion, be it ever so general, on politics; for some time ago, when the distresses of the sister island were the topic, I ventured a remark that surely Ireland would be benefited if the government devoted funds to drain the bogs, and would employ the peasantry in useful national works. My opinion was quietly smiled down, as if I had recommended alchymy, or something *very* impossible. Why it should be held "impossible" I do not know. Bogs have been drained and peasants employed before now, and if the government have no surplus revenue, the country possesses money unto plethora, unto inflammation, and would gladly lend it to the government for this or any purpose, at a very trifling interest; the English administration can never want funds; besides, Parliament gave twenty million pounds to buy the emancipation of the negroes, and seventy thousand to build more stabling at Windsor, and surely the Irish have as strong a claim as distant slaves or pampered horses. It seems to me little reputable that good on a large scale, where money and trouble are requisite, is always called "impossible." Bonaparte said he did not recognise the word, it was bad French—it is too genuine English.

Yesterday I gave Kathleen leave to attend the funeral of some poor old woman who died in the workhouse, and who, in her better days, Kathleen said, "was good to her brother that's gone—the heavens be their bed." On her return—and she only purposed, uninvited, to follow the body to the churhyard (a mark of respect)—she was in high indignation. The poorer Irish think much of a *proper* burial; a kindly feeling, though they may carry it too far—by no means the fault of the English in *their* kindnesses.

"And shure, ma'am, there'll be a judgment on this people yet, if the earthquake did miss, and showed itself in the Indies, they say. And I thought there would be a dacent buryin' for Mrs. Brady, that was never a disgrace to any one, and was put into the workhouse in spite of the teeth of her, by the neighbours as wouldn't let her die in pace in her own bit of a room, and pined away, the cratur, for sorrow resave the face she knew in the could big poorhouse, and the very kindness that's in it doesn't seem kindness. Well, ma'am—begging pardon for makin' so bould—there wasn't a cratur at the buryin'—not a single soul to say God rest her, now she's dead; and four weak pauper men carried the coffin, that isn't like a coffin, but rough boards nailed together, and looks just as if they were blackened by the blacking-brush when it's dry and dusty, and looks, too, as if it would hardly hold together, and if the body *had* come out! her that was a kind woman in her day! God melt their hard hearts that puts a Christian in the ground as if worms was to be considered before a fellow-cratur; and they *run* with it, ma'am, run as if it wasn't to the churchyard, and the earth that was shovelled up wasn't like earth, but ashes—and she was buried in a corner where paupers is, as if the gentlefolk would be infected in their graves if they was near the poor. Blessed hour! ma'am, there's kind people in England, but they don't know

what belongs to being kind to the poor when they bury them like dogs they're glad to get rid of."

I think—for I never refer back in a letter—I was saying something about funds or revenue; the produce of the low income-tax was enormous, but the English murmured much. I heard from more quarters than one that many of the rich saved the whole or part of their income-tax by curtailing their expenditure, not by abandoning any selfish enjoyment—they can be accused of no such sacrifice—but by lowering the wages of their labourers, or making twenty men do work once accounted sufficient for thirty, or similar expedients; all very ingenious, and as only the poor suffer, much to be approved. Think of some of the millions of the income-tax being thus wrung from the industrious classes! I heard of one gentleman who made it *a rule* yearly to lay by £8000 at least, independently of the interest accruing on his accumulations; of course he could not break through a rule, the £8000 must be put aside, but then the income-tax must be paid—his expenditure would bear no farther reduction, his establishment, like himself, being of a very spare habit, so his savings fell £157 short of the £8000, and he was for weeks in profound melancholy, and how profoundly to be pitied.

Another case I heard of. A miserly—I mean a "respectable"—merchant had an immense sum in the English funds, to which he regularly added the dividends. The income-tax astounded him—it came upon him as deep snow would come in August, unlooked for, as unwelcome; but there was no escape. This tax is a perfect rattlesnake for securing its prey, but without any powers of fascination. The fundholder in question was so downcast that his housekeeper—he was a bachelor—sent for his physician; and Dr. C. told me, mentioning, of course, no names, that he verily believed this lord of useless thousands would have shot himself in pure horror at the tax, but he was deterred by the cost of pistol and ball. Great was Diana of the Ephesians, but greater is Mammon of the English. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXI.

Boundary Question.—Advantages of Settlement.—A Proof before Letters.—Epsom and the Derby-day.—Vehicular Chain.—The Race-ground.—The Race.—Race-horses.—The Turf.—Bays and Grays.—Return.—Vulgarism.—Police.—Magazines and Reviews.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—Of course I have frequently heard the Boundary Question spoken about; but in good sooth the people here care little about it, those excepted who are professed politicans, and with or without coffee—

"See through all things with their half-shut eyes;"

their eyes, indeed, might be wholly shut for any clearness in their views. The indifference about this question is parallel with the ignorance—*their* boundaries are the same. One old lady, who is prouder of her horses than of her wealth, her high birth, her fair daughters, or her jewels (indeed, her horses, matchless though well matched, *are* the immediate jewels of her soul), expressed to me great satisfaction "that the Boundary Question was settled at last, for it must have been so unpleasant when travelling to find your coachman trespassing on a wrong or disputed road, and having to turn back, perhaps—so trying to the horses!" And the good lady would find it trying enough to her horses were they on the frontiers of Maine!

Even I feel quite assured on my Boundary knowledge in London, though in New-York I should not venture a remark on the subject, lest I should betray ignorance (if such betrayal were treason, what a huge traitor were England). Many of the English are so apt to look upon this Boundary dispute as upon a debateable line (debateable enough it has been, to be sure) between two of their own counties or parishes; they are so generally a people who travel not out of themselves, and judge all matters by their preconceived notions of familiar things. If the territory west of the Rocky Mountains be mentioned, they seem to have a vague notion of a transatlantic Wales. Not that the many oracles of this uninformed, unlettered class will scruple judgment upon American questions—far from it, they will even declare they can *prove* their opinions upon Yankee topics to be correct—this is rather like what engravers call "a proof before *letters*:"

"They'll sit by the fire and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol."

Ignorance *is* presumptuous, the reason, I suppose, why so very many in England liberally force opinion and advice upon others; this may be intolerably wearisome to the sufferers, but I am glad to find such persons liberal in anything. Perhaps, dear love, I weary your patience with these constant recurrences to English ignorance; but one can no more help noticing it than a person bent on a pleasant pedestrian excursion can avoid being watchful of the weather.

I declined an invitation to accompany a party to Epsom Races, on what is called the Derby-day. I expected to be busy with packages, and more interested in my own dark silk gowns than in the jockey's light silk jackets; besides, I was there last year, and may say of it as Foote said of a draught of pure spring water, "It's all very well—for once." Last year (I was very earnest in sight-seeing then) I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths and a friend of theirs, a stout gentleman whose name I forget, a jocose, free person, and M.P. withal.

We went gallantly in a carriage and four; the distance is some twenty miles. How can I convey to your American mind a notion of what I saw? You have gazed on crowds in Broadway—you have heard of Roman triumphs—you have noted—but what avails it? You can form no adequate notion of the procession to Epsom on the Derby-day. Such *leagues* of carriages, one closely following another as if linked by design to form a curious vehicular chain, and one in its linked irregularity so long drawn out. Every possible and impossible carriage was there, including numerous spring-wagons, called spring-vans, or, to speak *à-la*-cockney, *wans* (they being generally a bright yellow), filled with the lower orders, journeymen-mechanics with their wives or sweethearts dressed in their holyday garbs; the seats being rented for the day at so much—about a dollar, I believe. Besides these were

equestrians and pedestrians, I was about to write *footmen*, but I ought to reserve that word for the few thousands who sat behind carriages. And this on every road to Epsom: all Middlesex seemed migrating to these Surrey Downs.

As we neared any turnpike-gate on our tardy progress, there was a stop, and a long one; the official, whom the soul of the elder Weller so abhorred; the pikeman—a legalized extortioner—a paid eremite, and much more an eremite since railways usurped the rights of royal roads, those revolutionary—but what am I scribbling! I was about to say that the pikeman with his attendant satellites, as well as the auxiliary policemen, were hoarse with wrangling before we reached them. I suppose they would be voiceless before night. If the discussion about the toll was long, loud in proportion was the abuse in the immediate rear. The day was sultry, and the dust a series of long earthy clouds; it adhered to perspiring faces, forming a muddy mask; a Persian might have exulted that his enemy was on the road to Epsom that day, he ate dirt so literally and plenteously.

We reached the race-ground (a spacious plain) at last, and our carriage was favourably enough fixed to see the race and the crowd too; the world could show nothing equal; besides the forests of carriages, were foot-people as dense as insects in an ant-hill, and apparently as busy, if not so well employed, and troops of cavalry, and a townlet of booths and stalls to vend refreshments; although I saw hampers of provisions attached to carriages, as if provender had been laid in for a short campaign. Dugald Dalgetty's spirit had felt light within him to witness so provident a class; the popping of Champagne corks, which Mrs. Trollope heard from English visiters in one of the churches at Rome during a festival(!)—another instance of her *amazing* powers of observation—was really and truly frequent at Epsom; sherry, too, seemed as abundant as if it were the indigenous production of this vineless island (some of it is, they say), and all betokened hilarity.

Then there were gaming-booths, and tables, and stools of all kinds, and hawkers vending everything, especially large editions of bills of the races, and gipsy-women with their bronzed faces and bold black eyes, offering to tell fortunes. I was glad to see *real* gipsies. The Grand Stand, a lofty, well-balconied building, was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and all this for what? For mere amusement, to see a few horses gallop a couple of miles! I had heard and read much of English speeches, and pamphlets suggestive of hard plans to save a farthing in the pound in poors-rates, and grievous want of schools from want of funds, of churches unendowed, ministers unpaid, crime unmitigated, hunger unappeased; and I looked round and told the Honourable M.P. such account must be an exaggeration, nay, an impossibility; he laughed as he avouched the truth—the reality of the poverty and the ignorance.

Thousands, I believe I may say hundreds of thousands, of wagered pounds depended upon the result of this Derby race; and the course along which the horses run was duly cleared of its crowd, and we soon saw some twenty steeds, more or less, rush past, their riders in caps and jackets of different colours, and the ground sounding underneath their rapid tread as if it were hollow; and then was a shout, and the thousanded race was over.

Carrier-pigeons were soon released, and flew joyously into the air, describing brief circles as if they loitered a few moments to look down upon the scene, and, after the fashion of Cowper's jackdaw, moralize upon

> "The bustle and the raree-show,
> That occupied mankind below;"

and then away they darted to convey to all parts the important news of who won the Derby. I may well call it the thousanded race, for it seems the stakes alone, which must be paid upon pain of exile from the racing fraternity, amounted to between four and five thousand pounds.

Soon after the race was over, Mr. Philly (you remember his being in New-York) came to tell us Attila, or Alaric, I forget, had won: as I had never heard any of the horses' names before, I cannot say I felt much interest in the announcement. Great importance is attached to horse-racing by the English; the wagers on the result of the great races, or, as they are called, "the odds," are as regularly quoted as the price of stocks. If a race-horse, from whose speed much is anticipated, be ill, there are—not bulletins, certainly—those seem confined to royalty, official rank, and opera singers—but announcements of the important fact; a race-horse coughs in Newmarket, or in Richmond or Malton in the North, the places where these treasured quadrupeds are boarded, lodged, and exercised, or, technically, *trained*, and the sound thereof reaches London!

Many make it their profession to bet at horse-races—even some who place "Lord" or "Honourable" before their names. These professional gentlemen are called blacklegs, or, more briefly, *legs*; and, along with the jockeys, always little men, that they may not weigh too heavily, have what is called the "knowing look"—the peculiar style of physiognomy is not uncommon in America: some of these "legs" and jockeys realize large fortunes. You wonder how I know all this. Mr. Philly is an ardent horse-racer, and played the turf historian to me; horse-racing is called "the turf," from the greenswards of the race-grounds, I fancy. Mr. Philly always reminds me of an actor off the stage, he is so very close shorn and whiskerless.

I have lately read somewhere that Dr. Henry, the historian, declared that few things were more permanent and less affected by change than *national* diversions. The diversion of horse-racing seems to show he was right; it is a very English amusement, and apparently a very permanent one. I have heard Americans censure it freely enough, but I am not disposed to join in the censure; it is a manly, healthful amusement, carried on in the open air and the broad daylight, and can be enjoyed by the poor as well as the rich, which can be said of few other amusements in this country; it has given England the noblest breed of horses in the world, and that surely is a national benefit. *Apropos des bottes, ou des bêtes*, I will tell you a tale of a wealthy man of horses—he was dining at the table of the Earl of ——, and there was mention of a once very famous gentleman. "Ah," said a guest, "he seems almost forgot-

ten now; his bays have faded." "Bays!" exclaimed the horse-loving esquire: "he never kept any; drove grays, my lord, always."

But, it may be said, think of the untaught, unclad, unfed poor, and then justify the sums squandered on race-horses. More shame to the miserly selfishness of the rich English, who, *if they would*, could so easily deny ignorance and famine to the poor (I mean as a rule), and have their horse-races too—yes, indeed, lady fair, were they ten times as costly.

We were longer in returning from Epsom to London than going to Epsom. My heart bled to see the poor jaded horses in many overladen vehicles; and, indeed, some lay dead by the road-side. During the frequent halts or stoppages, on our return, there was much altercation among coachmen and others. It was carried on in a language I did not understand, but I was told it was vulgarly styled *chaffing*—an appropriate term. Despicable as chaff to the rich grain is this popular phraseology to genuine English. Very many were the inquiries if people's mothers were cognisant of their children's visits to the races. Maternal solicitude is an established joke in England; they have overcome vulgar prejudices. Nearly as frequently were the, I thought not altogether impertinent, queries of "How long have you been out of an asylum?" All parties are exposed to the hearing of this English wit, for the carriage-line must not be deviated from. Had this vulgar nonsense been heard in America, how it would have shocked the delicate ears of British travellers! There was so little of it in the morning, and so much in the evening, that I suppose the good cheer at Epsom had called the full spirit of raillery forth.

All the taverns along the road seemed crowded, and no doubt the excise was "fatten'd with the rich result." We stopped to give the horses some water five or six miles from London, and a crowd was collected, bent upon a boxing match, and swearing disdain of the police. Three policemen were seen advancing rapidly and confidently, and the crowd, as Steele said of the French under Marshal Boufflers, "ran away from 'em as bold as lions." Although I had an interview with an ungracious officer of police, I believe, as a body, they are useful, civil, and quiet.

Horse-racing, along with other sports, no doubt, has its peculiar literature; it has also its code of laws—a club called a Jockey Club being its parliament. I have never read any of the sporting magazines or reviews, or whatever they are, but they have a nice look with them. By-the-by, dear Julia, are you more censorious than you were, more Iago-ish (don't frown, but indeed you can't)—more "nothing unless critical," that you say of B.'s M—— (quite an oracle here), "It always has two or three good articles, and the rest may be clever, only they are unreadable?" I am always right glad to get the North American and Democratic Reviews, and others, though I am little interested in politics. The periodical literature of America is far too little appreciated in England. It were absurd to praise to you the Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews here. "The last Quarterly," or "the last Edinburgh," has ever a pleasant sound; they may be called joint presidents of the republic of letters. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXII.

Suicides.—Education.—Stables and Schools.—Bishop of Manchester.—Strange Puzzlement.—Indians.—Ingenuity in Ignorance.—Mr. Alison.—Four Frigates against two thousand Ships.—American Boastfulness.—English Inquiries.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—A custom, I ought rather to say a fashion, seems becoming popular in the city of London, I mean that of *punishing* persons who have been frustrated in their frightful attempts at suicide. If the unhappy wretch had accomplished self-murder, and was known, the coroner's jury would in all probability have returned a verdict of "insanity." If accident or courageous benevolence has preserved a life, why should the involuntary surviver be dealt with as if his sanity was unquestionable? The jury's "insanity" in the one case is undoubtedly humane—the alderman's "sanity" in the other is a doubtful measure. This end, undeniably, *is* promoted: a person meditating suicide knows he will be punished, and worse still, perhaps, to his morbid state of mind, exposed, if he do not succeed (how sad to call such a thing *success*), and he will therefore be so resolute and wary in his procedure that he need fear no interruption.

"Felo-de-se" is sometimes the verdict upon an inquest; but I believe there never was any verdict but "insanity" returned when the wretched suicide boasted title or wealth. The watermen in the Thames occasionally find dead bodies floating, and have the humanity to convey them on shore for sepulture; the waterman has then, perhaps, to attend a police office to give information of the circumstance, and most assuredly must attend before a coroner's jury to give evidence: much of his time is thus consumed, much trouble is occasioned him, and what is his reward? Not a farthing! His family may be wanting bread while he is thus idle upon compulsion, but that is his concern. What right had he to be finding the body of some person unknown, and for which no reward had been offered, and so putting the parish to the cost of the blackish boards, and fees, constituting a parish funeral?

That suicides are so much more frequent in London, the population being fully considered, than in American cities, is easily accounted for: their betters (so called) choose the poor here to be untaught and reckless, and so they rush to death to escape the pressure of want or sorrow. I wonder the wealthy do not choose the poor to be educated; surely they would be more orderly and governable; at any rate, not so liable to be acted upon by designing demagogues, and the repose of the rich would not be so disturbed by their clamours, while the sum of poverty would be less, and suicides fewer.

I can hardly believe that even parliamentary reports tell true of the ignorance of England, when I know that Connecticut alone has a permanent school fund of nearly two million and a half of dollars; while it was found at the last census there were little more than five hundred adults in that small state who had not been taught to read and write, and *they* were chiefly foreigners, the population being rather more than three hundred thousand. New-York, with its fund of more than ten millions of dollars for

educational purposes—but why dwell upon the truism, how well the scholastic culture of American citizens is cared for as a general rule! And what is accorded for the purpose by the wisdom of the British Parliament? An accumulation of—talk, and a small sum of money, so small a sum as £30,000 ($150,000), for the nation, mind! not for one of the counties; and even that was refused last session or the session before. One anxious to find fault might say it was illustrative of English legislation that the bills granting £70,000 for new stabling at Windsor and this mite for education were sent up on the same night in the House of Commons; the stables were voted, the schools were not! the people could wait, it appeared; not so the horses. I would not have you think that I ever speak of the queen personally with any feelings but those of respect and admiration. I think she is more popular than has been any predecessor of her family, and I am sure she deserves to be so.

I listened in quiet and much amused silence to a conversatoin at an evening party last night. Two of the gentlemen conversing were clergymen, and the subject a recent debate in the House of Lords. Their lordships admitted that a new bishopric was greatly needed at Manchester, and funds were needed also; it is proposed, therefore, to take one of the bishoprics from Wales and devote the income to maintain the Bishop of Manchester. But then a Manchester episcopacy is needed now, and the Welsh see cannot be appropriated during the lifetime of the present bishop. No doubt a bishop of Manchester would be appointed tomorrow if the necessary funds were in hand, but how to raise them? Really one's gravity gives way. How to raise them!

Had noble lords or honourable gentlemen asked the poor Roman Catholics of Ireland, or the Protestant Episcopalians of America, information would not have been churlishly withheld. Fancy the peers of England, all churchmen except some thirty, perhaps (and the peers are only a few of the wealthy), gravely admitting an important addition was necessary to the ministry of their Church, and as gravely (for it was all in perfect gravity) debating how the new prelate should be paid! Why, my lords, do you and your affluent brethren of the Church provide a fund to endow the see, and there's an end. The like has been done by laborious poverty, surely it must be easy to powerful wealth; there is precedent for it—ample precedent—most favourite precedent, as well as the best authority (to say nothing of Scripture), to sanction it; the most eloquent of English philosophers has said, "Riches are for spending, and spending for honour and good actions." This, too, I suppose, would be declared "impossible"—truly, no doubt; only every one must know it might easily be done—nay, has been done.

Not a bishop was heard to say, "My lords, the Church of which you are members, and through whose teaching and instrumentality you hope for salvation, should be made more widely useful, that more sheep may be called into her sacred fold. A bishop is indispensable in the populous town of Manchester. Providence has blessed you with must ample means; it is the duty of your lordships not so much to debate of this thing as to do it."

Both the clergymen I mentioned were pious and excellent men—the accounts we hear at home of fox-hunting and wine-bibbing parsons here are mightily exaggerated—and yet it never occurred to either of them that churchmen, from the fulness of their purses, should promote the well-being of their church! The British clergy, from curate to archbishop, pious as they are, seem so accustomed to this utter selfishness, that it actually passes with them as a matter of course, and uncensured! The "impossible" appears to be admitted, even while it is so undeniable that the "unwilling" only exists. I do believe that, plain and obvious as was the duty of the bishops, not one of them when he reached his home would feel that he had neglected such duty! Perhaps some stickler for precedent might say, "O, the language put in a bishop's mouth is unparliamentary." Possibly it is so—it is only Christian and episcopal, and might be uttered on fifty public occasions, or appear in print, if it be not the proper style for a legislative assembly.

For the wealthy churchmen of England to profess themselves puzzled how to pay what they consider an indispensable ministry, is just as if a man should jingle a number of sovereigns in his pocket, for which he had no use, and gravely debate within himself how he could procure a book he felt he needed, the cost of which was a shilling. All this sad selfishness and blindness sounds incredible, but it is literally true.

Another difficulty presented itself about this hapless bishopric—it was considered by some objectionable to add another occupant to the right reverend bench in the House of Lords! If a bishop be really requisite in Manchester, and if he cannot efficiently perform the duties of his diocess unless he be a peer of Parliament, where can be the difficulty? The peers of England may be giants in the path of legislation, but they do stumble over strange straws.

I told you before how ignorant were very many of the English about America. Mr. Wilderton and his family, confident in my *Englishism*, sometimes sportively turn the conversation to Yankee topics when any one is present who does not know I am a native of America. The other day a young lady, with voice and complexion alike raised, told us how she had been reading some missionary tracts, and then exclaimed against the cruelties practised by the American government upon the poor heathen—the benighted Indians. We soon found that she had ingeniously gathered all Indians (and it is so very vague and general a term) into one grand aggregate, and imputed the sufferings and wrongs of the natives of Hindostan, Australia, and North and South America, *all* to our government! By what mental process she had arrived at this conclusion I do not know, but it appears there is sometimes an ingenuity even in ignorance. This young lady was very pious, truly so I may not doubt, but her pi ty was too obtrusive, too much in the style we heard a negro call "talkee religion." Mr Wilderton, very gently and kindly, that she might not be again so preposterous, pointed out to her

the little mistake into which her deficiency in geographical science had led her, when she fervently thanked God her knowledge was not "of *this world*." Assuredly it is not.

Another young lady thought a country without a king or queen must be so *dull*—all princes are so witty that dulness is unknown within their circle; and when she found America had not always been a republic, she asked who got the crown jewels the kings must have had in the old times!

Even intelligent persons in England appear to believe that a system of harshness, rapacity, and injustice is pursued towards the aboriginal Indians by the authorities and people of the United States. The contrary I believe to be the case. Few here appear to know that the amount paid annually by our government to each Indian within the territories of the Republic, is greater than the average amount of all taxes paid to the state by a subject of Prussia; that is, each Indian *receives* more from our government than each Prussian *pays* to his; this appears from an estimate prepared from official reports for a Prussian periodical. Another thing appears clear enough to me, that the English do not like to be undeceived in their erroneous estimate of American wrong-doings.

Surely, ignorance of American matters is not to be considered creditable to an Englishman, much less to an English historian: and yet, how careless is Mr. Alison, as if it were an indifferent matter whether his statements about America were accurate or not; whether he gave his readers facts or dilutions of them. He says that America rushed headlong into a war with Great Britain in 1812, with a navy of only four frigates. "True," he proceeds, "the four frigates did great things;" and, as no others are mentioned, and more than two thousand British vessels were lost or captured during the war, *they must, indeed!* What powers of ubiquity each frigate must have possessed—far beyond Sir Boyle Roach's bird, which was only in *two* places at once; even equal to those of the mad Tilburina's love—

"Ha! did you call my love?
—He's here! He's there! *He's everywhere!*"

The English admit they are greatly taken with the beauty and completeness of the American line of packet ships, and they ought to admit those frigates were more *taking* still; especially when they learn from Mr. Alison, that the potent navy of Great Britain destroyed or captured only sixteen hundred American vessels during this unnatural contest.

One of the most amusing assertions of this grave historian is, that, among the people of the United States, "neither the future nor the past excite any sort of attention!!" This, in the front of the universal complaint (in Britain), that an American, in his untiring boastfulness of his country, out-gasconades a Gascon! Why, if they regard neither what has been nor what may be; what their country has accomplished or hopes to achieve, what *can* they boast of! Whence their topics? Of the mere passing moment they cannot be; it is impossible; for the undefinable present has ever an uncertainty about it. O why, when America is concerned, do so many English authors prove that history is indeed "an old almanac," but without an almanac's correctness? Adieu.

P.S. I wrote the foregoing this morning, and must add a few lines before I retire to rest—for the assertion I have made of the extent, the amazing extent of English ignorance upon American topics, has been amply confirmed. It is odd enough that the people of the country possessing more colonies than all the world beside, seem to know least of transatlantic matters; it is not because they care less, but because they think they know, and here ignorance is no reproach. I have just returned from ——. I dined there; rather a large party, and the conversation was chiefly about America. A lady was present whose appearance is very prepossessing: she is one of the few (not young) ladies looking exceedingly well in light colours, even in white; in her youth she had been governess in the family of Lord ——, whose eldest daughter, educated by this very lady, is accounted "literary"—indeed, to have no *twilight* tinge of blue: the governess, from her uncommon beauty, attracted the attention of one of her ladyship's relatives, and they were married. She asked me, on this occasion, if we were likely to approve of Sir C. Metcalfe in the room of Sir C. Bagot, for governor. I answered, that the people of the United States could not be expected to care much about it.

"O, he is not governor of that part of America, then, I mean your part?"

"My dear," interposed her husband, "you have forgotten that the United States revolted a long time ago, and are not now under the control of the governor of Canada."

The lady smiled most pleasantly, and I was lost in admiration—the gentleman was so very well informed. English ladies, as I said before, always smile when ignorant of the matter in discourse, and sweetly, too. "Those constant smiles," said Talleyrand, "all *beyond understanding*."

A gentleman in the same company spoke as one having authority; he entertained us with an account of his travels in Russia; and it then pleased him to be severe on the American love for show—for tinsel! Yes, Julia, *tinsel!* Surely he was not thinking of the fondness of the aborigines for glitter and beads; for, perhaps, he had read Robertson. He then "changed his hand," and was very indignant at our shameful treatment of the free blacks. Mr. B. asked him if he had ever seen a veritable negro. "Of course I have," replied the gentleman with a sneer of wisdom, "a hundred and fifty together, and in London." I now felt desirous of hearing more, thinking that the numberless advocates of slave-emancipation in England had overcome their repugnance to any domestic or social intercourse with negroes, and that some of the free Africans might become settled in the Three Queendoms, as in the free states with us; but it came out, alas! in consequence of Mr. B's farther questioning, that this traveller and debater had seen a hundred and fifty East Indians at one of the docks, and mistook them for Guinea negroes, with their woolly heads and copiousness of lip!

There used to be complaints of East India captains bringing over Asiatic sailors and abandoning them in London. As it respected foreigners, very probably some remedy has been found for the wrong. I have seen some of

these Lascars acting as street-sweepers here, standing at the crossings in their native attire, and looking quite picturesque. I suppose, from their complexion and phisiognomy (at once malign and keen), that they are Malays—negroes, indeed! At one of the anti-slavery meetings in Exeter Hall, a man of colour (not a black) from one of our cities spoke very well. "I told you," one lady said to another, before they got into their carriage, for I was waiting close behind, and could not avoid hearing, "I told you, my love, and you see I was correct, the Americans are not black, only brown." *You* are not very brown, Julia. A lady once expressed to me her commiseration that I was returning to a city so pestered with—what think you? Rats! No. Moschetoes! No. Alligators! Again adieu. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

Funerals.—Professors of Tears.—A Black Coachman.—The Irish "Wakes."—"The Scream of the Morning."—New-England Towns.—Newness.—Mr. Dickens.—New York.—"Uncreditable" Statement.—Mr. Guy.—Yorkshire.—Ruin of England.—Ruined Cities of America.—Chinese Exhibition.—"Literary Gentlemen in their Summer Costumes."—Penny-a-Liners.—China.—A Fit of "Abstraction."

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—"They order," said Sterne, "this matter better in France;" and they order, say I, these things better in America. I speak of funerals, of funeral pomps; not merely those of the aristocratic in rank, but among the middle classes.

"And see the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,"

and it is followed by a string of mourning-coaches, and alongside walk men called "mutes," or "mourners," who are hired for the occasion—vicarious sorrowers—professors of tears! The horses are all black; plumes and feathers wave abundantly; pomp is lavished on an occasion when men ought to feel its nothingness—and so the procession advances to the abode of death.

These gorgeous funerals are called "a mark of respect"—to whom? The dead cannot feel it, and is living sorrow to be soothed by parade? Even if it be a mark of respect, who is to observe it in the crowded streets of London? The worldling may bestow a fugitive glance, to criticise the show, but does any one ask *who* is thus honoured or mocked (as men may regard it)? does any stranger stop to say, "Whose funeral is that?" Very—very rarely. Domestic affections are, I doubt not, strong in England—for even a selfish man loves his family, were it only because they are his; and surely those, whatever their relationship, who follow the hearse, cannot be soothed or gratified that they follow it, as if the grave were to be approached triumphally. Then the expense is often enormous: in cases where money is abundant, this matters little; but when the means of a family are reduced by its head being called hence, what folly to squander a large sum to enrich an undertaker. Is not widowhood bitter enough, without poverty being superadded? Alas, and alas! yes.

I have heard it remarked that undertakers, with mutes, mourners, "and all their trumpery," were in general jovial-looking persons; no doubt the wine and spirit distributed to them at funerals, and their frequent exposure to the weather, give them a rosy look—an added mockery. The announcement on the signs of those tradesmen is far more indicative of their calling than are the coffin-ornaments in their windows—"Funerals *performed*."

The other morning I received a message from the coachmaster, that he wished to employ the man, who drives my "job" otherwise, and more profitably for him, three or four days, and hoped it would be the same to me, as he would send a very civil and careful black coachman in his stead; of course I assented, and was, indeed, rather curious to see this negro Automedon; for such I concluded he would be, though on his appearance he proved but one of the pale-faces, if a man with a bright, rum-coloured nose (cause and effect, perhaps) can be called a pale-face. It seems he habitually drives a hearse or mourning-coach, called "a black job," and is therefore, after the favourite ellipsis, called "a black coachman." This man drove characteristically, as if at a funeral, and always wore a suit of rusty black; so do his professional brethren; and though they may not

"Bear about the mockery of wo
To midnight dances and the public show,"

they will to their pot-houses and vulgar haunts. I think the simplicity of American funerals is greatly preferable; the kinsfolk and friends following the corpse, either on foot or in plain plumeless carriages, thus unostentatiously rendering the last—what a sorrowful word it is! the *last* earthly office; and this is also the custom in the country parts of England. Happily, London is not yet England. What a contrast these splendid funerals offer to the pauper's! In the funerals of the gentry it is customary for the friends to—not attend, but to send their carriages; the blinds being up—surely personal attendance might be yielded—if this carriage-sending be considered a mark of respect, it is a very *empty* one.

You have read of the Irish "wakes." I have heard them much censured in England, but they are far more defensible than the unmeaning pomp I have described; they have at least the *expression* of grief, if it be too violent. I have listened and felt interest in Kathleen's account of these ceremonies; they seem to me quite Oriental—similar to the loud "wul-wulleh," the dirge of the Turkish women—it is mentioned in one of the stanzas of the Bride of Abydos. I understand that many women, whose reputation as "a beautiful cry" is established, go uninvited from wake to wake in Ireland, but are not generally paid, only, at least, in provisions. The body is "waked" by the funeral screams every second hour for three days among the better classes—shorter periods among the poorer: the wailings are hushed after midnight, until the dawn appears, when they rise shriller and wilder, and must sound awful in the stillness of the morning. It is a curse and a dire one in Ireland, "schrad wannauth" (I spell from my ear), "the scream of the morning to you!"

I think if I lived in Ireland I should love the people dearly; and if I had to prolong my stay in Europe a few months I should like to visit it, only I could not do so alone. Miss Edgeworth

has made us familiar with her country; oh! why has she ceased to write!

> "She will not write, and (more provoking still)
> Ye gods! she will not write, and—will."

What a contrast the towns in "ould Ireland" must present to the flourishing towns and villages in New-England, such as Portland, Brunswick, Augusta, and Bangor in Maine; Worcester, Springfield, Concord, Northampton, Amherst, in Massachusetts; Concord and Keene in New-Hampshire (I really cannot forbear going on with the list, I take such a pleasure in it—it tells so of home); Brattleboro' and Burlington in Vermont; New-Haven, Middletown, and Norwich in Connecticut, and hundreds of others, which to mention were tiresome. I wonder that European travellers have said so little of places where the *purer* American character is found—have so sparingly commended their morality, industry, and enterprise; surely they cannot prefer the *picturesqueness* of rags, beggary, and crime in the towns of the Old World. It must be that these American towns, being devoid alike of squalid and most attenuated poverty, and flaunting, overgrown wealth, may present few characteristics fitted to fill pointed paragraphs, but some one might have expressed a wish—would it were thus in *old* England! Near London is a new model prison. New-Haven I think a model town; for I believe among its fifteen thousand inhabitants there is hardly a single pauper, and in 1835 there were only three adults unable to read and write.

Boz quizzes the *newness*, the yesterday-aspect of these places: why surely he did not expect the rust of antiquity in modern transatlantic towns! And as for newness, let him laugh at the newness of his own pleasant *locale*, the Regent's Park, though to be sure the stucco does look something musty. Mr. Dickens passed a Sunday in Worcester, Massachusetts, and amused himself with the *new* houses and the churchgoers; but he seems not to have discovered that in that little town, its newness notwithstanding, is an Antiquarian Society with a library of twelve thousand volumes—some of them very rare; and more remarkable still in such a chronicler, its excellent State Asylum for the insane has apparently escaped him too. I am always amused to think of the criticisms the American boys passed upon Boz as he sat in the car at Baltimore, telling him more about his appearance than he ever heard in his life before. I really think he had as little to fear as most men from such a personal review. Though I have commented to you freely enough on Mr. Dickens's American Notes, I cannot but admit the tone of right feeling, the *bonhomie*, the kindliness that often manifests itself: the faults of the author in this work are of a negative character; his merits are positive. "Satire's his weapon, but he's too discreet"—too gentlemanly, too honourable to carry it into private life—into personal details. The ponderous blunderings of Mr. Alison are far more censurable than the light mistakes of Boz. I wonder how he came to adopt so absurd a name! Our ears have become familiarized to it, but it *is* absurd—Boz! What meaning is there in the sound? Boz!

I have heard of some cynic declaring that he found the world only one attorney, and I was horrified to read the other day that New-York was one bankrupt. Newspaper paragraphs told of the whole side of a paper being filled with the names; I soon found, however, that the list was of years, and not of a single day, as was intimated—but I did not find that the English newspapers made this very necessary explanation. This was hardly fair, and in quarters where one generally expects fairness, and often finds it too.

Mr. Guy—you wonder I mention him so frequently—but he amuses me—he *anglicises* so rapidly, and is so especial, so particular an exception to the general shrewdness and intelligence of his countrymen. Mr. Guy has lately procured unto himself a fiery steed, coalblack as Odin's, and this morning immediately after breakfast, as I was looking out of the window, and the street was only beginning to be busy, a cavalier was rapidly approaching—I thought I could not be mistaken in the gentleman

> "Who thundering came on blackest steed,
> With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,"

and it *was* Mr. Guy—he stopped so suddenly at the door that he had nearly alighted over the horse's head, and there might have been on the scull or pavement "a dint of pity;" he called to me that Mrs. Guy and he would depart for Edinburgh in a short time, and Mrs. Guy was going to hold a farewell *soirée*, and requested the pleasure of my company; notes were to be sent to the general visiters, but he was calling upon a few personally, as a compliment to them, and nice exercise for his new horse! The worthy man lately has been in Yorkshire, where Mrs. Guy has a small property, and where he bought this wonderful quadruped, bringing it up with him by railway; he was delighted with the hospitality of the farmer, the late owner of the animal,

> "Who gave him bacon, nothing lean,
> Pudding that might have pleased a dean,"

and fowls and custards, and I know not what—then came the wine, the brandy, and the bargain. I doubt not the hearty Yorkshireman taught his guest to drink deep ere he departed. Mrs. Guy, her husband told me, had engaged two London footmen, who looked almighty spry, and spoke, she said, "high English." I hope that does not mean pure Cockney. Everything intimates a determination to surprise their immediate circle in the Scottish metropolis, and unless it be a very difficult feat, Mr. Guy is tolerably certain to accomplish it.

I met a young English gentleman the other evening, to be sure he was a very young one, and the only specimen of the class, if it be a class, I have met with or heard of; he was most emphatic, and the emphasis sounded more oddly being drawn through the nose, on the ruin of England, moral, religious, and political. I never heard an American so positive on the subject, which is saying something. The despondent youth even favoured us with a quotation more remarkable for being alliterative than original—England, he said,

> "Bloomed—a garden and a grave!"

Mr. Mortimer, who was at first sitting apart, looking at some maps, affected to believe, as he joined in the conversation, that the line had been

applied to Kensal Green Cemetery, and was complimentary on its appositeness! The ruin of England—such nonsense! I have heard of this ruin being shown from statistical details, official returns, and newspaper statements; the existence of great evils *has* thus been proved (the worst of which, ignorance and poverty, the English might easily ameliorate if they chose); but as to ruin—this same ruin has been proved in the same way every year for the last fifty at least.

The conversation then turned to those most interesting places, the ruined cities in the southern parts of North America, Guatemala, Yucatan, and Mexico. A good deal of interest seems to be felt on the subject in England—how can it be otherwise, when Mr. Norman tells us that the ruins of the city of Chi Chen, in Yucatan, show it must have been one of the largest the world ever saw! The same evening, I remember, we visited the Chinese exhibition here: a very interesting one it is, and I really wonder how the collector (an American, I believe) contrived to amass so many curious things among a people so jealous of foreign interference as the Chinese, and then transport them to England. The collection is so arranged that it tells its own tale—artisans are represented at their work, and shops with their wares. Literary ability is much valued in China, and there were figures of Chinese literary gentlemen in their summer costumes. Two poorly-dressed, dissipated-looking young men were commenting loudly and laughingly on this. "How could *we* be represented," asked one, "in *our* summer costume?" "Easily," replied the other: "shirt sleeves and blouse in summer — Mackintosh in winter." The "we" showed the gentlemen were, or accounted themselves, literary. "They were most likely penny-a-liners," Mr. Mortimer said, "who had gained admittance gratuitously, and were a class paid for paragraphs supplied to the newspapers at the rate of a penny-a-line" (this, I suppose, is to be understood literally); "the editor's pruning-hook being often unsparingly applied before the article is printed; they are stanch hunters after news, and if not belied, sometimes ingenious coiners of it."

The collection fills a noble hall, and is very rich in lanterns. I do not wonder that the Chinese are fond of artificial light, for they appear to prefer and adhere to the artificial in everything; except, perhaps, in their cowardice, which seems very natural. What will the empire of China be a hundred years hence? Will it form a *fourth* Presidency with Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta? The British, it may be said, have no right to China: right, they may have none; but they have soldiers, sailors, and steamships.

I have heard it said that the aristocratic fashion of knocker and bell-handle abduction was on the decline; but an attempt, very nearly successful, was made upon our hall-knocker last night: perhaps it was the work of some would-be aristocrats—some wine-inspired spirits

> "Scoraing Reason's tame, pedantic rules,
> And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant
> For souls sublime as theirs."

I should not have greatly cared if they had succeeded; for the knocker has a most unpleasant teeth-on-edge sound, and we must have had a new one then; the only knock that interests me much is the postman's; and there is such a rapid running down stairs when it is heard—indeed, to quote a not very superlative *bon mot* of Mr. N.'s—"it is a knock that brings everybody down." Hood has made all puns seem so poor compared to his, though puns I ought hardly to call them, they have such a body of wit. The lady of the house has just told me that she had discovered a young neighbour was guilty of the attempt upon the knocker: when accused of it, he said he had been dining out, and if he did it, it must have been in a fit of absence of mind! He should have said in a fit of *abstraction*.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXIV.

Cries of London.—Sound.—Aristocracy.—Gluttony.—"Repudiation."—Bank of England.—Bad Example badly followed.—Standing Army.—Ireland.—United States a great Barrack.—Military Despotism.—Art-Unions.—Prince Albert.—Sir Robert Peel in Fetters.—Houses in America.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I remember when I was a child in New-York being fond of a little pictorial work of "The Cries of London," and thinking how pleasant it would be to *verify* them *in* London. It would have been quite as difficult as to verify the other wishes of childhood; for, diversified as are the street-criers and the wares they vend, all agree in one thing—with one voice they accord to be unintelligible. The purchasers of these itinerant articles become used to the *tone* in which the sellers announce their goods, and that seems sufficient—they recognise the sound, if they cannot distinguish the words or the sense.

Unhappily, the English are satisfied with a similar system in other things; they are contented with mere sound, nay, proud of being so. Christianity, charity, and intelligence are substantially in the land, but so strange is the sound thereof that the cries of London are outdone in their unintelligibility. The echo to "Christian wealth" should not be "ignorant poverty;" the echo to the injunction "use a portion of your enormous, your superfluous wealth, to teach and relieve the poor," should not be—"impossible." The English are "wise to learn and quick to know" the faults of other people, in recompense, no doubt, that they are stoneblind to their own; and if another nation existed with half the means of England, and left its poor uneducated and uncared for, and when so grievous a thing became known—how Exeter Hall—but no, I do not think there would be declamation in Exeter Hall, for indignation at such heartless neglect would take away all powers of oratory,

> "Strong feeling came, and throttled speech;"

the moral health—no, not that—the health of the public moralizers, would be endangered; pamphlets they must write diurnally, to carry off their humours; if not privileged to be authors, apoplexy would be authoritative among them; the surgical lancet must be prevented by the philanthropic pen—they *must* let either blood or ink.

Often in America have I been wearied to hear of the evils of aristocracy; no matter what was the British evil complained of, aristocracy was

its root. Very idle declamation was very industriously employed upon the subject:

"A cuckoo's song
That's unco easy said aye."

But the worst aristocracy seems that of wealth, mere wealth. Nothing can be said too strongly condemnatory of the selfishness and silliness of the rich here (whether lords or shopkeepers, aristocrats or democrats, matters nothing), who refuse food and schools to the poor. But for our countrymen to impute all the evils of England to its aristocracy, is just as absurd as in Mr. Alison and some newspaper sages to impute all the evils of the United States to their democracy.

Cheap boarding-schools for boys are very common in the North of England; though I believe Mr. Dickens has written down some of their abominations. I have heard of one of those schoolmasters, who did not expose his scholars, or, rather, the boys committed to his care (for there was small scholarship in the case), to any ills that flesh may be heir to from over-feeding, but nevertheless attributed all their ailments, bodily or mental, to their gluttony; colds or fevers, dulness or impudence, it still was gluttony. One day a poor boy broke his leg out of doors, and was carried to the master: "Ay, lad," he exclaimed, "I always told you this; a broken leg—all owing to your gluttony." And so *all* the evils of England or America are charged by the shortsighted in both countries upon the devoted heads of aristocracy and democracy—gluttons both, if we believe such scribes, in their appetite for wrong.

How is the evil to be attributed to these antagonistic causes, if it be the same on both sides the Atlantic? "Repudiation," for instance! The Bank of England, in the recollection of many not very old people, "repudiated" cash payments; and this, I heard, was by direct order from the government issued on a Sabbath-day! To be sure I also heard this corrected to "the Lord's Day," which certainly mends the matter. The Governor and Company of the Bank of England promised, in very intelligible print, to pay a pound, or so many pounds, on demand, for value received. When the demand was made how was it complied with? Not by payment in specie, for the acknowledged receipt of value; but by another promise to pay, on cleaner and uncrumpled paper. Perhaps this was not *exactly* what is now called "repudiation;" it seems to me, moreover, that when the British rulers, by an arbitrary act, reduced the rate of interest from five to three and a half per cent, they "repudiated" a part of the engagement to which public faith was pledged, and this in addition to the refusal to pay in specie. I am sorry the Rev. Sydney Smith had occasion to write his letter on the subject of the non-payment of interest due on the money borrowed from this country by the State of Pennsylvania. The *Britannia*, a pleasant and clever paper generally, attributed this "repudiation," as it is too commonly called, to democracy! In former years, when the interest was regularly paid, to what was *that* to be attributed? Pennsylvania was as democratic then. The ancient monarchies of Spain and Portugal do not pay their debts, principal or interest, to this country—democracy again, I suppose. Other states of the American Union are punctual in their payments: are not they democratic? I understand, however, that in reality Pennsylvania has never "repudiated" one farthing of her debts; and though this and some few of the other states have failed to provide for the *interest* recently due, there can be no reasonable doubt that all will be ultimately and honourably paid.

I wish fervently the two states, or whatever be the number (Mr. Alison says eleven, so in all probability there are not more than two or three), who have "repudiated" a part of their debts, so following the precedent of the Bank of England—a bad example almost as badly followed—I wish, I say, these delinquent states would *carry out* the example set by the bank, and put an end to the "repudiation," with this difference to the bank's procedure, that they wait not so long to do it. I was told by a Philadelphia gentleman, Mr. ——, that if ever he said anything in commendation of his country, and he is too diffident to do so unnecessarily, he was always met with this "repudiation," against which, the while, he is strongly indignant. When Mr. —— pleases to talk, he can talk most eloquently; but he cannot argue down prejudices that *will not* be convinced, so he gives up the argument with such people in perfect despair, and "every puny whipster gets his sword," or thinks he gets it—but this is nothing to the serious evils of "repudiation." To hear some people talk of this matter one would think neither America nor American ever paid a penny of public or private debt, or possessed a dollar.

One might be amused with the perfect nonsense on this subject in some of the papers, were it not that the consequence may be lamentable by producing wrong impressions; the number of the English "who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves," being as small as in Sheridan's days, their faith is orthodox in their newspapers, they judge most *dependently*, or, rather, they form their judgment on what their favourite scribes advance, and their judgment or opinion (it may not be proper to call it *judgment*) once formed, is rarely altered, no matter how erroneous have been the premises, or how ingenuous the subsequent explanations—their self-conceit prevents their acknowledging (even to themselves, maybe) that they were wrong, and so they misjudge to the end of the chapter. With this propensity in so many of the readers, it is well that the leading journals maintain the high independent character (allowing a little for party spirit) they certainly do. Even great statesmen, in granting and advocating great changes, have been known to confess that their opinion of the impropriety of the concessions remained unchanged! English, very.

Another topic is not unfrequently dwelt upon in America—the standing army of England, and its influence; there seems to me nothing whatever to complain of in the matter. The Continental kingdoms of Europe maintain far larger standing armies; and England has not at all the aspect of a *military* state; soldiers are seldom seen in the streets of London. In Ireland no doubt it is very different, and it *is* disgraceful to the statesmanship of the country that 30,000 soldiers are required to rule the Irish—peaceably. No matter what are the causes for keeping so large an army in the sister kingdom, the British

government have had abundant time to discover and remove them. Ireland's stationary army furnishes a fine commentary on the complaints in England during the Canadian insurrection, that the American government did not better control the turbulent spirits on its frontiers—perhaps they could not spare 30,000 men for the purpose!

I have not had the good fortune to witness a review; last year I did try to see one in Hyde Park, but I was late, and saw little but a crowd and a dust—I mean literally dust. The soldiers are kept almost entirely in barracks. I have seen the Guards on state occasions, and a guardsman really presents the *beau ideal* of a soldier—so erect, prompt, and trim, but with nothing of the air of a "carpet-knight so trim"—they look right soldierly. The militias are not imbodied now, nor have they given this country the multiplicity of colonels, majors, and captains, which might make a stranger think the United States of North America a great barrack. I wonder, indeed, no English traveller has insisted upon so legitimate a deduction from the premises. As to the relative bravery of American or British troops when arrayed against each other, God forbid it should ever be farther tried.

I have heard some in England prophesy the ultimate fate of the United States to be—a military despotism; republics end so, say they. When there are great commotions, great conquerors arise, whom soldiers follow to *any* result, and whose achievements dazzle and overawe the peaceful civilians. Witness Julius Cæsar—witness Napoleon Bonaparte. It can never, in my opinion, be so in America: for this plain reason, the people are educated, and, better still, *well* taught. Men who will unhesitatingly follow a martial leader through blood and violence, through right and wrong, must have minds blinded by ignorance. It may be said the Puritans in Charles's days were not ignorant; but they were fanatics, and fanaticism is a species of blindness of mind. It may not, like ignorance, be altogether unable to see the end to be attained, but it sees it through so discoloured a medium that its real character is not apparent. Cromwell's ambition seemed to his soldiers but zeal for "God and the cause."

* * * *

I have procured the engravings you write for, and you have not overpraised them. There are now in London establishments called Art-Unions, and the subscribers to them every year have lotteries for paintings and engravings. "You may get a good painting in them," said Mr. N., "*by chance.*" They are all good, I fancy, but of course varying considerably in value. There have been complaints in print of the encouragement to immorality these lotteries present—one of the gnats the English strain at when tired of swallowing full-grown camels.

I sometimes see the best caricatures at Mr. Wilderton's—a lady cannot stop to look at them in the print-shop windows, the crowd of gazers preventing. I have been surprised sometimes to observe the *boldness* with which all the great people are quizzed—the initials H.B. are attached to the most famous. Certainly the Duke, Lord Brougham, and Lord Morpeth, have no reason to accuse these waggish artists of flattery. Mr. O'Connell is another unmistakeable person; but these gentlemen cannot complain, for the caricaturists often make a subject of their sovereign—(excuse the quibble, it is of the prevalent order, "the next best thing, etc."). Neither does Prince Albert escape. One really ever and anon understands some ponderous piece of politics better from these clever *sketches* than from the long parliamentary detail or the pamphlets consequent thereupon. The English (very characteristically) love a sly hit at Prince Albert; having been—what shall I say?—not very rich before he had the happiness to marry a young lady undeniably the first match in the world. "How fortunate," I heard a gentleman say, "the income-tax does not affect German as well as Irish absentees; Prince Albert saves the tax on his Saxe Coburg property." It is no little praise to his Royal Highness that this seems *the worst* that can be said of him.

Mr. Wilderton has sometimes amused me by telling of the criticisms he has heard people utter at the print-shop windows. In one caricature, Sir Robert Peel, as a character in some play, is represented in fetters; two working men were looking at this, and one of them recognised Sir Robert. "But," said he, "surely *he* never had irons on, nor was in prison, was he?" "I assure you," interposed Mr. Wilderton, "he has been shackled," and walking away, he ungenerously left the Premier's reputation in this uncertain state.

You must read Mr. Alison on America, were it only to wonder how a clever man *could* blunder so. He actually tells his readers that the houses of the Americans are plain externally but gorgeous within, and this, forsooth, to conceal their wealth from the public eye! Nay, he even assimilates our comfortable domiciles to the dwellings of the Jews in the days of Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe being an imaginary character, is introduced with great propriety into this fanciful sketch. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXV.

Poverty of Street-Nomenclature.—English Climate.—Fire-Flies and Moschetoes.—Fox-hunting.—Playing at Deer Hunts.—Animal Magnetism.—Slavery.—Mrs. Trollope.—Ignorance.—Precedent.—Sandwich Islands.—Democracy of the Anglo-Indian Government.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia — You and I have often laughed at the poverty of invention manifest in naming many of the streets in American cities; it certainly is a ready, but very commonplace way of distinguishing them to adopt the letters of the alphabet, or the figures of the numeration table. The English have not done so; they have no "First" or "A" streets, but their nomenclature shows equal poverty. Kings, queens, princes, and common Christian names, have been the grand resource; the John, James, William, George, Charles, and Charlotte streets are so numerous that they require the adjuncts of one or more neighbouring thoroughfares or well-known squares to designate them sufficiently, to distinguish Charles-street of Berkeley from its namesake of Grosvenor Square—Princes-street of Hanover from the same of Leicester Square. If there be an offspring, or, rather, an offshoot, a small child-street, as it were, from a

John or William street, nothing better can be thought of than "Little" John or "Little" William street — "Jack" or "Bill" street would be in stricter analogy with the example to be followed; an iteration would be avoided.

The patrician families have furnished names in abundance to squares and streets—Grosvenor, Belgrave, Montague, Cavendish, Manchester, Portland, Bedford, and a host of others. The British warriors have given appellations to very many places, the statesmen to very few. It requires an advanced state of education and intelligence for the people to regard a statesman as equal to a warrior; or why not have as many Pitt and Fox, as Nelson and Wellington streets or squares? After the philosophers, sages, and poets of England, no places whatever are called, I think. A few might be very euphoniously denominated after either the late or present laureates. Why is it not so? I cannot tell, unless it be that the moneyed people, who speculate in new rows, terraces, and crescents (bricks and stucco are a great passion with many), rather despise than otherwise those who have only piety, virtue, learning, and genius to recommend them. Yet Southey-street satisfies the ear quite as agreeably as Smith-street:

> "Write them together, it is as fair a name;
> Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
> Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
> Southey will start a spirit as soon as Smith."

One might have felt assured the English would have paid some such compliment to Lord Byron, peer as well as poet, but it is not so.

The climate of this country is far better than I expected. I should call it agreeable upon the whole, its rains and mists notwithstanding; the English themselves grumble more about it than do foreigners, and talk of "outliving the severity of the May" (a jest, I suppose), as if they shivered at a breeze more than an African reared under the equator. British moonlight (gas and glare generally expel it from the streets of London) is not as our moonlight, and the stars look dim compared to their brilliancy of sheen on the other side of the Atlantic. As to thunder-storms, I was told that a former ambassador from the United States to this court said, not very reverently, when he first heard thunder in London, "Thunder! tush! only an echo of it from over the sea." Thunder is sometimes unheard in the busiest parts of London; the street noise overpowers it.

Those awful thunder-storms in America! You and I know many strong-minded persons who always stand awed and terrified during the peal and the flash; indeed, we have been in companies where, as the dreadful pother rolled over our heads, each one might have received an affirmative answer to the question the nobleman propounded when evil tidings were abruptly told:

> "Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?"

Mrs. Mortimer, who is very fond of a talk about America, often expresses her envy of our possessing the fire-fly. Much as I admire those dancing sparkles, I would willingly sacrifice my share in them, and give them all ungrudgingly to Great Britain, or any other country, if the moschetoes might accompany them in their change of scene. Imagine the consternation of London citizens, aldermen and all, were a few regiments of armed moschetoes to be quartered upon them! Great Britain and Ireland are delightfully free from such annoyances. Venomous reptiles are almost, and dangerous animals entirely, unknown. The badger and the otter, the last of the larger wild animals, seem almost extinct—there is, in truth, no room for them in minutely-cultivated England; foxes, no doubt, are numerous enough, for they are preserved, that gentlemen may hunt them.

I have heard a few Americans sneer at the English fondness for fox-hunting, and call it a safe and even effeminate *pursuit*—it is nothing of the kind; and these scoffers seemed to forget that the island enjoys no wolves nor ferocious beasts of prey. The British gentlemen have only their foxes, but I am very sure they would hunt anything; indeed, in India they do hunt tigers, panthers, and lynxes. Shakspeare, Thomson, and Cowper have taught us to detest deer and hare hunting on account of its cruelty; and the triumph of a troop of men, dogs, and horses in the death of a harmless animal *is* a paltry one. I confess I have not the same feelings for foxes or carnivorous beasts, hunters and robbers themselves; there seems a sort of poetical justice in their fate: who hunt, in their turn shall be hunted.

Stag-hunting in England (and the Queen keeps a pack of stag-hounds, some nobleman being chief huntsman); stag-hunting, I say, does appear quite indefensible: such a mere playing at the chase. The animal is not to be killed, but captured; he is only to endure toil and agony for the pleasure of the pursuers; he is not roused from his forest lair, but is put out of a cart and allowed so many minutes start, and taken at last to be carted back to his park-home to yield a similar amusement some *following* time. Is not this as complete a playing at wild-deer hunting as if it was in an equestrian amphitheatre!

I think all manly, fatiguing, out-door amusements conducive to manliness of character: the 'Squire Western class is, I am told, quite extinct in England, but there are still numbers as much attached to their horses and dogs. I remember when I was a little girl reading in some odd old book (how well one can recall passages impressed upon *youthful* memory) this sentence, or one closely similar. I cannot give you the obsolete spelling, though:

> "And men of this sylvan Class do regard their Horses much; the Swiftness of an Horse is the Matter of their common Talk; yea, the good Quality of the Animal is a powerful Magnet to draw unto him these rustic Men's Loves."

An early mention of Animal Magnetism!

I was once remarking how free England was from destructive beasts. "Yes," said a lady present, "and England is free from another thing—slaves!" At least, thought I, for I very rarely argue, unless by post, they do not call them by that name in this country. I have heard silly remarks about slavery from London ladies, and on both sides of the question. Mrs. Trollope, in a fit of unaccustomed candour, has penned this passage:

> "I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I

could strictly call silly (if I except the everywhere privileged class of very young ladies)."

It is true the novelist labours hard afterward, by narrating foolish talk, to prove the reverse of her own assertion, still she ought to have all honour for this admission, whether made through thoughtlessness or inadvertency, or not. I cannot conscientiously say so much of English conversations, even with the exception made. I was asked the other day by Mrs. ——, a lady of what Mrs. T. would call high standing, "If the United States were as *well wooded* as England! Her two eldest daughters," she added, "had a little debate on the subject, and as the younger children's governess was absent, she could not be referred to."

The two eldest daughters were both "out," which signifies an emancipation from schooldom, an attainment of age and knowledge befitting the young lady for introduction into general society. Don't run away with the notion that the examples I have given prove a general want of information; but I do think that the young ladies of London possess more of showy accomplishment and less of solid knowledge than the same class in New-York. The fashionable education here communicates only a surface of knowledge, which requires youth and prettiness to set it off agreeably; but afterward—Young English ladies, when at a loss what to say, do smile very sweetly.

I do not wonder that you express amusement (I will refer to it, since I am on the subject) that Mrs. Trollope should represent the impossibility of her revisiting America, unless, firstly, Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw were forgotten; or, secondly, slavery were abolished; or, thirdly, the Union of the twenty-six states were dis-severed!!! I cannot give less than a note of admiration to each "category," as Cooper's captain would call them. The good lady seems to imagine that any one of those occurrences would form an equally important era in the history of the United States. "How we apples swim!" the quotation is somewhat musty, and it may not be proper to call a famous English novelist *a crab*, but let it pass.

I cannot say I have ever heard any feasible plan for the abolition of Negro slavery in America prescribed by those who are most indignant upon its horrors; by those who apparently think they have, to use a Yankee phrase, an eloquence-privilege; this is as if a physician should execrate a disease, and prescribe no cure. The English cannot very decently advocate the total and gratuitous manumission of the slaves, they have no precedent for such a measure, as their own government *bought* negro freedom; so the declamation contents them, and the remedy they have yet to find. For one, I fervently hope that a remedy, and an equitable one, may soon be discovered.

You think I say much on this force of precedent, and so I may, for life has often been sacrificed to it. When George the Third, to go no farther back, used to be solicited to spare the lives of persons condemned to death for forgery, what was the reasoning? "Impossible—many men and some women have been hanged for the offence for which it is prayed this man be pardoned; and if he be pardoned, were not they murdered?" And so men were hanged for precedent's sake! This was one of the "impossibles" of a former day, not a jot more absurd than many insisted upon now.

An odd notion seems entertained here, that if an American lady care anything for English politics (happily for my repose, I care very little), she must necessarily be more attached to the Whig than the Tory party: she must first understand the difference, and this is not very easy, for there is no broad line of demarcation. Neither party seems bigoted, but occasionally takes a lesson from its opponents, and we hear oft enough of conservative Whigs and liberal Tories; their respective *vices*, like those at the Polytechnic exhibition, dissolve occasionally one into the other.

Not long since, I saw a brief paragraph in one of the papers, to the effect that the Sandwich Islands had been ceded to her Britannic Majesty, and taken possession of by one of her frigates. I rather wondered at this piece of news, for the intercourse of the United States with those islands is far beyond that of any European power; the American whale-ships visiting them very frequently, while our countrymen have been the principal agents in introducing Christianity. The same evening some member asked Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons if the accounts of this *cession* were correct. The minister answered in the negative: no farther explanation was asked or given, and the whole matter was so coolly treated, as if it had been equally meritorious to take those islands or leave them free. Had Sir Robert deemed it a thing of any importance one way or the other, he would most probably—his custom on a question—have retired into the pompous secrecy of his official station, and said that it might be prejudicial to the interests of her majesty's government to yield the Hon. Member the information he sought. We have long since heard of the "pride of *place*:" its reserve seems now as remarkable in England. Some of the papers sneered at the Hawaian envoys protesting from Paris against this "appropriation" of their master's kingdom. In my mind it ill becomes any one of any party in a free country to scoff at the wish for independence, which another community, no matter how small, may manifest. How would it sound now if a foreign chronicler of the thirteenth century, when telling of Magna Charta wrung from the most unworthy of the Plantagenets, had ridiculed a wish for freedom of any kind in the inhabitants of *half an island!* Perhaps I ought hardly to say inhabitants, for the Great Charter benefited the serfs nothing.

These agents from the Sandwich Islands government are visiting the different courts of Europe to obtain a formal recognition of the independence of the islands; the United States have already made the acknowledgment. The recent conquest and annexation of Scinde must be a sufficient sop (a vulgar word, but I do not remember another equally expressive) to satisfy the British government for a while, and induce it to stay its forward step towards increase of territory. Is it Mr. Alison who makes a profound remark about the expansive and aggressive principle or propensity of democracy—or something like that? No doubt the Anglo-Indian government is a pure democracy. * *

The time approaches, dear Julia, when I must

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return, and it seems to approach *so* rapidly. I look forward to it with mingled dread and delight—dread, for there is the parting with my kind English friends, whom I shall probably never see again; delight to regain home and you. "Farewell" sounds sadly, but it is "a word that must be and hath been."

P.S. You tell me Lord Morpeth won golden opinions from all sorts of Americans; he is highly esteemed by his own countrymen, and seems, indeed, a model of an English nobleman, or rather *gentleman*, which is the nobler title. It is to be hoped there are many such, the very salt of the aristocracy—the Attic salt, if you will. I was told by an excellent judge that his speech at the recent Anti-Slavery Meeting was admirable in all respects; in tone, sentiments, and delivery. I have heard some of the English express surprise that so few of the dignitaries of their church took a prominent part in anti-slavery measures; perhaps they have not time. I told you about Puseyism—to all appearance it holds its own (to use a Scotticism), and even gains from other people's. A number of Oxford divines and fellows of colleges expostulated by formal letter to the vice-chancellor, that Dr. Pusey was suspended without a hearing in his defence—a venerable Oxford fashion. One gentleman also writes to the Times to give information about his own preaching, after this manner, of "Laud, the martyred archbishop, who, let us trust, still intercedes for this church, whose enemies he resisted unto death," etc. A step, a little step onward, and the Rev. T. E. Morris, of Christ Church, Oxford, and his flock might offer up orisons to a *second* St. Thomas of Canterbury, and say, "Ora pro nobis." Those prelates who have an inclination towards Puseyism, at any rate those who wish to restore many ancient customs, have never, that I have heard of, expressed any desire to re-establish a practice long existent in the earlier ages of Christianity, the election of bishops by acclamation.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXVI.

Gaming-houses.—Personal Character of the Sovereign.—Royal Dinner-table Etiquette.—Temperance Societies.—Modern Works.—Pyramids.—A Soirée—A Shadow.—Macaulay's "Lays."—Wealth-worship.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I have often thought that axiom of Burke, "vice, by losing all its grossness, loses half its evil," to be more than half a fallacy; indeed, vice in such a guise seems to me doubly reprehensible, for it has ceased to be repulsive. I trust it will be long before wickedness in the United States assume the names of pleasure and refinement, or even the appearance of them—before it lose the horrid look of wickedness. I have heard Mr. Griffiths say, and he seems to have a knowledge of such places intimate enough to make his family uneasy, that in the gaming-houses, or club-houses where gaming is practised in London, which are the resort of the higher classes, all was fair and honourable: intoxication was hardly known, nor would the slightest advantage be taken of any gentleman who might be flushed with wine; that, in short, in these club or gaming rooms, there was as much safety and security from sharpers as in a friend's private drawing-room. It may be so, but gentlemen are ruined in those places every now and then for all this honourableness.

I have seen it mentioned in some papers, and rather as a matter of pride, that in London, even in the crowded haunts of the profligate, and at all hours, property was safe, robberies being very unfrequent. This may be so likewise, and what does it all prove? A doubly dangerous state of society, because one in which vice seems to enjoy the immunity of virtue—dissipation of order and decorum.

It is matter of cool remark here, that the personal character and habits of the monarch were of great importance, not in the nice adjustment or delicate management of the state machine (towards which, in truth, the character of the Sovereign personally seems of singularly little moment), but in its influence on morals, manners, and tastes. The domestic virtues of the present queen and her consort being a model that all her subjects may study and imitate, is said to have produced a beneficial effect upon society. Now, it appears to me, *that* cannot be a very commendable institution in a Christian land which gives such power to the example of *any one*, any frail being of mortal clay, though called "Majesty" in the respect, and "most religious and gracious king" in the prayers, of his people; but such a thought never occurs to the English.

I would describe the queen more particularly to you, but really I think portraits of her majesty are or were as common in New-York as here; in how many a room does she hang side by side with one whom her grandsire little loved! Wonderful in England, as well as in America, is the ingenuity displayed in misrepresenting her prettiness. The Duchess of Kent is a stately-looking lady, much taller than her daughter. The queen dowager, although six years younger, looks older than the duchess, I think; but then she is slim, and has the air of infirm health. The King of Hanover, who is now in England, is a tall, officerlike man. I suppose here it might be accounted republican or *mauvais ton* in me were I to express my opinion that he would look better shaven. I once saw the Duchess of Cambridge and her family, in a private box at Covent Garden Theatre; the Princess Augusta of Cambridge (lately married to a duke of the great German family) is *embonpoint* and good-humoured looking. It is seldom royalty is seen in the national theatres; why the Opera House is preferred I cannot presume to say—its amusements are (undeniably, I think) more sensual than intellectual, and therefore of a grosser nature. The royal party, when I saw them, seemed to enjoy themselves much, for they laughed very heartily. This is not always, indeed not often the case, with your elegant aristocrats; for in public places it is common to see them, really or affectedly, listless and indifferent, hardly to deign a passing notice of the amusement they have assembled to witness. I have known their, not *sotto voce*, conversation mar the enjoyment of those near them, but this demeanour seems to be considered the very acme of refinement; it is, indeed, refinement pushed up to rudeness; something on the same principle, I might be told, as becoming "dark with excessive

bright"—coarse with excessive fine. These may be occasionally the manners of lords—they are never those of gentlemen.

The "beau" of a former age is no more; some of them must have been magnificent creatures—coxcombs on so large a scale. Is it not in the "Spectator" there is mention of a hero of this class, who called for his tea by beat of drum, and for his shaving water by sound of trumpet? How agreeable a neighbour!

I mentioned to you in a former letter, I think, how dinners, or rather dinners in royal palaces, were chronicled. I have often wondered that it does not please her majesty to command to her dinner-table (for it is called a command) those whose attainments in literature, art, and science give lustre to her reign; their conversation, whether playful or profound in its tone, must have a perfectly magic charm for a highly-educated circle. I remember once to have seen the name of Mr. Rogers, and once that of Mr. Hallam, as her majesty's guests; and I am told a similar honour was once conferred upon Sir Lytton Bulwer, but these seem only to prove the exceptions. If etiquette restrict the society in the palace to mere rank and office, how absurd, how unworthy of a rational being's regard, must be an etiquette that denies to the queen such choice, such pure intellectual gratifications.

Often in this country, when I have expressed surprise at what seemed to me strange or uncalled for about a Court, or even in Parliament and public places, I have been told, "O! but it's the etiquette—etiquette prevents its being otherwise." No more was to be said. I was silenced, as is often the case, but not convinced. The matter might be agreeable to the rules of etiquette, but I felt not in accordance with those of common sense and reason, and I thought it pity a French word should be in their way; that etiquette is often indispensable in private, and much more in public society, it were absurd to deny; but, like many other things necessary in society—speech, for instance, it may be and is carried to wasteful and ridiculous excess.

The Temperance Societies here had processions, similar, I imagine, to those in American cities, on Whit-Monday. I can understand why, in a society formed to promote habits of temperance, the members must frequently meet and have rules, and regulations, and proper officers, and be amenable to the ancient sage called Discipline. I can understand also that it may be proper to have badges or insignia, which, as a mark of disgrace, must be taken from those delinquents for whom alcohol has proved too powerful in its temptation or effects; but the utility of those processions I cannot understand. Is it that nowadays people cannot do what they consider right without making a fuss about it—a public one too? Or is it a necessity of human nature that, one stimulant abandoned, another must be adopted; that display with music, banners, and ribands, must replace the excitement of conviviality?

I wonder what Boswell would have thought of these associations. Would he have admired them as he did Johnson, when that philosopher formed a sort of temperance society in his own person? Boswell admits that, being a lover of wine, he was curious to hear whatever was remarkable concerning drinking; and so he might be curious about the results of water-drinking—that is, in other people. I remember once in New-York—it was at Mr. ——'s, in Hudson Square—hearing our host call Boswell a milk-and-water gentleman (as to his mental attributes of course, not in his earthly beverage); another pronounced him more water than milk. I thought both remarks far too severe; indeed, I know no biographer to whom the world has been so much indebted as to James Boswell.

I remember seeing in the street (I was in a carriage at the time), just before the temperance procession appeared, a fire-engine with its two fine horses tearing along at a frantic pace: I thought if the vehicle had come rather suddenly amid the decorated corps marching *soberly* along, how it would have scattered them, displaced the ranks, and broke the good meeting; those fire-engineers (if I may call them so) do gallop on as if London streets were proper for chariot-races—there is no dallying with them—no halting—

> "See! there they come racing and tearing,
> All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
> Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
> At a man they've run over and kill'd!"

Temperance societies in Ireland count their members by thousands; Father Mathew has wrought miracles among them. I am told, indeed, that scoffers have said the Hibernian peasantry actually believe the good father to be a saint, and to have powers surpassing those of mere mortality; if it be so, it is a rare and curious instance of superstition directed to most blessed uses.

Any one expecting to find in England modern public works impressive from their magnitude, may at first feel disappointed; yet they exist on all sides, but are so mixed up with every-day uses that they become regarded as things of every day: they do not "dwell apart," like the Pyramids, for instance, which address themselves immediately to the eye, and have no connexion with the work-a-day world to blend them with its littleness. The great modern works in England are docks, bridges, and railroads; railroads can only be seen in portions, in minute details, while the Pyramid of Cheops is beheld at once and in completeness; and which is the greater work? a railway of two or three hundred miles, or that "labour of an age in piled stones;" that monument of industry ill applied? I wonder some of the travelling English antiquaries, leaving the well-trodden European path, do not resort to the New World; the enthusiastic in pyramids would find Cheops out-cheopped, and might discover other architectural marvels. I once heard Mr. ——, who has inspected both, declare that the base of a great pyramid (I forget its name, and it's probably unspellable), east of Cholula, in Mexico, was, from actual mensuration, about twice that of the great Egyptian one.

I have jumped off at a tangent to Africa and America; "revenons à nos moutons," the English and their works. There is nothing in London at all comparable to the Croton Aqueduct. The London waterworks are no doubt very surprising; but there is nothing to be seen; the water slinks into the city, as it were, in a surreptitious manner. Public fountains are almost

unknown; the few there are being so paltry that a Frenchman pitied the water degraded to their use! He was probably fresh from Versailles. In some districts there are complaints of the badness of the water, that it is unfit for any purposes but those of cooking or washing; this might have been remedied long ago did not so many believe that water *could* be wanted for no other purposes.

I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Guy's *soirée* was crowded; the arrangements differed little from what we have seen in similar parties in New-York. I left early, for the display of tasteless wealth is always tiresome. There were two Scottish ladies at the soirée; a recent arrival; one very tall and the other very short, whom Mrs. Guy introduced to some of her lady-guests, and soon after the ceremony whispered an intimation that they were "so literary." The worthy hostess looked proud and patronising as she advanced for the purpose of introduction, with a lady in each hand, "the blue above and the blue below;" the ladies themselves seemed half-ashamed of being thus lionized.

Mr. Guy has now many English friends; one in especial he has grappled to his soul with hooks of congenial sympathies and tastes: this gentleman is a Mr. S., so rich, his friend avers, that "he could not count his money in dollars from last fall to next century." The gentleman is also a stout gentleman, very tightly packed (to the credit of valet or tailor, or both) in very handsome attire; he eschews such English as men write in quarterly reviews. "Not eggsactually," he says, and says it with a look of humour, where an ordinary man might say, "not exactly;" but why repeat these abstrusities to a distant young lady? Imagine them, then, dear Julia, for they come not within my powers of panegyric. Mr. S. regretted, or rather insinuated a regret, of his most delicate organization; his feebleness of health; he is but the shadow, he declares, on the authority of his physician, of what he was: poor man, very much of a shadow he presents.

Two or three gentlemen at this *soirée* were talking of Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, which they praised greatly.

"A most difficult form of composition," said Dr. R., "for there is no room in it for weak lines, or even weak words; the ballad is a short effort, but the strength required to make it must not be a moment relaxed. I would far rather be tasked to write a poem like The Deserted Village, than a song like Chevy Chase."

In Mr. Macaulay's work (I wish he would write Lays of Ancient Britain), the poem telling

> "How well Horatius kept the bridge,
> In the brave days of old,"

seemed most admired by Dr. R. and his friend.

Emma Wilderton told me afterward that Mr. Guy and his Pythias walked to a part of the room where she was seated, and were laughing at the taste and criticism I have mentioned. "So low," Mr. S —— said, "about some stiff fellow, eh, ha! I say, seemeringly, eh! who kept a toll-bridge—Putney, perhaps, as it was in the old times, eh, I say, ha!"

These gentlemen said never a word while the conversation was carried on. I think there is an instinct in dunces, which prevents their speaking when it is not safe; something like that which confines the owl to its shelter to avoid exposure in the sunshine, or prevents an ass walking into a flower-garden.

That I detail to you more foolish than wise sayings is easily accounted for: I hear more; and the same may be said, I fancy, of most general society in most countries; the silly are far greater, numerically, than the sage. In England, I do think it is especially so, because money is permitted to exonerate its possessors (an' it so please them) from all trouble in the acquisition of wisdom or learning—it is acknowledged on all hands to be better than either. Well, the English are a free people, and have a right to please themselves in the matter: to be sure the world laughs at them; but as their own affluences might say, while they chinked their London gold, "Let them laugh—let all other people laugh as loud and as long as they please —*we* can show them plenty to laugh at—*we* can afford it." The poor, albeit, find this idolatry, this wealth-worship, no laughing matter.

I meant to have told you before that I sometimes half feel as if I ought—only I should be so puzzled how to offer an apology to *you*—as if I ought to apologize, for sometimes telling you of customs or institutions in this country, which may be found in almost the same state with us. I do it to let you see it is so; one may be privileged in a friendly letter, but I can hardly understand why some ponderous authors in erudite works undergo much toil and pains (to say nothing of exposing the reader to them) in detailing as characteristics of the United States many fashions and practices which a very little inquiry would have shown existed in the same condition of life in their own land—to be sure without these auxiliary topics the work might not have had its full complement of pages.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy start for Edinburgh tomorrow or the following day. Mr. Guy is the better reconciled to this change of "location," as his esteemed Mr. S. has left town for Paris, in order to consult some eminent physician there; he was recommended to do so by a gentleman just returned from a Continental tour, whom he met at a club in Pall Mall. "A famous French doctor," the Pythias said, "who beat everything and everybody." I hope his wife, if he have one, is not included. This shadow of a wit, according to Mr. Guy's account, was in such a hurry to tempt the perils of the straits from Dover to Calais, that time hardly sufficed to say adieu to the friend of his soul,

> "And he was left lamenting."

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXVII.

Law.—Delays.—English Characteristics.—Charity.—Education.—Unamiability.—Ruin.—Foreign Grievances.—Refinement.—Ladies of England.—Conclusion.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—Molière had not, I believe, the prejudices against lawyers which he entertained towards the men of medicine, whose art, according to the satirical rogue, "consisted in pompous bombast, or a plausible babble which gave words for reasons" (a custom still prevalent, especially among politicians), "and prom-

ises for effects" (a custom, in like manner, more prevalent still); but the great dramatist makes one of his characters exclaim, "La seule pensée d'un procès seroit capable de me faire fuir jusqu'aux Indes." I can well sympathize in this sentiment: that is, were a flight to Hindostan or *another* lawsuit to be the alternative, I think I should prefer the shores of the Ganges to the Courts at Westminster.

It is remarkable that ameliorations in the civil laws of this country, or, rather, in their administration, should be so tardy. I presume it is to be accounted for from the fact, which is stated on right good authority, with experience to back it, that lawyers never believe anything which is customary to be ridiculous or unnecessary; while we have it on equally good authority, that too many lawyers are also law-makers. Hence I suppose all these delays—delays tiresome and unintelligible, as if the judges still followed the king's person to administer the law; where was the king in person, there was the court of law, now and then, it might be, of justice. Do you remember how Mrs. Ritever, who had never left her father's and husband's estates in South Carolina, sturdily expressed her belief that it was impossible things could go on properly in any country without a multitude of negroes? The principle is that of the lawyers here: they deem it "impossible" that law can exist properly without its multitude of procrastinations and senilities. Improvements have certainly been effected, and to what extent? As if people should cleverly dam a portion of one side of a river, which not unfrequently and most prejudicially overflowed both its banks through its course. Needless delay is rank injustice; to talk of the necessity of delay is often absolute nonsense. Napoleon dwelt upon the "necessity" of sacrificing a few tens of thousands of lives annually. Necessity is too commonly the plea when reason exists not.

The more I have seen of this country—I must tell it you in my last letter—the more I am convinced I have described it truly. That selfishness is the bane of the Englishman's character generally is, I think, undeniable—he lives for little but himself—while equally undeniable is it that this very selfishness leads to great results. When men have overweening notions of their individual superiority, it is common and natural for them to endeavour to act up to their pretensions; the selfishness which makes them cold, unamiable, and uncharitable, little susceptible of the softer affections, and derisive of virtue and genius in others (because loath to admit an inferiority in themselves), makes them also bold, persevering, and wary, when personal advantages are to be acquired; steadily bent upon attaining wealth, power, and station, not so much from ambition, but because they believe such attainments no more than the proper meeds of their transcendent merits. Indeed, this feeling, firmly implanted, may be worked upon so as to accomplish almost anything when individual aggrandizement is expected to follow. How could soldiers fail, if each in his secret soul thought himself a Wellington (that is, had he his deserts), and if his actions were the fruits of his belief? The American's self-pride is of a nobler cast, for it is more of his country, her glory, and her prowess.

Of the superior intelligence of the mass in America there can be no doubt, for the care bestowed upon general education, with the universality and cheapness of books and newspapers, must ensure it; it is proved, moreover, by the fact, that while almost all Americans familiarly understand almost all English questions, literary or political, the English (I speak of the body of the people) understand the nature of the politics and literature of the United States as thoroughly as they do those of the Mountaineers of the Moon. I find it is not *very* uncommon in this country to republish American books, or magazine articles, as original, disguising them generally with the false complexions of new titles, etc. In American reprints, the English writer at least enjoys his name and fame; and it cannot be otherwise, for an "appropriation" would soon be detected and exposed. Sometimes the reputation of a British author has been first established in America (Carlyle and Marryat are instances), and echoed back to the parent country. "The child," says Wordsworth, "is father to the man;" in these instances his preceptor also.

I was soon disabused, when I came to reside in England, of the notion that they were a charitable people. Praise cannot be sufficiently rendered to the comparative few who are so; but the mass of the English, of the mere rich especially, are *not* charitable. Look, it may be urged, at their hospitals, their missions, their institutions; look at the many societies, with their annual feasts benevolently eaten by the rich, to relieve the poor. Yes, but look at THEIR MEANS. That which is done for charity's sake might be truly wonderful in Sweden, but here it is shamelessly little. How constantly do the "respectable" citizens of London excuse themselves from attending to anything beneficial to the poor, because, forsooth, they have not time—important business may not be neglected; and so *that* important business *is* neglected. I am inclined to believe that these people really persuade themselves (absurd and preposterous as it is) that they have not time to amend the condition of the poor, because they so often show they have not leisure to be good or wise. Did bags of useless gold for pillows render a deathbed easier, their conduct might be commendable.

Too great praise, I was saying, cannot be given to the small class who labour on untiringly and undauntedly, in a manner almost to redeem their country's dishonour—for its insensibility to the wants of the poor *is* dishonour—who struggle on eloquently and energetically, to make England more Christian, to subdue the monsters ignorance and indigence; but when they are not supported by the mass, their efforts avail little. Were there really, and throughout the kingdom, a desire to benefit the poor, it would soon in a representative government constrain the executive as *the first* step to adopt measures for general, why not say universal, instruction. But as this feeling exists not, Parliament is satisfied with trying ever and anon a few experiments in education. The Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the Commons' House of Parliament, the Most Honourable the Privy Council, the Right Honourable the Secretaries of State, experimentalizing pettily in education,

and that like Corporation wiseacres in some small town, but more bunglingly! Ho! ye who are subtile in caricature! O keen-witted sirs of the London Charivari! poignant H. B.! where are your pencils?

I accounted it a wholesome symptom when the Imperial Parliaments took to enactments about dogs; it looked like going back to first principles; from sound canine, British statesmen, happily, may advance to successful pauper legislation. Heaven speed the day!

Suppose it be admitted that ignorance and penury in some form must exist—what then? Fevers and agues must exist, but men take means, and timely means, to remedy them; and with such success, that the bodily ague is almost unknown in England, while the ague of ignorance paralyzes the well-being of the land. Why this disinclination to educate the poor, to elevate them from the rank of inferior animals! what is its cause! Selfishness. The English selfishness forbids it, and for two reasons: to impart tuition to so many might, by some almost imperceptible amount, diminish the boards of the rich man; and by making the labouring classes more intelligent, his own knowledge, eloquence, and wit would be less conspicuous; he would not be so very an oracle; suicidal to his self-love, to the sacredness of his self-conceit, therefore, would it be to advance into intellectual beings the mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—and suicide is sinful! Great as might be the benefit to the lower and lowest classes from careful teaching, as great a boon would the general extension of knowledge be to the middle classes, for they would then be compelled, in order to maintain the respect to which they hold themselves entitled, to be more intelligent, more unprejudiced, better read, and better mannered than they are. Talk of charity as an attribute of the opulent English people—talk of *their* caring for the poor! Verily, as one of old affected to care, and surely even in this precedent-loving country *he* would not be advanced as an example. Charity, care for the poor in England as a nation—how duly record them! I know but one meet way—

> "Write the characters in dust,
> Stamp them on the running stream,
> Print them on the moon's pale beam."

To remove poverty may be far more difficult than to dispel ignorance, but poverty strikes deepest root amid ignorance as its most congenial soil, and, that removed, the spread of poverty is checked at once; it *may* grow then, it *must* abound now. Then could the very, very many possessors of enormous wealth be induced to venture upon a prudent and judicious expenditure of a portion of it, how much good might be effected. It is true no government has or can have a right to compel individuals to use their riches otherwise than they will; but is there no moral obligation; and would not a better state of things, a society farther advanced in intelligence and Christian wisdom, compel such men, by its pure scorn of their selfish paltriness, to pursue a course less opposed to the dictates of reason and the commands of God!

In America how much has been done for education, as well as in many poor countries, even in those where the blessings of freedom are far less known than in Great Britain; how easy would it be, then, for the richest people in the world to go and do likewise! But, as I have shown you, the Englishman's selfishness restrains him, so he resorts to his pet fallacy of "impossible." Albeit once a year, or let me be just, sometimes twice, he fills his mouth after the good things of a charity banquet with fine phrases of "the benevolence and philanthropy of this great city, of this mighty empire," and sits down in rapturous admiration of the institution of which he considers himself an important part. Philanthropy! Benevolence! Brave words, like those the Ancient spoke at the bridge, and with as much meaning in them.

It is curious to observe with how little inquiry foreigners conclude that the English are a charitable people: the evidence, the many institutions supported by voluntary benevolence. These actually prove the exceptions. The very fact that institutions (especially those of a religious and scholastic nature) must be *thus* provided, shows that there is not in the people at large a body of kindliness and charity sufficient to influence the Legislature to make *permanent* provision for these wants of the poor.

The English have a ready way to account for any depreciation of their excellences—prejudice, always prejudice, and a foreigner's misunderstanding. There was murder once committed on the frontiers of Louisiana; the murderer, to get rid of the disagreeable inculpation, coolly declared, "It all arose from ignorance of the use of the firearms; they had *misunderstood* the nature of those particular pistols!" And thus every foreigner misunderstands the nature of the British character; this seems almost a universal belief in England; more so than in America, far more so; and the English seem to connect another article of faith with it, to wit, that *they* never, or very rarely, misunderstand the character of the people of other countries; the very coolness manifested upon this subject shows how deeply rooted is the belief; it is treated as if an established truism, a thing beyond dispute—irrefragable!

I gladly turn to a more favourable view of the English: brave are they, as the four quarters of the world can testify; handsome; enterprising; learned in all arts and sciences; true to their words; just in their dealings; exemplary, with some few exceptions, in domestic virtues; daunted by no difficulties; with a spirit that rarely blenches, and a patience and endurance that seldom weary. Travellers have said—that is, some travellers—(I will not inquire how truly) that the Americans are not an *amiable* people. If we admit, just for the sake of argument, that it is so, unamiability must be hereditary; the Americans have had it from their forefathers, whose English descendants possess it now; but greater pains have apparently been taken to preserve it in this country, to prevent its being found degenerate, when

> "From sire to son, with pious zeal bequeath'd;"

for it certainly is in greater perfection here than with us, though overrated, I think, in both communities, cis and transatlantic.

Believe a great many French, and a few American and even English scribes, and ruin menaces Great Britain: *ruin*—in what is it manifest! Are her riches diminished! are her

soldiers and sailors less courageous? her manufacturers less skilful? her merchants less sagacious? her daughters less virtuous? No. I can see no danger whatever to the Britannic empire—none, that is, from without. Internal dangers, it may not be questioned, exist; but they have long existed (some diseases are co-existent with a long life), and they *may* be found in the same state for ages yet to come; the energy of the British character makes the country prosperous in spite of these perils within it. A quarter, nay, a tithe of the vigour expended in one single year by the English, to accumulate wealth for no purpose but personal pride in it, would suffice to lay the foundations of a system in which those evils would have small preponderance: but they will not.

I do not think that abstract love of country flourishes in England; and it may be true that were any great demand made upon the virtue, the patriotism, the *self-denial* of the people, the utmost danger to the state might be apprehended: for, instead of these qualities, there might be found in the ranks of the prosperous the curse of prosperity, heartlessness; in the mass of the middle classes, deep-rooted and most robust selfishness; and in the poor, ignorance, and its constant comrade, recklessness. But this is to put a *very* extreme case.

Of the fondness of the English for foreign grievances one should not speak too severely; it may be but the sort of feeling honest Rip Van Winkle had, for Rip was fond of attending to anybody's business rather than his own. To be sure, one cannot but wonder that so little is thought of the cry throughout the kingdom for more churches, schools, and hospitals; and so much of the wants of rather dubious people, who dwell or roam by the Nile or the Niger, it may be thought strange, I say, that they who wish to instruct the natives of Nubia, may not care to teach the dwellers in Lancashire; but it may be contended, also, that Nubia is, or should be, the better for them, and Lancashire can be none the worse. The Americans have their foreign schools and missions, but they care, and amply, for home instruction first. I would not be thought anxious to censure too freely the sometimes rather theatrical displays in Exeter Hall touching these foreign matters. Mr. N. accounts for them by saying that there is here (so with us) a large class of young ladies who conscientiously abjure as sinful the pleasures of the ballroom or the theatre; and as it really appears a necessity of our nature to have *some* enjoyment or excitement, Exeter Hall serves occasionally for an assembly-room and a stage. We must not too searchingly inquire, "What's in a name?"

The English contend that there is not in the United States a refinement of manners equal to their own—there may not be the parade of it. The English bow and walk differently (they say, more gracefully), they simper and small-talk more; and though they may flatter ladies more, they do not prize them so much, while the treatment of our sex is the best touchstone of real refinement and civilization. I cannot conceive anything more absurd, or bolder in its absurdity, than for travellers to assert, while they admitted the irreproachable character of American ladies, that they exercised little influence upon society! As well say there was much sunshine in the State of Georgia, but it had little effect upon the produce of the earth. I confess I have very considerable doubts of this refinement of manners in English gentlemen, and for this plain reason—it is not rooted in them; it is not manifested when they are not under conventional restraint. They *must* be polite and forbearing in ladies' society; but see the same gentlemen strolling along the fashionable streets, and which of them will refrain from staring audaciously at every stranger lady he meets, no matter who she may be; did *any one* of the ladies of Queen Victoria's court venture to walk out unattended, she would be subjected to this vulgar persecution. This is one reason why the use of carriages of all kinds is so very frequent—ladies *cannot* walk forth alone.

I have heard it stated, "O these are chiefly the manners of young gentlemen; they may learn better as they grow older." Is it not rather a novelty in argument to advance youth as an excuse for arrogant impropriety! Where an American gentleman would quietly step aside to allow a lady of any condition in life to pass without annoyance, an English gentleman will loiter to stare pertinaciously, and to his full satisfaction—*her* dissatisfaction is nothing cared about. Which is the best mannered? To say that they are not English *gentlemen* who act thus, is equivalent to saying there is hardly an English gentleman in the streets of London—even in the streets where, from the number of clubhouses or other causes, they most do congregate. Drawing-room manners seem to be accounted all-sufficient for a London gentleman; he is emancipated from their thraldom when he exchanges the wax-light for the open air.

Another doctrine (if I may call it so) passes for orthodox, that a royal court and a titled aristocracy tend to the refinement of *all* classes, down to the lowest; that their refinement influences all manner of men. This, I think, is one of the many dogmas here,

> "Whose right
> Suits not in native colours with the truth."

At any rate, there seems but the horn of a dilemma for those who have faith in this English credence. The lowest classes in this kingdom are coarse, brutal, and stupid beyond those of the United States, so that either it is not in the nature of things that this vaunted refinement should duly reach the poorest plebeians, or (more probably) that it exists not in vigour enough to do so. I think, therefore, that this much-extolled attribute of British aristocracy is but conventional gentility, a mere surface of elegance; because consistent refinement is *not* shown in the gentlemen's manners, while their favourite place of amusement is often remarkable for the opposite of true refinement—it yields but a *vulgar* joy.

I have said little of the ladies of England; perhaps a gentleman would have written far more of them and less of the rougher sex. It is difficult to describe when no striking characteristics present themselves. The ladies are elegant, beautiful, and good; and that said, what remains? Their influence upon society is most beneficial; their beauty is somewhat *fuller* in its character than with us; perhaps it would

be more correct to say they are less slim in form and less delicate in feature (as a rule) than are American ladies. I have no hesitation in saying they are *not* selfish like the men—indeed, I think it is not in woman's nature to be so. It may be said selfishness, like disease, is everywhere: why dwell upon its prevalence in England? Because among the English this quality presents a wondrous freedom from alloy not found elsewhere; it has been purged from all deteriorating adjuncts—it is the very purity of selfishness.

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And now to bid farewells. I do believe that if I lived to be old and doting, if I forgot in the evening what happened in the morning, I should still remember the kindness I have experienced in England; it would form a bright green spot in memory's waste—nay, in memory's garden. In all human probability I shall never see these friends again. One of the most pitiful lines I ever read is the exclamation of fierce Roderic Dhu:

"It is the last time—'tis the last."

THE END.

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